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PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
Clint
Eastwood

OR MAYBE
HE'S THE MAN!
20 QUESTIONS
WITH
Michael
Jordan

3001: THE FINAL
ODYSSEY BY
Arthur
C. Clarke

Faye
Resnick
SHOWS ALL
AND TELLS ALL TO
Vincent
Bugliosi

HEAVYWEIGHT
HUCKSTER
Don King

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PLAYBILL

AMONG THE PLAYERS in the O.J. Simpson murder trial, **Faye Resnick** stands out as a particularly beguiling figure. She was Nicole Simpson's best friend and an eyewitness to her dramatic and tragic relationship with Simpson. She is also a beautiful woman who celebrates her personal strength and womanhood for Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda.** In *Faye Takes the Stand*, Resnick sits down for a long, frank talk with former Los Angeles prosecutor **Vincent Bugliosi.** Read it and you'll never think the same about California justice. (The illustration of the interview is by **Anita Kunz.**)

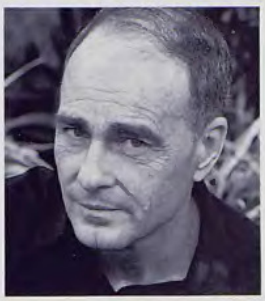
The world cheered when Mike Tyson was beaten roundly by Evander Holyfield. However, the real winner was the shameless promoter **Don King.** King has had boxing (and barbers) on the ropes for years. **Jack Newfield,** columnist for *The New York Post* and writer of an Emmy-winning documentary on King, comes out swinging in the profile *Vulture on the Ring Post*. It has all the elements of a title bout—roundhouse exchanges, bathroom language and body blows—only it's on the level.

Clint and steel: "Do you feel lucky? Well do you, punk?" With these words back in 1971, **Clint Eastwood,** a.k.a. Dirty Harry, made our day and his career—one of the longest-running Hollywood success stories ever. As a director, he lassoed an Oscar for *Unforgiven* and immortalized *The Bridges of Madison County*. Now he's starring in the thriller *Absolute Power* and directing the forthcoming *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*. You might expect this craggy star to be taciturn, but in this month's *Playboy Interview* with **Bernard Weinraub** of *The New York Times*, Eastwood shoots from the lip regarding past loves, sexy Sondra Locke and Hollywood's schmoozing and boozing.

What a long, spaced trip it's been. **Arthur C. Clarke,** the monolithic man of letters, returns to our pages with an excerpt from the conclusion to his Homeric epic, *3001: The Final Odyssey* (Del Rey). Astronaut Frank Poole, last seen as frost in space, is thawed and brought back to life a cool thousand years later, with mind-blowing results. (**Donato Giancola** did the astral artwork.) Ground control to Major Toon: In a recent commercial venture, **Michael Jordan** vanished down Bugs Bunny's rabbit hole to mop up the extraterrestrial version of the New York Knicks in *Space Jam*. These days, Jordan is out to clear the air with cologne and a *20 Questions* conducted by Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook.** Jordan insists that Dennis Rodman's not a drag and that Bill Murray's *Caddyshack* cracks can throw off his golf game.

What builds a relationship faster—endless predate negotiations or a vigorous bedroom romp? Gen X sex writer **Sari Locker** favors the latter and, in mouthwatering detail, outlines her treatise (and treats) in *Why New Sex Is the Best Sex* (illustrated by the fabulous **Kenny Scharf**). Locker, who hosts TV shows on the Lifetime channel, says: "People used to tell me they loved my TV show—now they tell me how much they loved my previous piece in PLAYBOY (in May 1996)." Another of our favorite female writers, **Susie Bright,** contributes to this month's *Forum* with an sizzling excerpt from her book *Susie Bright's Sexual State of the Union* (Simon & Schuster).

There's no job like that of ski reporter **Charles Plueddeman**—he gets paid to go downhill fast. In *Playboy's Guide to Spring Skiing*, he waxes enthusiastic about the best places to drift to this season, whether it's for nude skiing at Crested Butte or riding a desk down Big Mountain. Then turn to Playmate **Jennifer Miriam,** a snow bunny who reminds us why we learned to ski in the first place.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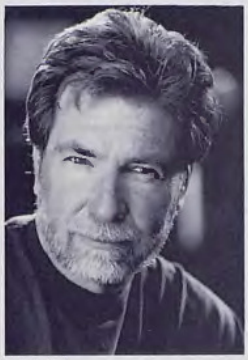
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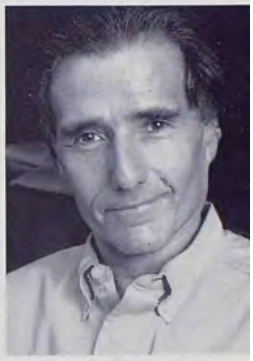
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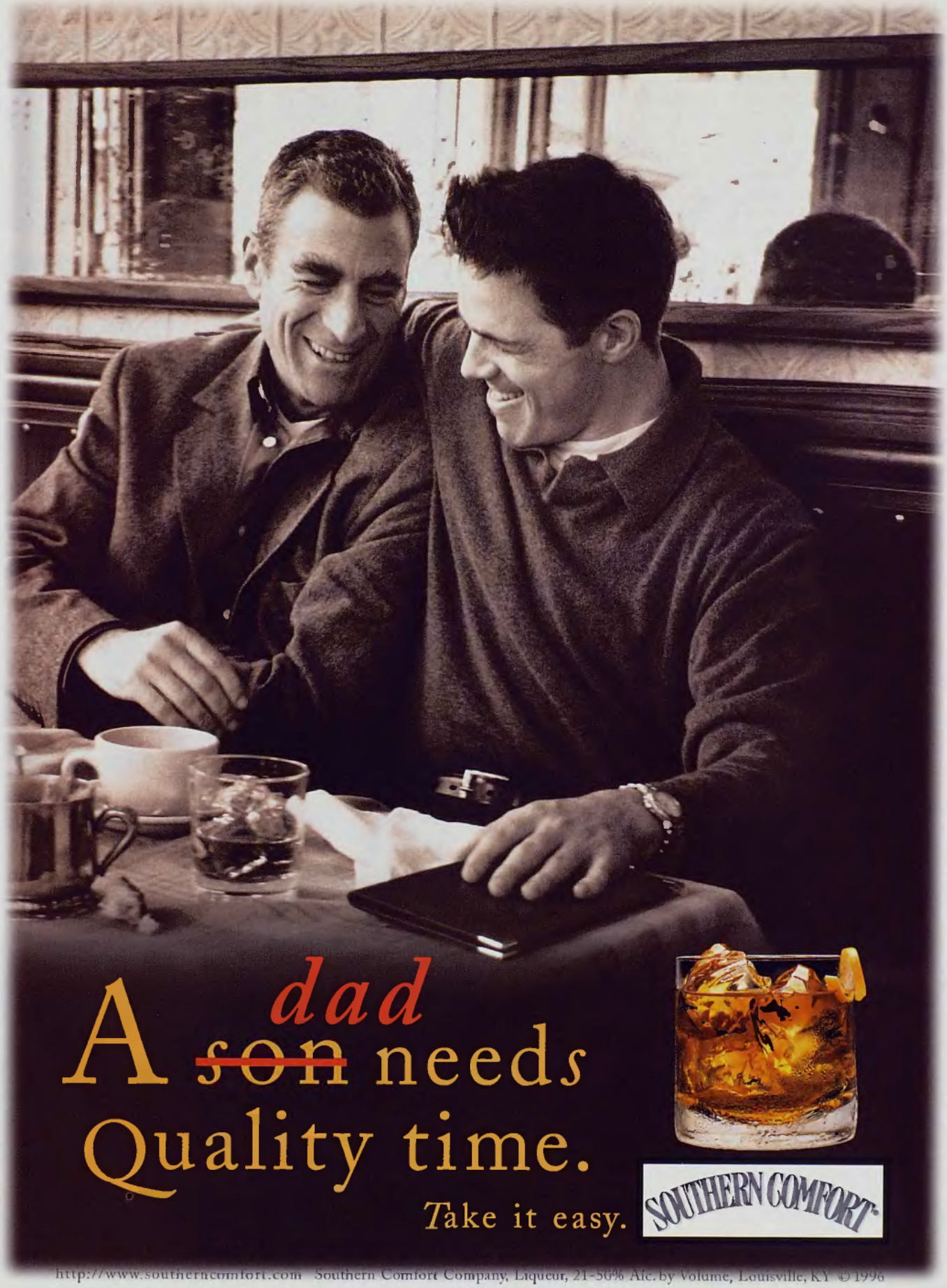
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vol. 44, no. 3—march 1997

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COVER STORY

Faye Resnick is the beautiful blonde on our cover, which was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Jennifer Tutor and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Woyda. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for Faye's makeup and to Daniel DiCriscio of José Eber Solon in Beverly Hills for styling Foye's hair. "Why doesn't a leopard change its spots?" asks our nosy Rabbit.

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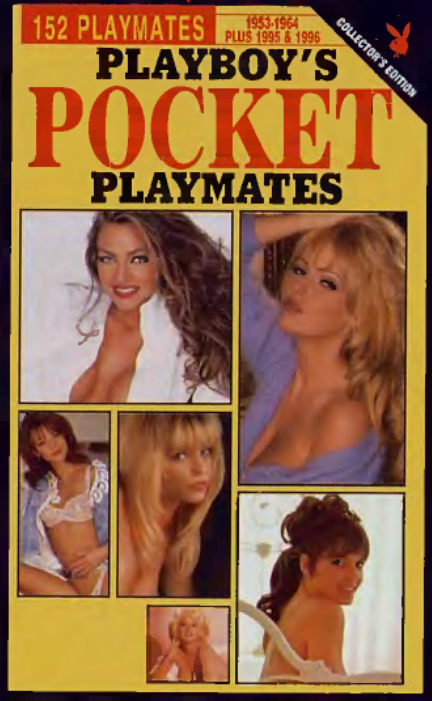

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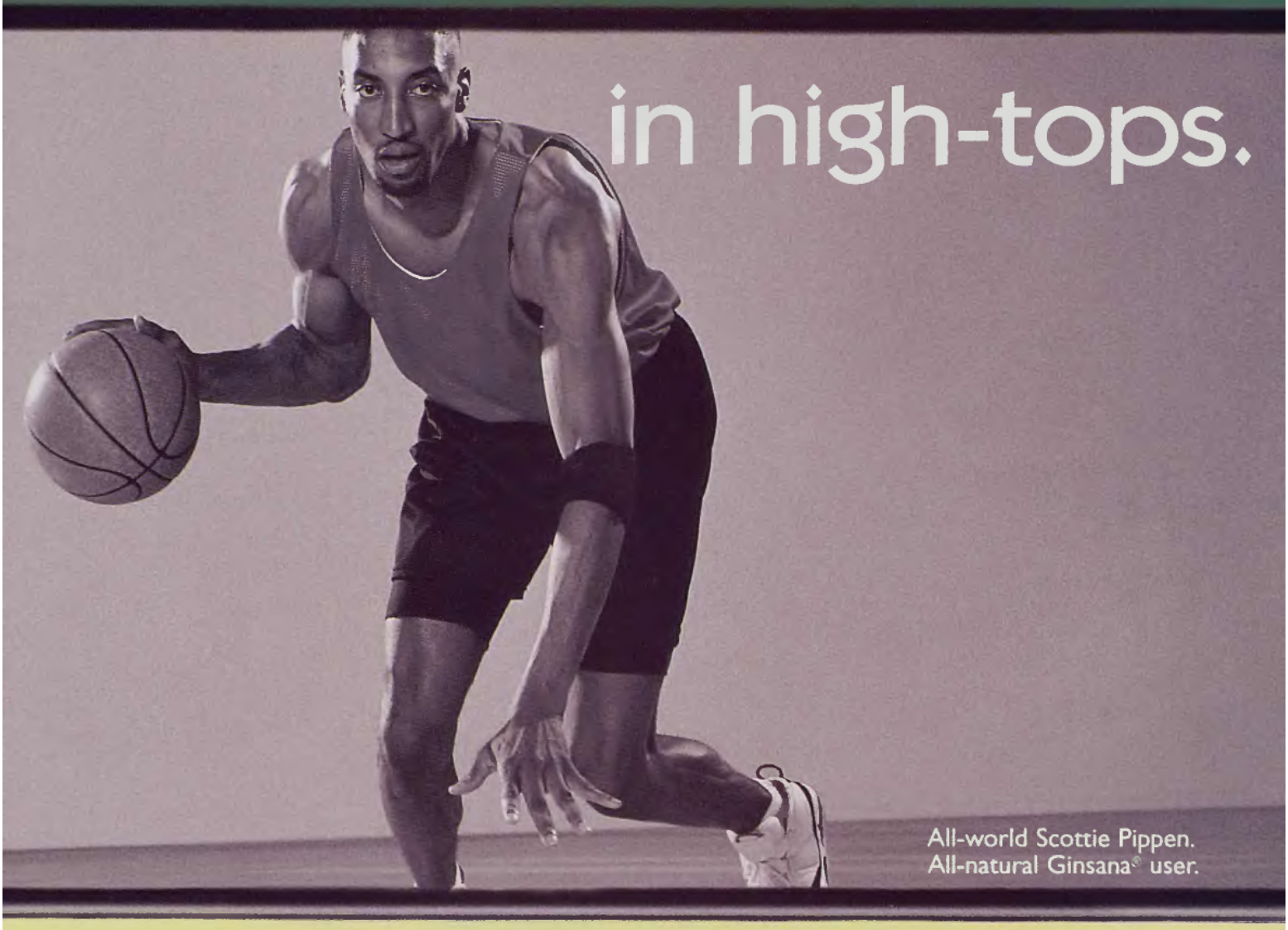

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THE BOLD AND THE BRAVE

Mike Wallace (*Playboy Interview*, December) libels Menachem Begin, one of the founders of the state of Israel. Unlike Yasir Arafat, Begin never attacked civilian targets or children. Even Wallace's biases can't change history. He should show respect for a man who was fearless.

Saul Baruch
Encino, California

Mike Wallace's admission that he has smoked marijuana made the news. Then California voters approved Proposition 215, which legalized marijuana for medical purposes. Could it be that the statements of this former occasional pot smoker had something to do with getting Proposition 215 passed? If so, hurrah for him.

Brian Sorgatz
Carmichael, California

In the December *Playboy Interview*, I was misquoted as saying that the *CBS Reports* for which we were sued by General William Westmoreland dealt with the subject of "body counts during the Vietnam war." The 1982 broadcast, titled "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," was about live enemy troops and/or guerrillas. (The general eventually withdrew his libel suit.)

I was also misquoted as saying that William Quandt is an official at the Council on Foreign Affairs; what I said was that he worked at the Brookings Institution.

And finally, the CBS series on which I appeared with my former wife Buff Cobb is described as a comedy show. I suppose it's in the eye (or ear) of the beholder, but what the two of us broadcast back in 1951 and 1952 was an interview show.

Mike Wallace
New York, New York

Sorry, Mike, we inserted Quandt's status as a member of the Council on Foreign Relations instead of his far better known affiliation with Brookings. We also finished a sentence for you about the uncounted enemy, and got it wrong. Thanks for taking the time to finish it yourself.

HISTORY OF SEX

Even though we're entering the third millennium, society's attitude toward sex (*Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution, Part I*, December) remains Victorian. The baby boomers have grown up to be their parents.

G. Gideon Rojas
Reno, Nevada

HUNTING SEASON

I can't believe PLAYBOY published an article that pokes fun at hunters (*Hunters' Harvest*, December). We don't kill for bloodlust or to unite with "distant carnivore ancestors." And we don't turn to "domestic violence" if we come home empty-handed. I guess Joyce Carol Oates doesn't realize that the licenses and tags we pay for each year fund wildlife management areas and help preserve natural habitats for animals.

Barry Payne
Bowling Green, Kentucky

Oates sure doesn't understand what it means to be an archer. Most archers live by an ethical code of conduct that this nation's leaders don't live up to. In 30 years of hunting, I've killed fewer deer with a bow than my friends have crushed with their front bumpers.

Craig Williams
Hampstead, Maryland

Oates' piece is a testament to her great writing ability. It would be horrifying, though, to consider her satire anything but entertaining fiction. I'm an outdoors editor and an author, and one of the things I've learned from my research is that hunting is useful in keeping a species' population healthy. Oates is incorrect in her assertion that hunting is a sport of machismo. The number of

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female hunters is rising. Did she base this piece on her relationship with her pets and an occasional trip to the park?

Cork Graham
Belmont, California

Shame on PLAYBOY for featuring Joyce Carol Oates' whimpering rant against sportsmen and hunting. The only way to rectify your error is to publish a rebuttal by Ted Nugent, begin to include fine firearms in *Where & How to Buy* and send a check to your state's department of natural resources.

Steve Owens
Fort Smith, Arkansas

Oates' knowledge of biological evolution is scant. She embraces the Disney theory that places humans somewhere below animals.

John Bergevin
Dallas, Pennsylvania

BON APPÉTIT

I just finished Lawrence Grobel's profile of Al Pacino (*Looking for Al*, December), and I loved it. I read the entire article while enjoying a rib dinner, and not only did I taste the entire meal, I also understood the entire article.

Bart West
Shawnee, Oklahoma

Lawrence Grobel has the most enviable job in journalism. He traded quips with one of Hollywood's most compelling and ferociously private actors. Al Pacino reveals fascinating insights about his art and himself in this profile, and his film, *Looking for Richard*, attests to a risk-taking, over-the-top genius.

Mike Buehner
Waterloo, Ontario

AFTER HOURS

The last line of your December *After Hours* item "Ashe to Asses" seems to impugn Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Jeb Stuart. I believe Arthur Ashe would have been proud to have his statue placed among theirs.

John McBeth
Round Rock, Texas

I'm dismayed by the implicit racism surrounding the project to place a statue of Arthur Ashe on the same street with monuments to Confederate heroes. The decision was made with due consideration, not only to his fame and skill as a tennis player but also to his sense of gentlemanliness, honor and fairness—qualities for which generals Lee, Jackson and Stuart were respected. I think the ghosts of Ashe and Lee et al. are perfectly comfortable in one another's company.

William Berryhill Jr.
Pittsboro, North Carolina

Arthur Ashe's statue was placed on Monument Row against the wishes of his widow and a great many citizens as a political statement to create a conflict. His memorial is the only nonperiod, non-Confederate monument there and a protest, from both blacks and whites, was expected.

Thomas Smith
Anniston, Alabama

MERRY CHRISTMAS, JENNY

If Jenny McCarthy (*When Jenny Met Santa*, December) is going to be featured in next year's gala holiday issue, I'll gladly volunteer to play the role of Santa Claus.

John Lewis
Manasquan, New Jersey

When I first watched Jenny on *Singled Out*, I thought that she was quite the package. But the more I watched her, the more I thought she needed a relief valve to blow off the pressure from an

extremely swollen head. She is a head-to-toe beauty, but she really ought to get that personality disorder fixed.

Chris Baptista
bapman@ici.net
Acushnet, Massachusetts

You have a great magazine and publish pictorials of some of the world's best-looking women, so why recycle photos of Jenny McCarthy? I've seen those Dalmatians before. It's time to look for someone new who may be an even bigger hit than Jenny.

K. Jenkins
Chatham, Ontario

I'd like to cast the first vote for Jenny as Playmate of the Millennium.

Eric Houghton
Ewing, New Jersey

BASKETBALL JONES

I can't believe you left Brevin Knight off your preseason All-America team (*Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, December). He's the best all-around player in Stanford history.

John Reid
Palo Alto, California

LOUNGING AROUND

I was disappointed that you recommended a Ralph Lauren chalk-stripe suit, a Tommy Hilfiger silk tie, anything by Calvin Klein and a completely unloungey, darker-than-your-suit shirt in *The Look of Lounge* (December). You're dressing people for an evening with Simon Le Bon and Amanda de Cadenet, not Frank Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine.

A.S. Hamrah
Lower Allston, Massachusetts

HOORAY FOR RECYCLING

I've been a PLAYBOY subscriber for five years and feel I truly get my money's worth. My wife fights me for each issue, as do the other attorneys at my office. I take the magazine to the gym to read while I exercise, and it gets circulated there. Then I give the issue to a friend, who passes it on to his son in college. That's recycling at its best.

Terry Shulsky
tshulsky@concentric.net
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

XXX FILES

During my investigation of *Sex Stars 1996* (December), I discovered Gillian Anderson's photo. All I can say is, "Good work, agents."

Richard Klenhard
Elk Grove, California

TOO TOXIC

I am writing in regard to Michael Reynolds' article *Toxic Terror* (November) because my father, Tom Lavy, is featured in the story. I'd like to correct some of Reynolds' misstatements. It's an undisputed fact that the FBI didn't believe my father had any ties with Patriots or a militia group. Agent I.C. Smith of Little Rock confirmed that to my family and to the media. Reynolds states that neo-Nazi literature was found in my father's possession when he crossed the border into Canada. This is also untrue. The article goes into great depth about guns, ammunition and cash my father had with him when he crossed the border, but it fails to say that the guns were deer rifles used for hunting in Alaska, not for terrorist activity. The cash was from the sale of his home.

What was my father doing with the ricin? He took the answer to his grave. He wasn't a terrorist. He was a good father and grandfather. He was a member of the American Legion and of a Masonic order.

Lisa Hoelting
Moscow Mills, Missouri

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

REAL MEN EAT SPAM

The Order of Manly Men is a thriving organization that celebrates testosterone in all its limited forms. It is the brainchild of R.M. Crane, who describes himself as "the manliest FTD florist in the Pacific Northwest." The first annual Manly Men Parade and Spam Festival in Roslyn, Washington featured a Spam queen in a Bentley, a Spam-mobile (a riding lawn mower with a six-foot plywood Spam can) and a Scotch Sippin' Stump Sittin' Cigar Smokin' Seminar. The festival is nonsexist, and a woman even won the tool-belt contest. *The Seattle Times* celebrated the event by holding a contest for the title of manliest man. One entrant boasted in print of having "passed gas at the ballet" and another said he poured concrete somewhere around his house every six months. But the top prize went to a guy whose favorite color was camouflage. Crane says his group now numbers more than 1000 men nationwide. Membership entails "no dues, no meetings and absolutely no responsibilities—it's perfect for a man." But for a $28 fee, you get an official certificate, a coffee mug and a gold membership card. (Call 800-99-MANLY to join.) You can also order merchandise, which includes T-shirts and caps. The best-selling Manly Man jockstrap comes in black or white. Says Crane, "The black ones are evening wear."

MINX OIL

Having pored over recent high-fashion advertisements (the ones in which the models are capriciously dressed, suggesting a smack-induced lack of attention), we were taken by the way the models' hair looked greasy and dirty. Of course, we immediately understood that this was a good thing. A hairstylist at New York's Henri Bendel explained to *Forbes* that when oil builds up in hair, it's "sexier." One product even claims to give hair "polish and a sort of languid, sexy, slept-in look." It turns out that looking like a just-awakened Johnny Depp isn't cheap. Among the products available are Brilliantine, from the Bumble and bumble [sic] salon ($10 for two ounces), and Kiehl's version ($15.50 for four ounces). However, an economy-minded stylist suggests Lubriderm body lotion. Perhaps mixed with a soupçon of used bathwater?

CASH OR CZECH?

Getting compliments where it can Dept.: When a branch of the financially troubled Agrobanka, the largest private bank in the Czech Republic, was robbed, bank honcho Jiri Klumpar touted the robbery as a ringing vote of confidence in the bank's likelihood of actually having some cash.

CELLULAR FOAM

Fun goo. It seems there is a way around the recent New York law that prohibits inmates from throwing bodily fluids at prison employees. Prisoners have taken to collecting their semen in plastic bags, putting it in envelopes along with other expressions of undying ardor and mailing them to loved ones. Trouble is, when these envelopes are processed by prison mail-sorting machines, workers are occasionally squirted with the amorous frappé. But because the splashes are unintentional, the law does not apply.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

SMOOTH OPERATOR

The suspect remained calm at all times: A Texas state trooper, checking out a vehicle that perhaps was swerving, found 3 million Valium pills in the car. The driver was arrested, presumably without a struggle.

KEYBOARD EXORCISES

In Cologne, Germany, the Lazarus Society is in hot holy water with the German Conference of Bishops. The Society has come out with a CD-ROM, *Confession by Computer*, which offers a menu of the 200 most frequently committed sins and a program by which wretched, computer-literate sinners can cop to their transgressions. Penances consistent with the sins are then assessed, and there is a link to online priests.

CALIFORNIA SCHLIEMANN

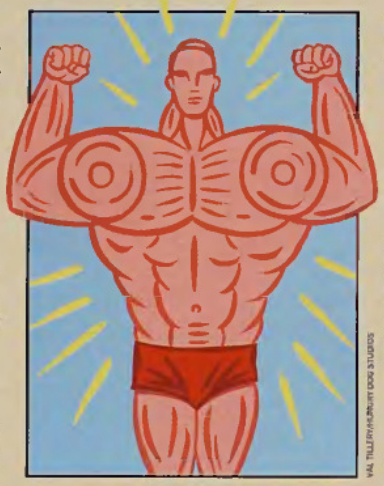
When assistant professor of anthropology Laurie Wilkie excavated the Zeta Psi fraternity house abandoned in 1911 on the campus of the University of California–Berkeley, she found "trash, but historic trash." The day-and-a-half dig—occasioned when construction on a new wing for the law school began—yielded a collection of old bottles, medicines, toothbrushes, bones and other relics from what was soon dubbed "the not-so-ancient Greeks." The haul also uncovered broken pottery—which immediately became known as fratware. Mysteries abounded. For example, what explains the 46 Del Monte ketchup bottles? Were they receptacles for homemade beer? Or is it what one female student called the Bachelor Condiment Syndrome—a theory that holds the brothers ate food so horrible they had to douse it with lots of ketchup. That would explain the Pheno-Wafer bottles (which contained a popular upset-stomach remedy). What does all this work give the scholarly world? An insight into how "a part of California's

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"The Batman outfit that Val Kilmer and Michael Keaton wore will fit George Clooney everywhere except for the codpiece, which will have to be dramatically enlarged."—JOEL SCHUMACHER, DIRECTOR OF *Batman and Robin*



IRON MAN

Number of bones Olympic weightlifter Mark Henry broke when he dropped 352 pounds on his foot: 0.

CONGRESSIONAL PAGES

Number of unsold copies of Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich's novel, *1945*, in a Pennsylvania warehouse: 97,000.

WHEELS OF THE FORTUNATE

Cost of a Schwinn Black Phantom bicycle in 1960: $79.95; suggested retail price of reintroduced Black Phantom model in 1995: $3000.

PEC-ING ORDERS

Number of pectoral implant operations performed on men in 1994: 32. Average cost of the procedure: $4000.

EURO RAIL

Minimum length for condoms set by the European Committee for Standardization: 6.7 inches.

HAPPY TIME

Number of times per day that the average preschooler laughs: 400. Number of times per day the average adult laughs: 15.

TRACKING LAUGH TRACKS

The percentage of listeners who laugh at hearing the first burst of laughter on a tape of canned laughter: 50. The percentage who laugh after hearing the tenth burst: 2.5.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Three of the five top-selling infomercial products in 1996 were fitness machines: an abdominal exerciser, the Power Rider and the Health Rider. (Other top-sellers: the Psychic Friends Network and Tony Robbins' *Personal Power* tapes.)

PET CONCERNS

According to the Pet Food Institute and *The New York Times*, the amount spent on pet food worldwide in 1995: $10 billion. Amount spent on baby food: $7 billion.

BLUE MONDAYS

The estimated amount that major depression costs the U.S. in lost workdays per year: $23 billion.

A TAD TOUCHED

The number of Minnesota's 87 counties that have had reports of deformed frogs in 1996: 54.

COSMIC INFLATION

The cost per gram of a rock from Mars in 1990: $50. Cost in 1995: $400. Cost in 1996, after remnants of life found in a Mars rock: $2500.

40 WHACKS AND 40 WINKS

Cost of one night's stay (including breakfast) in the Massachusetts house where Lizzie Borden is alleged to have ax-murdered her parents: $219.

LIVING DOLL

Chances of meeting a woman whose measurements are 36-18-33, the extrapolated measurements of a Barbie doll: 1 in 100,000.

MASTER BLASTER

Estimated pints of fake blood spewed by Gene Simmons during Kiss' 1996 world tour: 358.

PIG IN THE POKEY

Days in jail a Pennsylvania man was sentenced to after he made pig noises and played *Old MacDonald Had a Farm* every time his ex-wife walked by his home: 30.

—LAURA BILLINGS

elite prepared for adulthood," says Wilkie, adding, "I've never heard of any other fraternity excavations. It doesn't seem to be a hot subdiscipline within archaeology."

HOW DO I LOVE THEE? OWL SHIT! BUGGER THE POPE!

In California there is a plucky new enterprise called Echolalia Press, devoted solely to publishing the writings of persons afflicted with Tourette's syndrome. Included are works of verse by Emma Morgan that strive "to capture TS in poetic form."

FAMILY JULES

Writer and illustrator Jules Feiffer is known for his political cartoons, movie scripts and children's books. He is donating his drawings and papers to the Library of Congress and recently gave an illustrated talk there. But what is not so well known is that his cousins—Roy Cohn and Dick Morris—may have had more of a political impact than he. "I used to think of myself as a radical, a leftist—and then the left disappeared," he told *The Washington Post*. "Now I describe myself as an illusionist because I insist on thinking things will get better but cannot point to any reason why."

KRONAS FROM HEAVEN

Eduardo Sierra, a Spaniard in Sweden on a business trip, dropped into a Catholic church in Stockholm to pray. The church was empty, save for a coffin containing the late Jens Svenson. So Sierra said a prayer for him, signed Svenson's blank condolence registry book and left. Svenson was a wealthy man with no close family. His will left his entire estate to "whoever prays for my soul." Sierra is now a millionaire. We must remember to attend church more often.

BACON BITS

Playing off the premise that everyone on earth is linked to everyone else by six or fewer relationships, the party game *Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon* has grown from an amusing notion to full-blown cult status. A new book on the subject, bearing the same name as the game (Plume), ties the actor to a host of film stars. For example, Meg Ryan was in *Sleepless in Seattle* with Tom Hanks, who was in *Apollo 13* with Bacon, giving Meg Ryan a second degree of separation. A World Wide Web version of the game, *The Oracle of Kevin Bacon* (http://www.cs.virginia.edu/bct7m/bacon.html), has managed to link almost every actor of the past 50 years with Bacon. Most recently, *Friends* star Jennifer Aniston appeared with Bacon in *Picture Perfect*, giving her debut on the Bacon charts an impressive rating of one.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

AIMLESS YOUNG people hanging out at a strip mall in a town called Burnfield are the subjects of study in ***subUrbia*** (Castle Rock). Based on a hit play by Eric Bogosian and directed by Richard Linklater (of *Slacker* and *Before Sunrise*), the movie plunges its characters into a nightlong orgy of sex, envy, racism and violence. A successful rock musician named Pony (Jayce Bartok) comes home in his limo, accompanied by a snooty publicist (Parker Posey), and incites the resentment of his former buddies. Giovanni Ribissi, Nicky Katt and Steve Zahn portray the threesome, whose principal recreation seems to be raising hell around the mall's convenience store, which is owned by a Pakistani couple. This grim slice of life set in a typical middle-class suburb reflects no optimism. Author Bogosian himself states: "If it's the American dream, why does it feel so fucked up?" Well put and well acted, *subUrbia* is good work. ¥¥¥

•

Wes Craven's ***Scream*** (Miramax) is an entirely campy spoof of horror films. After Drew Barrymore is done away with in an eerie opening sequence, the movie plunges into a killing spree that obviously excites all the teenagers in town, whose cultural references range from *Psycho* to *Halloween* to *Silence of the Lambs*. Among the victims, voyeurs and perpetrators covered with gore and movie lore are Courteney Cox, Neve Campbell, Skeet Ulrich, Matthew Lillard and Jamie Kennedy. They all generate a frightful lot of fun—much of it contagious if you're not squeamish. ¥¥½

•

A small American town celebrates its 150-year history with a musical review in ***Waiting for Guffman*** (Sony Classics/Castle Rock). Director Christopher Guest also stars as the ambitious, affected Corky St. Clair, who is putting on the show with local talent and naively believes it could be his shot at moving to Broadway. The town, Blaine, is known as the Stool Capitol of the World (they manufacture them). And the movie follows Catherine O'Hara, Fred Willard, Parker Posey and Lewis Arquette as they struggle through rehearsals. As low camp, *Guffman* scores with plenty of wickedly sardonic regional color. ¥¥

•

Curiosity is sure to draw audiences to director Alan Parker's adaptation of ***Evita*** (Hollywood Pictures), which turns out to be grandiose but rarely gripping. The all-singing operatic soundtrack taken from the theatrical epic by Andrew Lloyd Webber overwhelms Madonna, Antonio Banderas and Jonathan Pryce, through no fault of their own. The movie's score and the drama of Eva Perón's short, eventful life as Argentina's first lady seem to proceed as separate entities, which makes the movie more an episodic musical pageant than an emotionally involving biography. Madonna sings and dances valiantly through her title role, with Pryce as a stolid Juan Perón and Banderas narrating as the sexy, skeptical Che. All earn A's for effort, but they look lost amid a mournful cast of thousands. ¥¥½

Muhammad Ali: King of *Kings*.

Mall rats on the move, kids in jeopardy and siblings back in sync.

•

In 1974 Muhammad Ali went to Zaire to challenge boxing's reigning heavyweight champion, George Foreman. Having been stripped of his title belt because he objected to U.S. military service several years earlier, Ali became an outspoken social critic, entertainer, hero and symbol to his African soul mates. He was 32, but he fought his way back to glory. The famous six-week buildup to that Foreman–Ali bout is recalled in director Leon Gast's ***When We Were Kings*** (Gramercy), subtitled "The True Story of the Rumble in the Jungle." News footage from the period, accompanied by music (James Brown and B.B. King) and interviews (with George Plimpton, Spike Lee and Norman Mailer), vividly re-creates a memorable sporting event. *Kings* is the definitive record of a moment in boxing history that transformed a quick-fisted loudmouth into a legend. ¥¥¥½

•

The late Tupac Shakur, as a bass player named Spoon, co-stars with Tim Roth (as Stretch, on keyboards) and Thandie Newton (she's Cookie the vocalist) in ***Gridlock'd*** (Gramercy), a feisty comedy about a musical trio with serious problems. Drugs are their downfall, and when Cookie overdoses one New Year's Eve, Spoon and Stretch embark on a hopeless odyssey to hell and gone—eluding some bad guys, bamboozling the cops and talking their way through a tangled bureaucracy into rehab. In his debut as writer-director, actor Vondie Curtis-Hall (of TV's *Chicago Hope*) acquits himself admirably; he knows this inner-city turf, and adds a wry note to Shakur's swan song. ¥¥½

•

Diminutive Andrej Chalimon, a Russian tyke not yet six years old, melts all resistance in the title role of ***Kolya*** (Miramax). Precocious Andrej is the pawn in a disarming comedy from the Czech Republic. Zdenek Sverak stars, and also wrote the screenplay—directed with unsentimental wit by his son, Jan Sverak. The elder Sverak plays Frantisek, a middle-aged bachelor and cellist who performs at cremations and spends his free time seducing other men's wives (particularly Libuse Safrankova as Klara). In order to get money to buy a car, he is lured into a marriage of convenience with a young Russian woman who needs official Czech papers. Soon after, the bride impulsively decamps to join her lover in Germany, leaving her little boy behind. The rest is predictable but delightful—with young Kolya underfoot in Frantisek's cramped apartment, where he inhibits his reluctant stepfather's sex life while making the case for family values. With dry-eyed humor and a cheeky attitude, both Sveraks and young Chalimon make their collaboration a father-and-son triumph. ¥¥¥½

•

Funny, wise, compassionate and decidedly downbeat, ***Marvin's Room*** (Miramax) uses its fabulous cast to smooth its cutting edges. Meryl Streep, Diane Keaton, Leonardo DiCaprio and Robert De Niro take over the key roles in director Jerry Zaks' film based on Scott McPherson's hit play. Streep seethes as Lee, a tough cosmetician from Ohio who travels to Florida after a 20-year estrangement from her sister Bessie (Keaton). Suddenly stricken with leukemia, Bessie may require a bone-marrow

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Get in touch with your masculine side.

Scott Thomas: From Prince to patient.

OFF CAMERA

Over the telephone from Paris, English-born **Kristin Scott Thomas,** 35, faces her future as a major movie star with mixed feelings. "Hype terrifies me," she says. After being bombarded with plaudits for her performance in *The English Patient* as the glamorous British wife caught up in a torrid affair with Ralph Fiennes, she's back in the Left Bank home she shares with her French husband, a well-known obstetrician, and their two children. "I'm just painting walls and digging in my garden. The rest is too much to cope with. You're tempted to think: Hey, I must be brilliant. Seriously, of course, it's great. My character, Katharine, is probably the person I'd most like to be, despite the movie's gory ending."

The eldest of five children raised in Dorset, Thomas studied drama for a year in England, then moved to Paris, worked as an au pair and wound up in a French acting school. Oddly, her first movie job in English was as the leading lady to Prince in his misbegotten *Under the Cherry Moon*. Then came her breakthrough role as the elegant chum who loves and loses Hugh Grant in *Four Weddings and a Funeral*. "While the film's success changed my career, I always felt people saw me as very cool and distant." Even so, there's a steamy undercurrent to her roles in Roman Polanski's *Bitter Moon*, in *Angels and Insects* ("That movie made braininess sexy") and in *Richard III*, where she's seduced by Ian McKellen over her dead husband's body. Now the big time beckons, and Thomas acknowledges that she has been receiving offers from "some very impressive sources. But so far, nothing grabs me by the throat." When something does, the former "funny little English girl" certainly looks ready to make waves everywhere.

transplant from a blood relative. Accompanying Lee are her two boys, including the wayward teenage son (DiCaprio) who has just burned down her house. While the family wrangles, reunites and faces the future anew, the battling sisters' father, the titular Marvin (Hume Cronyn), is dying of cancer in his room. No summary can do justice to the salty down-home humor of a piece so rich in talent that it can afford De Niro in a role as the consulting family doctor, plus Gwen Verdon as the resident crotchety aunt. Streep, Keaton and company lift the ordinary people of *Marvin's Room* to extraordinary heights. ¥¥¥

•

A gruesome monster pursues and devours well-dressed patrons in the bowels of a Chicago natural history museum in ***The Relic*** (Paramount). That's all you need to know if special effects and mass destruction are your dish. Penelope Ann Miller is the evolutionary biologist supplying scientific data to police lieutenant D'Agosta (Tom Sizemore) and a museum executive (Linda Hunt) while the mutated beast begotten in South America munches away. Sound familiar? ¥½

•

Thirty years after the murder of civil rights leader Medgar Evers, a crusading assistant D.A. named Bobby DeLaughter brings Evers' killer to justice. Producer-director Rob Reiner replays that true story with gusto in ***Ghosts of Mississippi*** (Columbia/Castle Rock). Given a role he can sink his teeth into, Alec Baldwin shows solid grit and conviction as DeLaughter, who destroys his first marriage, faces threats against his children and all but loses his peace of mind in his quest for truth. Whoopi Goldberg plays it straight as Evers' widow, while James Woods adds to his gallery of archvillains as the assassin, Byron De La Beckwith. *Ghosts* shows that racism in America did not end in the Sixties. ¥¥¥

•

Writer-director Greg Mottola's ***The Daytrippers*** (Cinepix) is the comedy sleeper that startled audiences at movie festivals from Athens to Cannes to Deauville to Toronto. It's the slight but appealing account of how members of a ditzy Long Island family pile into a car with their married daughter Eliza (Hope Davis) to follow her husband Louis (Stanley Tucci), who seems to be getting love notes from someone named Sandy. Before their questions are answered, the family encounters several eccentric strangers, wanders into a book party and generally goes to pieces. Anne Meara and Pat McNamara are Eliza's parents, with Parker Posey as Eliza's sister Jo and Liev Schreiber as Jo's pretentious boyfriend. All turn out to be pleasant company on an odyssey that comes to a dead end. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Albino Alligator (Reviewed 1/97) Hostages in a bar, directed by Kevin Spacey. ¥¥½

Blood and Wine (2/97) B-movie melodrama gets boost from Nicholson and a class-A cast. ¥¥½

La Cérémonie (2/97) Chabrol's chilling prelude to murder in a French château. ¥¥¥

The Crucible (1/97) Daniel Day-Lewis stars in a gripping treatment of the Arthur Miller classic about Salem's witch trials. ¥¥¥¥

The Daytrippers (See review) A family outing gets sidetracked while hot on the trail of a philanderer. ¥¥

The English Patient (2/97) Rich romantic melodrama as it used to be. ¥¥¥¥

The Evening Star (Listed only) MacLaine comes to *Terms* again. ¥¥

Evita (See review) A disappointment, yes—but it isn't Madonna's fault. ¥¥½

Ghosts of Mississippi (See review) Medgar Evers' case reopened with a solid cast. ¥¥¥

Gridlock'd (See review) On-the-town comedy with a pair of dopeheads. ¥¥½

Hamlet (2/97) The four-hour Branagh version, most of it super. ¥¥¥¥

Kolya (See review) Czech swinger inherits a winning Russian tyke. ¥¥¥½

Marvin's Room (See review) Good actors in a grim comedy about the big C. ¥¥¥

Nothing Personal (Listed only) In volatile Belfast, Erin goes bananas again. ¥¥½

The People vs. Larry Flint (2/97) Milos Forman makes a cogent case for the defense of the man from *Hustler*. ¥¥¥¥

The Portrait of a Lady (2/97) Dull finish on Kidman, directed here by Jane Campion. ¥¥

The Relic (See review) Monster at large in a crowded Chicago museum. Uh-huh. ¥½

Scream (See review) For kids who dig serial murder—by Wes Craven. ¥¥½

Sling Blade (1/97) Homecoming of a killer who may do it again. ¥¥¥

subUrbia (See review) Unnerving pack of mall rats mills aimlessly. ¥¥¥

Troublesome Creek (Listed only) Striking nonfiction study of an Iowa family farm going under. ¥¥¥½

Waiting for Guffman (See review) A jerkwater town celebrates its past. ¥¥

When We Were Kings (See review) It's Muhammad Ali in fine form. ¥¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

When it comes to off-duty entertainment, **Yaphet Kotto**, who plays the intense Lieutenant Al Giardello on NBC's *Homicide*, is a pushover for the supernatural. "There's a whole world out there that never makes it to the big screen," Kotto says, adding that TV's *Sightings* series is a winner in his house. But when Kotto suffers from UFO overload, he feeds the VCR gumshoe flicks. "I like Basil Rathbone's Sherlock Holmes," he says, "and I'm also a fan of the *Thin Man* movies. Nick and Nora have become friends of mine." Kotto's most prized video find is somewhat offbeat: a documentary about Punta del Este, the Uruguayan resort town. "You're going to think I'm mad," he says, "but whenever I watch it, I lock the door and draw the blinds. This place is heaven on earth, and no one wants you to know it exists." Until now. —DONNA COE

VIDBITS

It's not as good as *The Godfather*, but it's not as long, either. HBO's acclaimed mob drama *Gotti* stars Armand Assante as the titular don of the Gambino crime family. The story traces Gotti's rise, as well as his penchant for breaking Mafia codes—which led to his undoing. Anthony Quinn and William Forsythe co-star. . . . On the heels of *Independence Day* and *Mars Attacks!* comes the granddaddy of alien-invasion pictures, *The War of the Worlds*, reissued by Paramount for $9.95. The 1953 Martian chronicle may not have the bells, whistles and morphs of today's flying-saucer blockbusters, but the effects won an Academy Award—and, boy, do those Fifties screenplays love to crank up the tension. Show it to your kids and gloat.

VIDEO CHASERS

When they say "Cut to the chase," they mean "Get to the good part." So we have.

Bullitt (1968): Steve McQueen's bumpy ride through San Francisco became the model for stomach-churning, roller-coaster car chases. No wonder the editing took an Oscar.

The French Connection (1971): The chase beneath the el—often imitated, never surpassed—makes *Speed* look pedestrian. Watch out for that baby carriage.

The General (1927): Silent hero Buster Keaton did it all without flashy special effects. His acrobatics on a hijacked locomotive are still awesome.

Smokey and the Bandit (1977): Pure corn, but clever high-octane highway gags abound as bootlegger Burt Reynolds dodges hayseed sheriff Jackie Gleason. Directed by a stuntman (Hal Needham).

Duel (1971): Someone call AAA. Steven Spielberg's first feature finds weary salesman Dennis Weaver in a rental car, going grill-to-grill with a mysterious and deadly tanker truck.

North by Northwest (1959): In Hitchcock's droll spy thriller, on-the-lam Cary Grant ducks and dodges a maniacal crop duster. Hollywood's best—and only?—man-versus-biplane chase.

The Seven-Ups (1973): Quasi-sequel to *The French Connection* finds Roy Scheider in the driver's seat. Best stunt: Rear of a parked truck turns speeding coupe into a convertible.

Stagecoach (1939): Amazing how fast those clackity wheels spin in the face of an Indian attack. John Wayne's Ringo Kid rides shotgun in John Ford's classic.

Das Boot (1981): Crippled U-boat makes a gallant effort to get back to Germany, despite pounding from Allied bombs and torpedoes. Killer ending.

It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World (1963): One long chase. Autos, bikes, planes, trucks, cop cars, Checker cabs and an all-star cast highlight this fast-paced race to find $350,000 in buried loot. Hysterical.

Fantastic Voyage (1966): Holy hemoglobin! Miniaturized doctor Raquel Welch is up the bloodstream without a paddle when huge white corpuscles decide she's a germ and quickly adhere to her body. Smart cells. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDEO *Lovefest* OF THE MONTH

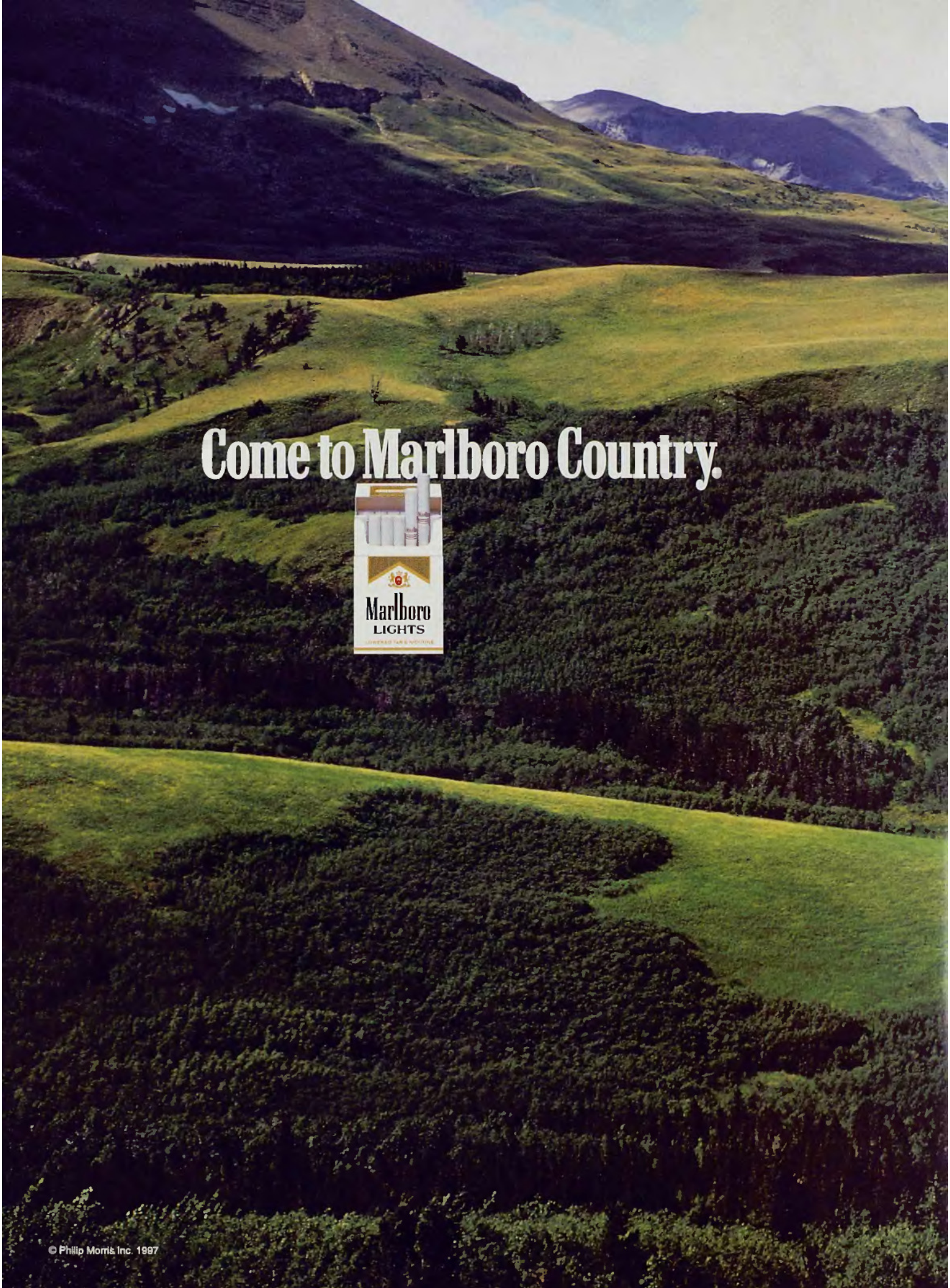
Who says that love doesn't come cheap? MGM/UA Home Video's batch of budget romances ($14.95 each) is perfect for the parsimonious paramour. Included: *Rob Roy* (Scots in love), *The Cutting Edge* (love on the ice rink), *The Goodbye Girl* (actor falls for perpetual jiltee), *The Lover* (teen girl comes of age in Twenties Vietnam), *Rich in Love* (retiree's passion reboots after wife splits) and *Moonstruck* (love, opera, Cher and *la famiglia* in Brooklyn). Enjoy.

LASER FARE

Before she began cranking out costume dramas, Winona Ryder was the ultimate screen teen. Now Lumivision has captured her darkest—and funniest—foray into adolescent angst on disc. ***Heathers*** (1989) features Ryder as the only non-Heather in a hot high school clique; with rebel classmate Christian Slater, she bumps off her bitchy friends. The disc features audio commentary by director Michael Lehmann, original trailers, remastered sound and a beautiful digital transfer. Speaking of nice-looking, Shannen Doherty co-stars. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ROMANCE	***She's the One*** (more Irish American angst from *Brothers McMullen* director Ed Burns; often shallow, but Aniston and her vibrator hum along nicely), ***Tin Cup*** (Costner does *Bull Durham* on the links; o few hooks and slices, barely breaks par).
DRAMA	***The Island of Dr. Moreau*** (H.G. Wells tale finds Brando ond Kilmer splicing genes in paradise; best bit: Val's midfilm Marlan impersonatian), ***The Fan*** (crackpot De Niro stalks baseball star Snipes; familiar turf, but Bob's nut scores).
COMEDY	***Matilda*** (whip-smart girl outfoxes evil adults; DeVita and Perlman steal it as world's worst parents), ***Jack*** (anatomical glitch seriausly accelerates boy's growth; it's not *Big*, but Robin Williams keeps the shticky kid stuff caming).
SLEEPER	***Kansas City*** (Altman's jazzy paean ta Thirties K.C.; best: H. Belafonte's gangster; worst: J.J. Leigh's gum-snapping dame), ***Feeling Minnesota*** (Cameran Diaz halds her own in funky, seedy lave triangle; disarmingly kinky).
COSTUME	***Moll Flanders*** (Robin Wright is Defae's zesty 18th century pratofeminist; nat as sexy as PBS' spin, but more to the point), ***The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*** (Maggie Smith's 1969 Oscar-winning spinster, newly restored by Fox).


Come to Marlboro Country.
Marlboro
LIGHTS
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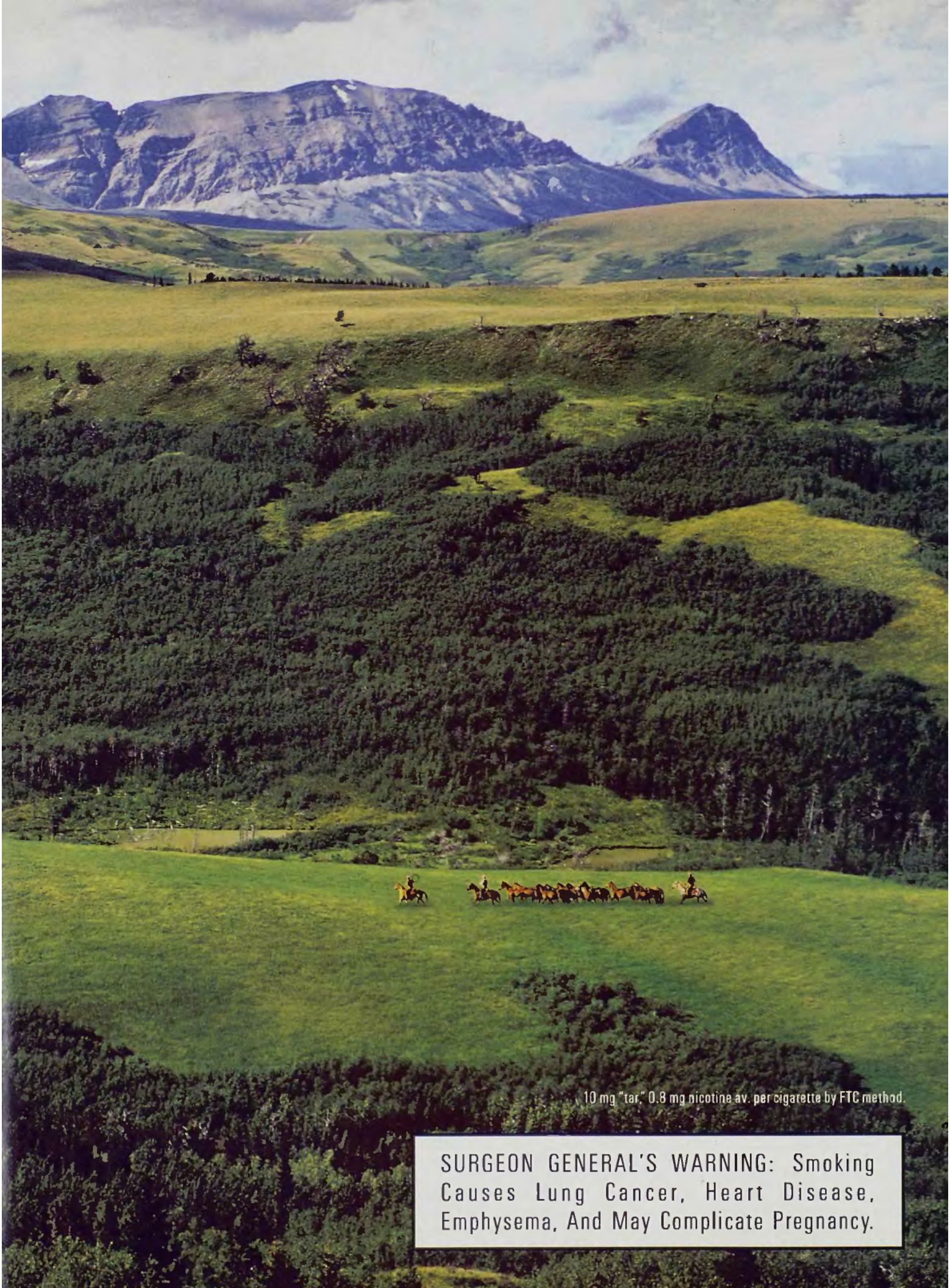

10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

By STEPHEN RANDALL

HELEN GURLEY BROWN, the longtime editor of *Cosmopolitan*, has a talent for looking foolish. CNN recently captured her being hoisted aloft by a group of Fabio wannabes. There she was, at age 74, giggling like a schoolgirl. Even her physical appearance is cartoonish. So wispy-thin she appears frail, Brown looks like the poster girl for the Anti–Plastic Surgery League—her ultratight skin a warning against having one face-lift too many. And when she spoke, things got worse. She preached her gospel of good sex in a breathless voice that merely solidified her reputation as the silliest magazine editor in America.

One can easily imagine the stuffy executives of the Hearst Corp., *Cosmo*'s parent company, reaching for their nitroglycerin tablets every time she visited a talk show. But for 30 years, they bit their lower lips and suffered their corporate humiliation in private. Helen Gurley Brown and *Cosmo* were making them a fortune.

But in January 1996, they fired her—giving her until the February 1997 issue to help break in the new editor, and to exit the magazine with a modicum of grace. (Brown will remain at Hearst as editor in chief of *Cosmo*'s international editions.) Brown didn't want to go, but she had embarrassed Hearst too many times. She hadn't taken AIDS seriously enough, she was on the wrong side of the sexual harassment issue and, worse, she had gotten old. Forget that the magazine continued to perform well, bringing more than $50 million in profit in 1995 to a mismanaged publishing company always eager for a nice cash influx.

It's too bad, too. Besides being the silliest magazine editor in America, Helen Gurley Brown was also one of the smartest. Not only was she much smarter than other editors gave her credit for, she was often smarter than she thought she was. No wonder she was an outcast in publishing, where the opposite is generally true.

She was an outcast for other reasons, as well. When she took over editing *Cosmopolitan*, magazines—even women's magazines—were run by a fussy group of martini-swilling men with Ivy League pedigrees. If they didn't hold their audiences in disdain, they were at least indifferent to them. It was one thing to edit a magazine for the ordinary woman, but you wouldn't want to invite her to the club for lunch.

Brown had a different worldview. For years, she rode the subway to work, to watch her "*Cosmo* girls" up close. She was 43 when she got the *Cosmo* job, and for much of her adult life she had been just like her readers, a working girl (17 different secretarial jobs) who wanted more out of life. She understood them. She identified with them. To help them get everything Brown wanted them to have, she reinvented the failing *Cosmopolitan* as the most ingenious how-to manual ever published, addressing the subjects that were really on her readers' minds—most notably sex. "From the beginning," Brown told *Newsday*, "I knew it would be a magazine for young women who love men—and want to find one." It was a repressed era, but Brown unabashedly celebrated premarital and sometimes extramarital sex. ("I've never felt married men were off-limits," she explained.)

The *Cosmo* Girl says goodbye.

Was Helen Gurley Brown the silliest editor in America—or the smartest?

Riding the subway paid off. Her vision was less of the future than of the present, and she managed more than any other women's magazine editor to reflect the sexual and feminist revolution taking place around her. An early fan of Hugh Hefner and PLAYBOY, she freely borrowed some of the liberating advice Hef gave his male readers. Brown, too, rebelled against the restrictions she saw around her. She wanted her readers—"mouseburgers" she called them—to enjoy successful careers and to pamper themselves with material possessions, just as she did. If they wanted a man, Brown offered advice on how to get one. She even persuaded Burt Reynolds to pose centerfold-style in 1972, boosting both the magazine's circulation and Reynolds' fledgling career.

She developed a loyal readership and became rich and famous, but she was never taken seriously. Her magazine, which grew from a circulation of 783,000 when she took over in 1965 to 3 million in 1988, never won a National Magazine Award. Hearst never made its most successful editor a member of its board of directors nor gave her the wider corporate responsibility it would have given an equally successful man (or a less-embarrassing woman). Feminists bashed her. "I was accused of hurting the cause because I was still talking about women as if they were sex objects," she said in *The New York Times*. "But to be a sex object is a wonderful thing, and you're to be pitied if you aren't one."

She took unflinching—and unpopular—stands. Indeed, her softness on the AIDS issue was considered dangerous at the time ("We have tried not to scare the daylights out of the *Cosmo* woman," she told CNN). Her tireless enthusiasm for flirting in the office seemed dated in the era of Anita Hill and Bob Packwood.

And yet those *Cosmo* cover lines continued to rule the newsstand: SEIZE THE NIGHT: YOUR SEXUAL PEAK IS NOW. WOMEN ADDICTED TO MEN. SEX AND THE GYM. REAL MEN TALK ABOUT WHY THEY DUMP GREAT WOMEN. MIND-BLOWING SEX: TEN WAYS TO HAVE BETTER ORGASMS. The problem? Those five cover lines aren't from *Cosmo*, but from recent issues of *Glamour*, *Marie Claire*, *Allure*, *Mademoiselle* and *American Woman*. Brown's influence infiltrated every other women's magazine. Imitation may be flattering, but when everyone else is copying you, a drop in sales is not far behind—last year's circulation was down to 2.5 million from the 1988 peak. "People aren't buying it like they used to," Brown admitted to *Newsday*, "partly because *Cosmo* has been cloned."

That helps explain why Brown's last blowout issue is now on the stands, and why much of her staff and stable of writers have been cut loose by the new editor. Brown will be given the appropriate send-off. If you sense sadness behind her smile as she makes her last round of TV interviews, it's because she is sad. Brown made no secret of her desire to continue editing *Cosmopolitan*, and Hearst made no secret of its distaste for the idea. Brown is already well past the age when most people retire and, let's face it, when a 74-year-old woman talks about sex in that goofy Helen Gurley Brown manner, the squirm factor increases exponentially. Most of all, she's a victim of changing times and, as usual, Brown is reflecting the world her beloved *Cosmo* girls live in. They exist in an economy that no longer guarantees them job security. As it turns out, so does Helen Gurley Brown.

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MUSIC

R&B

TONY TONI TONE, one of the best and most consistent bands in black pop, is back with a strong retro-soul album, ***House of Music*** (Mercury). This trio writes witty, melodic songs and plays crisply in a style that pays homage to the past while still sounding contemporary. The set is full of gems: *Thinking of You*, a Memphis-style groove, and the soul ballad *Still a Man* are two of the best. In the current soul revival, the Tonys hold a central place.

On Babyface's fourth solo album, ***The Day*** (Epic), he tempers his typical pop production with more personal material. The centerpiece of this collection is the title track, subtitled *(You Gave Me a Son)*, an emotional piano-driven ballad about the birth of his child. More up-tempo is *Simple Days*, a nostalgic look at his own childhood. Writing with Stevie Wonder, Babyface recorded *How Come, How Long*, his first social commentary track, about the murder of a woman. Other stars make cameo appearances: Mariah Carey sings backup on *Every Time I Close My Eyes* and Eric Clapton solos on *Talk to Me*. The hit single *This Is for the Lover in You* is surprisingly hip-hop–based and features the voices of former Shalamar members Howard Hewett and Jody Watley.

—NELSON GEORGE

ROCK

OK, I admit I just wanted to see the title ***Burn in Hell Fuckers*** (Bong Load Records) by Lutefisk on the venerated PLAYBOY Rockmeter. But it's actually a terrific punk rock album. Lutefisk has found a balance between the Ramones and Flipper that didn't exist before. The band marries a sense for pop melodies with a nihilistic contempt for everything. The result is funny and oddly life-affirming. The band's voices work whether they are screaming or harmonizing, even when they're deliberately out of tune and inane. And it's performed with such a cathartically snotty attitude that you can listen a lot more than once. Choruses such as "Burn and rob, burn and rob/Rock and roll makes me want to burn and rob" make it unlikely Lutefisk will see heavy rotation on MTV, so you'll have to buy it to hear it.

Even if you thought, as I did, that the Grateful Dead mostly sucked, you might find yourself developing an inordinate fondness for ***Shady Grove*** (Acoustic Disc), by Jerry Garcia and David Grisman. Garcia on guitar and Grisman on mandolin are focused here by their obvious affection for and understanding of the ancient folk songs they are covering. They manage to pull it off by sounding modest and like virtuosos at the same time.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Tony Toni Tone's *House of Music*.

The Tonys' soul revival, Joni Mitchell's hits and misses and the Beatles' third anthology.

Joni Mitchell would allow her record company to release her greatest-hits album only if she could also put out a separate LP that documented the ones that got away. Both ***Hits*** and ***Misses*** (Reprise) are crammed with delightfully odd choices. Various songs could easily have wound up on either collection, which is probably Mitchell's point. For 30 years, she has produced a body of work that rarely sounds dated. Each song is intimate and musically gorgeous. *Hits* is my favorite simply because the songs seem woven together.

The first two Beatles anthologies were intriguing but fragmented. You don't have to be a musicologist or collector, however, to enjoy the third and final double album of the series, ***Anthology 3*** (Capitol). These early takes, demos and outtakes from the Beatles' last three albums are a revelatory reintroduction to the band you thought you knew. These are complete songs that were later dressed up with strings, choirs and harpsichord. Here they're presented either as acoustic demos or as raw, risky band takes that are often a lot more fun than what was ultimately released. Plus you get new material such as Lennon's avant-garde rocker *What's the New Mary Jane*, Harrison's searing *Not Guilty* and an early take of *Helter Skelter* that will remind you of *Come Together*.

—VIC GARBARINI

WORLD

In France, where African émigrés energize the most enthusiastic and affluent Afro-pop audience in the world, the voice of 28-year-old Oumou Sangare, from Mali, has been a sensation for most of this decade. And in her homeland, this impassioned opponent of polygamy and arranged marriage is so popular that politicians pay lip service to her feminist ideas. Onstage, Sangare is simultaneously regal and outgoing, sexy and sisterly, traditional and emancipated. On record, she's easier to understand once you've learned her story and glanced over the lyrics of ***Worotan*** (World Circuit, c/o Rounder, One Camp Street, Cambridge, MA 02140). It's clear that she's a progressive in music as well as in politics. The interlocking rhythms, the unforced synthesis of African and American instruments and the occasional horn charts from James Brown alumnus Pee Wee Ellis add up to some fresh funk.

After something of a dry spell on America's Afro-pop front, a few other releases are also recommended. Paris-based Zairean Tshala Muana is a less challenging singer than Sangare, but her second U.S. album, ***Mutuashi*** (Stern's Africa, 598 Broadway, New York, NY 10012), does a nice job of sprucing up soukous rhythms. Sam Chege, a postgraduate student in Iowa, generates the bright-eyed innocence of Kenyan benga on ***Kickin' Kikuyu Style*** (Original Music). And for those looking for a way in, compiler Daisann McLane dips into the Caribbean and even the U.S. on her superb introductory tour of the rhythms of the African diaspora. It's called ***Kwanzaa Party!: A Celebration of Black Culture in Song*** (Rounder).

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

JAZZ

Art Blakey remains the model for jazz drummers leading their own bands, thanks in part to Louis Hayes and Ray Appleton. Both men embrace Blakey's hard-bop ethos on new CDs for the stylish little Sharp 9 label (888-742-7723). The versatile and well-traveled Hayes leads a quintet of younger musicians on ***Louis At Large,*** especially notable for the debut of Riley Mullins, a brash newcomer on trumpet. On Appleton's ***Killer Ray Rides Again,*** the splashy and inventive drummer pilots a sextet of mostly veterans, starring saxist Charles McPherson. It's a lively reminder that in the right hands, the jazz of the Fifties and Sixties is still alive.

—NEIL TESSER

Sun Ra's ***The Singles*** (Evidence) provides the final proof that the great jazz

orchestra leader truly was a master of space, time and doo-wop. These ultra-rare sides include pure rock-and-roll vocal harmony, straight-up Chicago blues, horror-movie organ improvisations and some of the wildest avant-jazz pieces ever put on 45s. Every bit of it is marked by craft without condescension, vision without pretense, and sublime wit. These sides have a greater claim than anything else I've heard to being the real origins of jazz rock and experimentalism in mainstream pop music. —DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

Marshall Chapman's ***Love Slave*** (Margaritaville/Island) is certainly the year's most misnamed record. There are some funny songs here, and the title track is one of them, but there's no indication that Chapman belongs to anyone but herself. The best of her songs—*A Mystery to Me, If I Can't Have You, In the Fullness of Time*—deliver the shock of recognition that comes when intimate stories and grown-up emotional situations hit home. Musically, the tough country-rock blend picks up where Chapman's live album left off last year. Imagine Mary Chapin Carpenter with another ten years' experience, more blues and grit in her singing and the wit to rip off the Who at the end of an antigun song, and you'll get the picture. Chapman, long one of Nashville's best renegade songwriters, has become the kind of performer her fans trust to bring them both good times and insight. —DAVE MARSH

The unadorned harmonies of the Louvin Brothers are some of the most influential sounds in country music history. Charlie and Ira Louvin were a fire-and-brimstone team. The reissues of the late-Fifties ***Tragic Songs of Life*** and ***Satan Is Real*** (Capitol) are filled with simplistic beauty. *The Kneeling Drunkard's Plea* and *Are You Afraid to Die* reveal the brothers' singing style: There was a ceiling to Charlie's range, so Ira would cue in on a high lead and Charlie would drop under on low harmony. That became the Louvin Brothers' trademark, a style that has influenced Emmylou Harris, Gram Parsons and Bruce Springsteen.

Wilco is kin to the Louvin Brothers. It's evident in the spacious arrangements and the increasing emphasis on harmony on ***Being There*** (Reprise). Wilco songwriter Jeff Tweedy looks at life with wonder. The double CD has a fine mesh of laments, love songs and lullabies. The best track may be *What's the World Got in Store*, which sounds like Brian Wilson playing banjo. In the rural blues ballad *Kingpin*, Tweedy's sultry vocals actually lock into the goofy line "I wanna be your kingpin/Living in Pekin." *Being There* is just right for the first road trip of spring. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Marshall Chapman *Love Slave*	5	7	6	8	8
Lutefisk *Burn in Hell Fuckers*	7	7	7	6	8
Jani Mitchell *Hits and Misses*	9	10	9	9	10
Oumou Sangare *Worotan*	9	8	8	6	8
Tony Toni Tone *House of Music*	9	7	9	7	8

DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HISTORY DEPARTMENT: A wire service report last fall told the story of an archaeological dig that led researchers to conclude that Roman and medieval musicians bent notes on wooden pipes and bone flutes to achieve off-pitch sounds—not unlike the ones made by modern jazz and blues musicians. Maybe **Fred Flintstone** wasn't as primitive as we thought.

REELING AND ROCKING: Director **Jonathan Demme** and **Robyn Hitchcock** have teamed up to make a documentary movie and an album. Demme will film Hitchcock and fellow musicians at a storefront, with an audience of 50. The movie will be available in theaters and on video this spring. . . . A documentary about Abbey Road Studio will be released late this year. Although best known for the **Beatles,** the studio was also home to **Glenn Miller** and **Pink Floyd.**

NEWSBREAKS: In case you didn't know, **Pete Townshend** considers *Quadrophenia* a work in progress, and it could possibly end up as a theatrical production. . . . Look for more *Live at the BBC* discs this year, culled from archived performances by the **Rolling Stones, Jimi Hendrix, David Bowie** and the **Police.** . . . Other Jimi news: Finalists have been chosen in the Hendrix family guitar competition and will compete in the spring for prizes. The winner's prize will include an invitation to play in the Jimi Hendrix Tribute Concert in New York. . . . Look for a **Yes** studio album this summer, and for the first **Moody Blues** album in five years. . . . **Marianne Faithfull's** former husband, **John Dunbar,** has discovered some drawings **John Lennon** made when the two traveled to Ireland together. Think they're worth something now? . . . **Michael Nesmith's** first novel, *The Long Sandy Hair of Neptune's Aura*, will be published in the fall by St. Martin's. . . . In the first two of many spoken-word histories, Monstersounds Entertainment has released *The Doors: Myth & Reality* and **Paul Kantner's** *A Guide Through the Chaos*, about the **Jefferson Airplane.** . . . An exhibit of **Grateful Dead** poster art is on a 30-city national tour. . . . African American sophomores in community colleges or technical schools are eligible for a Nat King Cole Scholarship if they have a 3.0 GPA and are planning to continue their education. Applications are available at financial aid offices. The program was started by EMI and Capitol Records. . . . **Rusted Root** retained ownership of its first LP, *Cruel Sun*, which turned out to be a very smart move. *Sun* sold about 50,000 copies when it was released, but the success of Root's major-label debut has boosted its sales to about 1000 copies a week. The band earns four to five times more from that than it does from the big company. . . . A new musical based on **E.L. Doctorow's** novel *Ragtime* will open on Broadway at the end of this year. It went from book to movie to musical. . . . **Quincy Jones** is jumping into the late-night talk-show wars. He's producing a one-hour syndicated show with urban artists. Stand-up comics and interviews are also in the mix. . . . PLAYBOY critic **Dave Marsh** and **Jon Bon Jovi** mixed it up recently on AOL. Marsh castigated Bon Jovi for switching political parties from Republican to Democrat between 1992 and 1996. Bon Jovi called it American to change your mind and said announcing your party affiliation is not political. Marsh thought it was cynical, because Bon Jovi played Clinton's 50th birthday bash this past summer. We like this insider stuff. —BARBARA NELLIS

CHECK IT OUT

If you associate checked sports coats with used-car salesmen, it is time to pay attention. Checked looks have gone sophisticated for this spring. Whether you opt for subtle or bold, look for soft fabrics and unexpected color combos. Perry Ellis offers its signature "unbalanced checks" in smooth fabrics and colors that blend for a rich tapestry effect. We especially like its taupe three-button wool model, which is woven with thick yarns to create a much softer construction ($395). For a check so subtle it looks virtually solid, try Arnold Brant's olive and black sports jacket in a wool and nylon blend. It's stretchy for comfort and is offered in two-, three- or four-button styles ($395). In the Assets line, designer Andrew Fezza offers a four-button wool sports jacket in cobalt blue with a maize check (about $375). Or try the three-button sage and moss look by Mickey Spatz ($795, pictured middle left). It's made of a high-twist wool fabric that doesn't wrinkle. For a dramatic statement, you can opt for Hugo Boss' two-button tapered wool variation in an oversize black-and-white houndstooth check ($575, bottom left). An even bolder effect is featured in Nigel's three-button sage, yellow and brown wool jacket ($495, top left). And Nautica, designed by David Chu, underscores its all-American style with a blue and white two-button seersucker minicheck suit with a high button stance ($295).

HOT SHOPPING: PANAMA CITY, FLORIDA

The place to go for spring break this year is Panama City, a Gulf Coast party town with 27 miles of sugary sand and emerald water ideal for parasailing, windsurfing and snorkeling. Catch a wave to these shops: Shipwreck, Ltd. (10570 Front Beach Rd.): A beachwear superstore offering swimming togs, volleyball shorts and clubwear. • Trader Rick's Surf Shop (12208 Front Beach Rd.): Skate threads, sneakers and wet suits. • Rainforest Trading Co. (523 Beckrich Rd., Shoppes at Edgewater): An international marketplace of environmental curios from South America and Africa. • Hy's Toggery (495 Beckrich Rd., Shoppes at Edgewater): Casualwear and accessories for nights on the town. • Last Flight Out (10442 Front Beach Rd.): Baseball jerseys, denim shirts, hats and more—all with the store's logo.

CLOTHES LINE

Richard Grieco, star of the new film *Heaven or Vegas,* does fashion on his own terms. That means wearing one of 30 leather jackets—from a black bomber to a camel-colored three-quarter length—while riding one of of his seven Harleys. "I'm a big fan of jackets, particularly my Gucci black leather blazer with leather buttons," Grieco says. But with a 48-inch chest and a 30-inch waist, he finds it difficult to buy off-the-rack. "That's why I own 30 Armani suits. They fit me well." Grieco accessorizes with a silver bracelet of tiger claws from Maxfield in Los Angeles, a ring from the Canadian Hell's Angels and Oliver Peoples wraparound shades.

HANDS UP

Hands are among the body parts men ignore and women notice. If they're dirty, calloused or raw, there's little chance she'll want you to touch her with them. But you can come clean with an antibacterial wash and hand cream. Molton Brown liquid cleanser is ideal for the gym; it kills germs you pick up from the equipment. L'Occitane's shea butter is a natural moisturizer—straight up or in a hand cream. If you wash your hands frequently, try Philosophy's protective Handmade. And if working on the Porsche has left you covered in grease, Origins offers liquid cleanser with peppermint as well as scrubbing soap with sawdust and pine to remove anything from ink to heavy grime.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SNEAKERS	IN	OUT
PERFORMANCE	Bright white, ultrasleek running styles; futuristic molded soles; breathable fabrics; Nike and Reebok	Edgy black; overweight, chunky basketball high-tops; anything that pumps or lights up; sloppy, untied laces; thick padding
ON THE STREET	Low-performance models with sport details; suede and nylon; speed lacing; two-tone old-school colors; Airwalks and Vans	Wet-look plastics; faux-leather vinyls; high-top canvas models straight from Sha Na Na; dime-store specials with no-grip soles

Where & How to Buy on page 162.

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BRIEF SUMMARY

VALTREX®
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Caplets

The following is a brief summary only; see full prescribing information for complete product information.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: VALTREX is contraindicated in patients with a known hypersensitivity or intolerance to valacyclovir, acyclovir, or any component of the formulation.

WARNINGS: Thrombotic thrombocytopenic purpura/hemolytic uremic syndrome (TTP/HUS), in some cases resulting in death, has occurred in patients with advanced HIV disease and also in allogeneic bone marrow transplant and renal transplant recipients participating in clinical trials of VALTREX at doses of 8 grams per day.

PRECAUTIONS: The efficacy of VALTREX has not been established for the treatment of disseminated herpes zoster, or suppression of recurrent genital herpes, or in immunocompromised patients.

Dosage adjustment is recommended when administering VALTREX to patients with renal impairment (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION section of full prescribing information). Caution should also be exercised when administering VALTREX to patients receiving potentially nephrotoxic agents since this may increase the risk of renal dysfunction and/or the risk of reversible central nervous system symptoms such as those that have been reported in patients treated with intravenous acyclovir.

Information for Patients: ***Herpes Zoster:*** There are no data on treatment initiated more than 72 hours after onset of the zoster rash. Patients should be advised to initiate treatment as soon as possible after a diagnosis of herpes zoster.

Genital Herpes: Patients should be informed that VALTREX is not a cure for genital herpes. There are no data evaluating whether VALTREX will prevent transmission of infection to others. Because genital herpes is a sexually transmitted disease, patients should avoid contact with lesions or intercourse when lesions and/or symptoms are present to avoid infecting partners. Genital herpes can also be transmitted in the absence of symptoms through asymptomatic viral shedding. If medical management of a genital herpes recurrence is indicated, patients should be advised to initiate therapy at the first sign or symptom of an episode.

There are no data on the effectiveness of treatment initiated more than 72 hours after the onset of signs and symptoms of a first episode of genital herpes or more than 24 hours of the onset of signs and symptoms of a recurrent episode.

Drug Interactions: An additive increase in acyclovir AUC and C_{max} was observed when VALTREX was administered to healthy volunteers who were taking cimetidine, probenecid, or a combination of both cimetidine and probenecid (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics section of full prescribing information).

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: The data presented below include references to the steady-state acyclovir AUC observed in humans treated with 1 g VALTREX given orally three times a day to treat herpes zoster. Plasma drug concentrations in animal studies are expressed as multiples of human exposure to acyclovir (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics section of full prescribing information).

Valacyclovir was noncarcinogenic in lifetime carcinogenicity bioassays at single daily doses (gavage) of up to 120 mg/kg/day for mice and 100 mg/kg/day for rats. There was no significant difference in the incidence of tumors between treated and control animals, nor did valacyclovir shorten the latency of tumors. Plasma concentrations of acyclovir were equivalent to human levels in the mouse bioassay and 1.4 to 2.3 times human levels in the rat bioassay.

Valacyclovir was tested in five genetic toxicity assays. An Ames assay was negative in the absence or presence of metabolic activation. Also negative were an in vitro cytogenetic study with human lymphocytes and a rat cytogenetic study at a single oral dose of 3000 mg/kg (8 to 9 times human plasma levels).

In the mouse lymphoma assay, valacyclovir was negative in the absence of metabolic activation. In the presence of metabolic activation (76% to 88% conversion to acyclovir), valacyclovir was weakly mutagenic.

A mouse micronucleus assay was negative at 250 mg/kg but weakly positive at 500 mg/kg (acyclovir concentrations 26 to 51 times human plasma levels).

Valacyclovir did not impair fertility or reproduction in rats at 200 mg/kg/day (6 times human plasma levels).

Pregnancy: ***Teratogenic Effects:*** Pregnancy Category B. Valacyclovir was not teratogenic in rats or rabbits given 400 mg/kg (which results in exposures of 10 and 7 times human plasma levels, respectively) during the period of major organogenesis. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies of VALTREX or ZOVIRAX in pregnant women. A prospective epidemiologic registry of acyclovir use during pregnancy has been ongoing since 1984. As of December 1994, outcomes of live births have been documented in 380 women exposed to systemic acyclovir during the first trimester of pregnancy. The occurrence rate of birth defects approximates that found in the general population. However, the small size of the registry is insufficient to evaluate the risk for less common defects or to permit reliable and definitive conclusions regarding the safety of acyclovir in pregnant women and their developing fetuses. VALTREX should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus.

Pregnancy Exposure Registry: To monitor maternal-fetal outcomes of pregnant women exposed to VALTREX, Glaxo Wellcome Inc. maintains a Valacyclovir in Pregnancy Registry. Physicians are encouraged to register their patients by calling (800) 722-9292, ext. 39437.

Nursing Mothers: There is no experience with VALTREX. However, acyclovir concentrations have been documented in breast milk in two women following oral administration of ZOVIRAX and ranged from 0.6 to 4.1 times corresponding plasma levels. These concentrations would potentially expose the nursing infant to a dose of acyclovir as high as 0.3 mg/kg/day. VALTREX should be administered to a nursing mother with caution and only when indicated.

Pediatric Use: Safety and effectiveness of VALTREX in pediatric patients have not been established.

Geriatric Use: Of the total number of patients included in clinical studies of VALTREX, 810 were age 65 or older, and 339 were age 75 or older. A total of 34 volunteers age 65 or older completed a pharmacokinetic trial of VALTREX. The pharmacokinetics of acyclovir following single- and multiple-dose oral administration of VALTREX in geriatric volunteers varied with renal function. Dosage reduction may be required in geriatric patients, depending on the underlying renal status of the patient (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY and DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION sections of full prescribing information).

ADVERSE REACTIONS: The adverse events reported by greater than 2% of a given treatment group in clinical trials of VALTREX are listed in Table 1.

Table 1
Incidence (%) of Adverse Events in Herpes Zoster and Genital Herpes Study Populations

	Herpes Zoster			Genital Herpes			
Adverse Event	**VALTREX** 1 g tid (n=967)	**ZOVIRAX** 800 mg 5x daily (n=376)	**Placebo** (n=195)	**VALTREX** 1 g bid (n=1,194)	**VALTREX** 500 mg bid (n=359)	**ZOVIRAX** 200 mg 5x daily (n=822)	**Placebo** (n=439)
Nausea	15	19	8	6	6	7	8
Headache	14	13	12	16	17	12	14
Vomiting	6	8	3	1	1	2	<1
Diarrhea	5	7	6	4	5	3	6
Constipation	4	5	3	<1	1	1	1
Asthenia	4	5	4	2	1	2	4
Dizziness	3	6	2	3	2	2	3
Abdominal Pain	3	3	2	2	3	2	3
Anorexia	2	3	2	<1	<1	<1	<1

OVERDOSAGE: There have been no reports of overdosage from the administration of VALTREX. However, it is known that precipitation of acyclovir in renal tubules may occur when the solubility (2.5 mg/mL) is exceeded in the intratubular fluid. In the event of acute renal failure and anuria, the patient may benefit from hemodialysis until renal function is restored (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION).

U.S. Patent No. 4,957,924 RL-369 October 1996

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ZOVIRAX® Capsules
ZOVIRAX® Tablets
ZOVIRAX® Suspension
(acyclovir)

BRIEF SUMMARY

The following is a brief summary only; see full prescribing information for complete product information, including references.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: ZOVIRAX Capsules, Tablets, and Suspension are contraindicated for patients who develop hypersensitivity or intolerance to the components of the formulations.

WARNINGS: ZOVIRAX Capsules, Tablets, and Suspension are intended for oral ingestion only.

PRECAUTIONS:
General: ZOVIRAX has caused decreased spermatogenesis at high parenteral doses in some animals and mutagenesis in some acute studies at high concentrations of drug (see PRECAUTIONS: Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility). The recommended dosage should not be exceeded (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION section of full prescribing information).

Exposure of herpes simplex and varicella-zoster isolates to acyclovir in vitro can lead to the emergence of less sensitive viruses. The possibility of the appearance of less sensitive viruses in humans must be borne in mind when treating patients. The relationship between the in vitro sensitivity of herpes simplex or varicella-zoster virus to acyclovir and clinical response to therapy has yet to be established (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Microbiology section of full prescribing information).

Because of the possibility that less sensitive virus may be selected in patients who are receiving acyclovir, all patients should be advised to take particular care to avoid potential transmission of virus if active lesions are present while they are on therapy. In severely immunocompromised patients, the physician should be aware that prolonged or repeated courses of acyclovir may result in selection of resistant viruses which may not fully respond to continued acyclovir therapy.

Caution should be exercised when administering ZOVIRAX to patients receiving potentially nephrotoxic agents since this may increase the risk of renal dysfunction.

Information for Patients: Patients are instructed to consult with their physician if they experience severe or troublesome adverse reactions, they become pregnant or intend to become pregnant, they intend to breastfeed while taking orally administered ZOVIRAX, or they have any other questions.

Genital Herpes Infections: Genital herpes is a sexually transmitted disease and patients should avoid intercourse when visible lesions are present because of the risk of infecting intimate partners. ZOVIRAX Capsules, Tablets, and Suspension are for oral ingestion only. Medication should not be shared with others. The prescribed dosage should not be exceeded. ZOVIRAX does not eliminate latent viruses. Patients are instructed to consult with their physician if they do not receive sufficient relief in the frequency and severity of their genital herpes recurrences.

There are still unanswered questions concerning reproductive/gonadal toxicity and mutagenesis; long-term studies are continuing. Decreased sperm production has been seen at high doses in some animals; a placebo-controlled clinical study using 400 mg or 1000 mg of ZOVIRAX per day for 6 months in humans did not show similar findings. Chromosomal breaks were seen in vitro after brief exposure to high concentrations. Some other currently marketed medications also cause chromosomal breaks, and the significance of this finding is unknown. A placebo-controlled clinical study using 800 mg of ZOVIRAX per day for 1 year in humans did not show any abnormalities in structure or number of chromosomes.

Herpes Zoster Infections: Adults age 50 or older tend to have more severe shingles, and treatment with ZOVIRAX showed more significant benefit for older patients. Treatment was begun within 72 hours of rash onset in these studies, and was more useful if started within the first 48 hours.

Chickenpox: Although chickenpox in otherwise healthy children is usually a self-limited disease of mild to moderate severity, adolescents and adults tend to have more severe disease. Treatment was initiated within 24 hours of the typical chickenpox rash in the controlled studies, and there is no information regarding the effects of treatment begun later in the disease course. It is unknown whether the treatment of chickenpox in childhood has any effect on long-term immunity. However, there is no evidence to indicate that treatment of chickenpox with ZOVIRAX would have any effect on either decreasing or increasing the incidence or severity of subsequent recurrences of herpes zoster (shingles) later in life. Intravenous ZOVIRAX is indicated for the treatment of varicella-zoster infections in immunocompromised patients.

Drug Interactions: Co-administration of probenecid with intravenous acyclovir has been shown to increase the mean half-life and the area under the concentration-time curve. Urinary excretion and renal clearance were correspondingly reduced. The clinical effects of this combination have not been studied.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: The data presented below include references to peak steady-state plasma acyclovir concentrations observed in humans treated with 800 mg given orally 5 times a day (dosing appropriate for treatment of herpes zoster) or 200 mg given orally 5 times a day (dosing appropriate for treatment of genital herpes). Plasma drug concentrations in animal studies are expressed as multiples of human exposure to acyclovir at the higher and lower dosing schedules (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics section of full prescribing information).

Acyclovir was tested in lifetime bioassays in rats and mice at single daily doses of up to 450 mg/kg administered by gavage. There was no statistically significant difference in the incidence of tumors between treated and control animals, nor did acyclovir shorten the latency of tumors. At 450 mg/kg/day, plasma concentrations were 3 to 6 times human levels in the mouse bioassay and 1 to 2 times human levels in the rat bioassay.

Acyclovir was tested in two in vitro cell transformation assays. Positive results were observed at the highest concentration tested (31 to 63 times human levels) in one system and the resulting morphologically transformed cells formed tumors when inoculated into immunosuppressed, syngeneic, weanling mice. Acyclovir was negative (40 to 80 times human levels) in the other, possibly less sensitive, transformation assay.

In acute cytogenetic studies, there was an increase, though not statistically significant, in the incidence of chromosomal damage at maximum tolerated parenteral doses of acyclovir (100 mg/kg) in rats (62 to 125 times human levels) but not in Chinese hamsters; higher doses of 500 and 1000 mg/kg were clastogenic in Chinese hamsters (380 to 760 times human levels). In addition, no activity was found after 5 days dosing in a dominant lethal study in mice (36 to 73 times human levels). In all 4 microbial assays, no evidence of mutagenicity was observed. Positive results were obtained in 2 of 7 genetic toxicity assays using mammalian cells in vitro. In human lymphocytes, a positive response for chromosomal damage was seen at concentrations 150 to 300 times the acyclovir plasma levels achieved in humans. At one locus in mouse lymphoma cells, mutagenicity was observed at concentrations 250 to 500 times human plasma levels. Results in the other five mammalian cell loci follow: at 3 loci in a Chinese hamster ovary cell line, the results were inconclusive at concentrations at least 1850 times human levels; at 2 other loci in mouse lymphoma cells, no evidence of mutagenicity was observed at concentrations at least 1500 times human levels.

Acyclovir has not been shown to impair fertility or reproduction in mice (450 mg/kg/day, p.o.) or in rats (25 mg/kg/day, s.c.). In the mouse study, plasma levels were 9 to 18 times human levels, while in the rat study they were 8 to 15 times human levels. At a higher dose in the rat (50 mg/kg/day, s.c.), there was a statistically significant increase in post-implantation loss, but no concomitant decrease in litter size. In female rabbits treated subcutaneously with acyclovir subsequent to mating, there was a statistically significant decrease in implantation efficiency but no concomitant decrease in litter size at a dose of 50 mg/kg/day (16 to 31 times human levels). No effect upon implantation efficiency was observed when the same dose was administered intravenously (53 to 106 times human levels). In a rat peri- and postnatal study at 50 mg/kg/day s.c. (11 to 22 times human levels), there was a statistically significant decrease in the group mean numbers of corpora lutea, total implantation sites, and live fetuses in the F_1 generation. Although not statistically significant, there was also a dose-related decrease in group mean numbers of live fetuses and implantation sites at 12.5 mg/kg/day and 25 mg/kg/day, s.c. The intravenous administration of 100 mg/kg/day, a dose known to cause obstructive nephropathy in rabbits, caused a significant increase in fetal resorptions and a corresponding decrease in litter size (plasma levels were not measured). However, at a maximum tolerated intravenous dose of 50 mg/kg/day in rabbits (53 to 106 times human levels), no drug-related reproductive effects were observed.

Intraperitoneal doses of 80 or 320 mg/kg/day acyclovir given to rats for 6 and 1 months, respectively, caused testicular atrophy. Plasma levels were not measured in the 1-month study and were 24 to 48 times human levels in the 6-month study. Testicular atrophy was persistent through the 4-week postdose recovery phase after 320 mg/kg/day; some evidence of recovery of sperm production was evident 30 days postdose. Intravenous doses of 100 and 200 mg/kg/day acyclovir given to dogs for 31 days caused aspermatogenesis. At 100 mg/kg/day plasma levels were 47 to 94 times human levels, while at 200 mg/kg/day they were 159 to 317 times human levels. No testicular abnormalities were seen in dogs given 50 mg/kg/day i.v. for 1 month (21 to 41 times human levels) and in dogs given 60 mg/kg/day orally for 1 year (6 to 12 times human levels).

Pregnancy: ***Teratogenic Effects:*** Pregnancy Category C. Acyclovir was not teratogenic in the mouse (450 mg/kg/day, p.o.), rabbit (50 mg/kg/day, s.c. and i.v.), or in standard tests in the rat (50 mg/kg/day, s.c.). These exposures resulted in plasma levels 9 and 18, 16 and 106, and 11 and 22 times, respectively, human levels. In a non-standard test in rats, there were fetal abnormalities, such as head and tail anomalies, and maternal toxicity. In this test, rats were given 3 s.c. doses of 100 mg/kg acyclovir on gestation day 10, resulting in plasma levels 63 and 125 times human levels. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Acyclovir should not be used during pregnancy unless the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus. Although acyclovir was not teratogenic in standard animal studies, the drug's potential for causing chromosome breaks at high concentration should be taken into consideration in making this determination.

Pregnancy Exposure Registry: To monitor maternal-fetal outcomes of pregnant women exposed to systemic acyclovir, Glaxo Wellcome Inc. maintains an Acyclovir in Pregnancy Registry. Physicians are encouraged to register patients by calling (800) 722-9292, ext. 58465.

Nursing Mothers: Acyclovir concentrations have been documented in breast milk in two women following oral administration of ZOVIRAX and ranged from 0.6 to 4.1 times corresponding plasma levels. These concentrations would potentially expose the nursing infant to a dose of acyclovir up to 0.3 mg/kg/day. Caution should be exercised when ZOVIRAX is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: Safety and effectiveness in children less than 2 years of age have not been adequately studied.

ADVERSE REACTIONS:
Herpes Simplex: ***Short-Term Administration:*** The most frequent adverse events reported during clinical trials of treatment of genital herpes with orally administered ZOVIRAX were nausea and/or vomiting in 8 of 298 patient treatments (2.7%) and headache in 2 of 298 (0.6%). Nausea and/or vomiting occurred in 2 of 287 (0.7%) patients who received placebo.

Less frequent adverse events, each of which occurred in 1 of 298 patient treatments with orally administered ZOVIRAX (0.3%), included diarrhea, dizziness, anorexia, fatigue, edema, skin rash, leg pain, inguinal adenopathy, medication taste, and sore throat.

Long-Term Administration: The most frequent adverse events reported in a clinical trial for the prevention of recurrences with continuous administration of 400 mg (two 200 mg capsules) 2 times daily for 1 year in 586 patients treated with ZOVIRAX were: nausea (4.8%), diarrhea (2.4%), headache (1.9%), and rash (1.7%). The 589 control patients receiving intermittent treatment of recurrences with ZOVIRAX for 1 year reported diarrhea (2.7%), nausea (2.4%), headache (2.2%), and rash (1.5%).

The most frequent adverse events reported during the second year by 390 patients who elected to continue daily administration of 400 mg (two 200 mg capsules) 2 times daily for 2 years were headache (1.5%), rash (1.3%), and paresthesia (0.8%). Adverse events reported by 329 patients during the third year included asthenia (1.2%), paresthesia (1.2%), and headache (0.9%).

Herpes Zoster: The most frequent adverse events reported during three clinical trials of treatment of herpes zoster (shingles) with 800 mg of oral ZOVIRAX 5 times daily for 7 to 10 days in 323 patients were: malaise (11.5%), nausea (8.0%), headache (5.9%), vomiting (2.5%), diarrhea (1.5%), and constipation (0.9%). The 323 placebo recipients reported malaise (11.1%), nausea (11.5%), headache (11.1%), vomiting (2.5%), diarrhea (0.3%), and constipation (2.4%).

Chickenpox: The most frequent adverse events reported during three clinical trials of treatment of chickenpox with oral ZOVIRAX in 495 patients were: diarrhea (3.2%), abdominal pain (0.6%), rash (0.6%), vomiting (0.6%), and flatulence (0.4%). The 498 patients receiving placebo reported: diarrhea (2.2%), flatulence (0.8%), and insomnia (0.4%).

Observed During Clinical Practice: Based on clinical practice experience in patients treated with oral ZOVIRAX in the U.S., spontaneously reported adverse events are uncommon. Data are insufficient to support an estimate of their incidence or to establish causation. These events may also occur as part of the underlying disease process. Voluntary reports of adverse events which have been received since market introduction include:

General: fever, headache, pain, peripheral edema, and rarely, anaphylaxis
Nervous: confusion, dizziness, hallucinations, paresthesia, somnolence (These symptoms may be marked, particularly in older adults.)
Digestive: diarrhea, elevated liver function tests, gastrointestinal distress, nausea
Hemic and Lymphatic: leukopenia, lymphadenopathy
Musculoskeletal: myalgia
Skin: alopecia, pruritus, rash, urticaria
Special Senses: visual abnormalities
Urogenital: elevated creatinine

OVERDOSAGE: Patients have ingested intentional overdoses of up to 100 capsules (20 g) of ZOVIRAX, with no unexpected adverse effects.

Precipitation of acyclovir in renal tubules may occur when the solubility (2.5 mg/mL) in the intratubular fluid is exceeded. Renal lesions considered to be related to obstruction of renal tubules by precipitated drug crystals occurred in the following species: rats treated with i.v. and i.p. doses of 20 mg/kg/day for 21 and 31 days, respectively, and at s.c. doses of 100 mg/kg/day for 10 days; rabbits at s.c. and i.v. doses of 50 mg/kg/day for 13 days; and dogs at i.v. doses of 100 mg/kg/day for 31 days. A 6-hour hemodialysis results in a 60% decrease in plasma acyclovir concentration. Data concerning peritoneal dialysis are incomplete but indicate that this method may be significantly less efficient in removing acyclovir from the blood. In the event of acute renal failure and anuria, the patient may benefit from hemodialysis until renal function is restored (sea DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION section of full prescribing information).

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WIRED

HEAR THE FUTURE

Imagine a future in which loudspeakers don't exist. Instead, sound coming from a typical stereo or home theater system materializes off any solid surface you choose—from your living room sofa to the bottom of the Jacuzzi in your master suite. Sound far-fetched? We thought so, too, until we heard a demonstration of a revolutionary technology called Hyper Sonic Sound. Invented by Elwood Norris, chief technology officer at American Technology Corp. in San Diego, HSS uses ultrasonic waves to make sound appear as if it's emanating from midair. The main piece of equipment is a transducer system, which connects to a standard stereo amp. Point one transducer (or several for a surround-sound effect) at a chair, potted plant or even someone's head, and that's where you'll hear your CDs or movie soundtracks play

PETER PALOMBI

back. According to Norris, HSS gear operates more efficiently than traditional loudspeakers, which means you don't need to crank the volume. That saves electricity and your eardrums. Carver has signed the first license to bring HSS equipment to the consumer market. Norris expects it to arrive in stores in mid-1997, at a price comparable to that of current stereo gear.

CABLE'S COMEBACK

Satellite television's exclusive bragging rights to more channels with better quality pictures and sound may not last. High-capacity, high-grade digital cable is up and running in a handful of cities and will soon reach various systems nationwide. Compatibility with current technology is the key to cable's comeback. Satisfied customers can stick with their analog service or get a new box that can add channels by the digitized dozens. There are also other clever features even satellite doesn't offer. One of the most promising is World Gate, a five-dollar-a-month unlimited connection to the Internet through your television. Currently that connection is made at 100 kilobytes a second, which is already faster than current modem technology. But we're told that subscribers will ultimately be able to surf about 270 times faster with a cable modem. Another fun feature of digital cable is the display of song info you see on your TV screen when your home theater receiver is tuned to Music Choice digital radio. Local programming, which cannot be beamed by the DSS birds, is available on digital cable. And your monthly bill will go up only slightly with the upgrade.

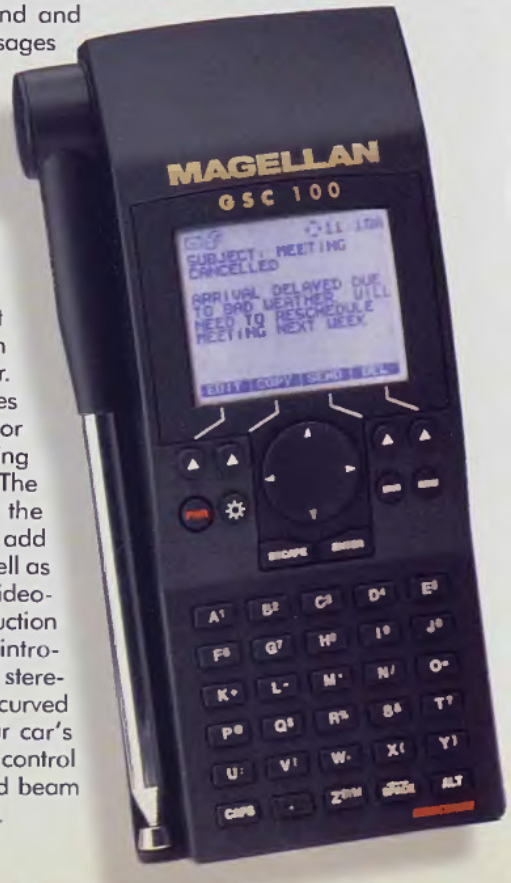
STEVE FURR

TECH WE CAN'T RESIST

Virtual reality is taking a quantum leap forward this spring with the introduction of computer gaming controllers that incorporate a breakthrough technology called force feedback. It's a series of gears and gyroscopes housed in the base of new-generation joysticks and game controllers, designed to offer physical resistance based on cues sent from gaming software. Using CH Products' new Force FX joystick ($250), for example, you'll be able to battle g forces in kamikaze nosedives and spin out on the autobahn while the stick jumps around in your hands. Many of the hottest game developers are already adding force-feedback support to their latest games as well as creating downloadable patches for favorites such as Descent II, Need for Speed SE and Jetfighter III. Other force-feedback devices in the works: a steering wheel controller by Thrustmaster and a joystick by Microsoft, both due in stores later this year.

WILD THINGS

When you're backcountry skiing or snowboarding this spring, stay on course and in touch with Magellan's GSC 100 (pictured below). This handheld global positioning satellite device displays latitude and longitude coordinates obtained from military satellites, and it lets you send and receive e-mail anywhere in the world. Messages are transmitted via a personal satellite communications network, so that you needn't worry about proximity to phone lines or cell-phone towers. And you don't have to memorize e-mail addresses either—the GSC 100 has the capacity to store up to 150 contacts. The price: about $1000, plus a $30 activation fee and upwards of $5 per month for e-mail service. • Interested in jazzing up your home videos but don't feel like spending a fortune on gear? Then check out Videonics Home Video Producer. This start-up kit for future Scorseses includes Videonics' Thumbs Up 2000 (a video editor that lets you keep and cut footage by pressing "thumbs up" and "thumbs down" buttons). The Home Video Producer also comes with the Sound Effects Mixer 2000, a gadget that can add 59 sampled audio effects to your tapes, as well as a microphone, speakers, an instructional videotape and a handbook with a slew of production tips. Not bad for $329. • Blaupunkt has introduced a clever new remote control for its car stereos. Called the Thummer, it's shaped like a curved wedge and mounts to the inside rim of your car's steering wheel. You use your thumb to press control buttons, and the Thummer sends an infrared beam to carry out the commands. The price: $100.


MAGELLAN
GSC 100
SUBJECT: MEETING CANCELLED
ARRIVAL DELAYED DUE TO BAD WEATHER. WILL NEED TO RESCHEDULE MEETING NEXT WEEK

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

Starfleet Academy, set in the *Star Trek* universe, is a graphically brilliant flight and combat simulator for the PC. Players take on the roles of cadets attending Starfleet Academy (in San Francisco's Presidio) and command the *USS Enterprise* in 29 simulated missions that encompass all aspects of starship command. Among the instructors at this prestigious academy are *Trek* stars William Shatner, George Takei and Walter Koenig, who make guest appearances in full-motion video clips. (By Interplay, for Mac, Windows 95 and Play Station, about $60.)

CYBER SCOOP

For a sneak peak and an early shot at testing IBM's next generation Net software, check out ***AlphaWorks*** at www.alphaworks.ibm.cam. In an unprecedented move for IBM, the company has set up this online lab to share its future technology—and to gain feedback—before the final products hit the market.

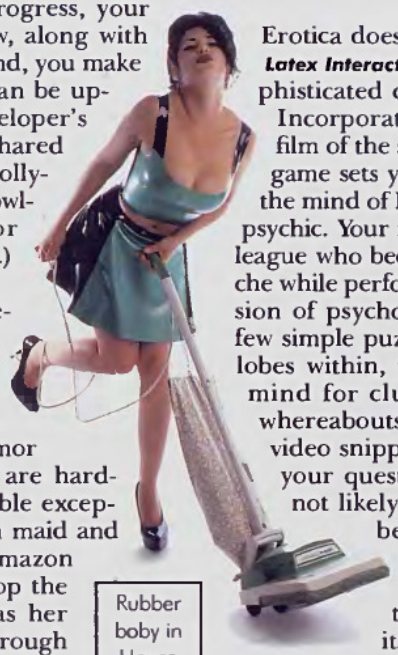
Humphrey Bagart will make his multimedia debut this fall in an interactive adventure by Cortina Entertainment. We're told the game will have a retro black-and-white look and lots of classic film-noir elements.

Artificial Life goes mainstream with ***Creatures,*** a groundbreaking scientific experiment disguised as a CD-ROM game. Users can raise endearing virtual beings (best described as a cross between a chimp and a puppy) from eggs to great-grandparents, with complete control over their health, happiness and education. The incorporation of genuine neural nets and simulated sentient behavior, mixed with a healthy dose of humor, makes this one of the most captivating entertainment titles in some time. (By Inscape, for Mac and Windows, about $50.)

Torontino sets off sporks

Steven Spielberg's Director's Chair is an entertaining game that doubles as a moviemaking tutorial. With the Academy Award–winning director as your mentor, you learn the film biz from the ground up, juggling script development, editing, budget crises and actors' overblown egos. (The egos in this game belong to such hotshots as Quentin Tarantino, Jennifer Aniston and Penn and Teller.) As your skills progress, your creative options grow, along with your budget. In the end, you make a short film, which can be uploaded onto the developer's Internet site and shared with other future Hollywood moguls. (By Knowledge Adventure, for Windows and Mac, $55.)

The ***Girlie Game*** presents a raunchy and oddly elegant interactive exploration of a lushly designed Soho strip club. The humor is wry and the girls are hard-edged, with the notable exceptions of a sexy French maid and an alluring blonde amazon who invites you to pop the balloons that serve as her stage costume. Pass through the leopardskin curtains to view hard-core vignettes for a quarter each. Go to the main counter to purchase props for the strippers to use in their acts, or a virtual magazine peppered with spots that bring explicit photos to life. But watch your wallet. If you run out of cash, the girls lose interest quickly, and the club's bouncer has precious little patience for gawking deadbeats. (By Rom Antics, for Windows and Mac, $49.)



Rubber boby in House Weors

Among the current crop of generic sports titles, ***Extreme Games*** stands out for originality and adrenaline-inducing fun. Based on ESPN's televised competition of whacked-out sports, the PC and Play Station title lets you take a stab at Rollerblading, mountain biking and street luge on one of six international courses against a colorful cast of street gladiators. But beware—contact is permitted, and your opponents are amped and angling for the inside line. (By Sony Interactive Studios, $50.)

Conspiracy theorists will delight in ***Drowned God,*** a beautifully rendered multidisc mystery that weaves historical fact and fantasy into a complex and intriguing adventure through time. Incorporating most of the best-known conspiracy theories—from the creation of the pyramids to the extraterrestrial find at Roswell—the talented developers at Inscape have managed to deliver another fascinating multimedia oddity that is entertaining and thought-provoking. (For Windows, $50.)

Erotica doesn't get any glossier than ***Latex Interactive,*** the most visually sophisticated carnal CD-ROM to date. Incorporating clips from the slick film of the same name, this futuristic game sets you on a journey through the mind of Malcolm Stevens, a sexual psychic. Your mission is to rescue a colleague who became lost in Stevens' psyche while performing a 21st century version of psychosurgery. After solving a few simple puzzles to gain access to the lobes within, you can search Stevens' mind for clues to your colleague's whereabouts. You'll find lots of sexy video snippets to tease you through your quest, but casual gamers are not likely to discover some of the best bits without visiting VCA's Web site at www.vcaexposed.com for tips to help stretch latex to its erotic limits. This sexy two-disc spinner definitely sets the high-water mark for adult gaming. (By VCA Interactive, for Mac and Windows, about $50.)

ONLINE

There's something incredibly provocative about a woman in rubber—especially the rubber sold at the ***House of Whacks.*** A Chicago fetish fashion shop that deals exclusively in latex clothing, the House is online for your viewing and buying pleasure at www.whacks.com. In addition to showcasing rubber garb from top international manufacturers such as Skin Two, House of Whacks online also features the store's exclusive label—House Wears. Designed by Cindy DeMarco, owner of HOW, the collection includes a sexy tank-and-skirt ensemble (pictured above) plus several other custom-made mix-and-match items we are sure you'll love as much as she does. In case you need somewhere to go in your rubber, HOW online provides the heads-up on DeMarco's fetish bashes—attended by latex fanatics nationwide.

DIGITAL DUDS

Ace Ventura: If you thought the movies were saphamoric, the Pet Detective an disc is even dumber.

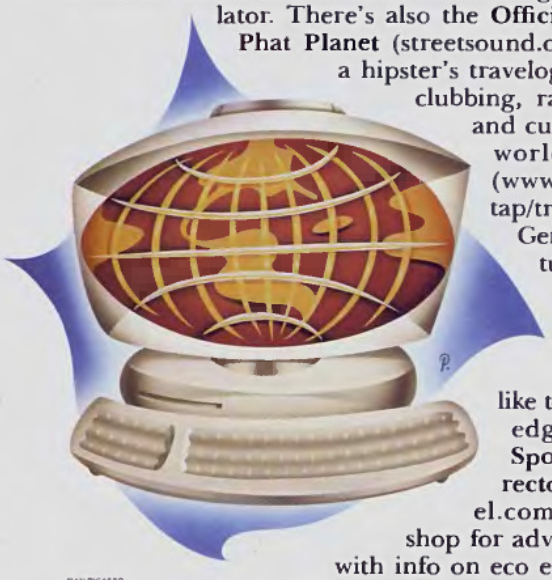
The Neverhood: Cool Claymation visuals don't make up for a plot and puzzles that are as exciting as, well, lumps of clay.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

DIGITAL TRAVEL AGENTS

The Internet has become an excellent resource for planning worldwide getaways. When we plugged the word travel into the Alta Vista search engine on the World Wide Web, it listed nearly 3 million related sites. To avoid surf hell, however, we suggest you either be specific when conducting research (type in "travel" plus an exact destination) or point your browser to a comprehensive travel site such as **Travelocity** (www.travelocity.com/), **Microsoft's Expedia** (expedia.msn.com/) or **Pathfinder Travel** (pathfinder.com). All offer excellent worldwide travel information, online reservation services and much more. Pathfinder, for example, includes a complete guide to golf resorts in the U.S., as well as Zagat's restaurant surveys, a link to *Travel & Leisure* online and a foreign-language translator. There's also the **Official Guide to the Phat Planet** (streetsound.com/phatplanet/), a hipster's travelog with details on clubbing, raves, street style and culture around the world. **T@p Travel** (www.taponline.com/tap/travel) is another Gen-X site with attitude, cool graphics and great tips from student explorers on a budget. If you like to vacation on the edge, the **Outdoor Sports & Travel Directory** (www.ecotravel.com) is a one-stop shop for adventure travelers, with info on eco excursions, exotic expeditions and sports-themed trips for hikers, bikers, climbers, etc. **Dive Travel Express** (www.divetravel.com) will hook you up with the ideal underwater adventure; if you prefer to travel above sea level, **Cruiseopinion** (www.cruiseopinion.com) rates the various cruise lines—complete with feedback from people who've been there, done that.



DAN PICASSO

NIGHT MOVES: NEW ORLEANS

In New Orleans, where eating and drinking are around-the-clock pursuits, pacing is everything—especially during Mardi Gras, when indulgence is raised to a high art. Start your evening with a dozen oysters and an Abita beer standing up at Felix's Oyster Bar (729 Iberville). Amble over to the Napoleon House (500 Chartres)—perhaps the most civilized drinking environment in the U.S.—for a preprandial Pimm's Cup or gin fizz. Then it's time to eat. In a city with hundreds of great places to dine, Bayona (430 Dauphine) is currently recognized as the best. Chef Susan Spicer prepares a terrific grilled duck breast. (Make your reservations immediately at 504-525-4455.) If you can't get a table at Bayona, try NOLA (504-522-6652) at 534 St. Louis. Chef Emeril Lagasse's cedar-plank-roasted fish is excellent. After dinner, head east of the Quarter to the Faubourg Marigny, where you can catch a set at Café Brasil (2100 Chartres) or some jazz at Snug Harbor (626 Frenchmen). If you're feeling adventurous, take a cab downriver to the bizarre Saturn Bar (3067 St. Claude). A good place to dance is Oz (800 Bourbon). (There's no closing time at bars in the Crescent City.) Greet the dawn with black ham and grits at Mother's (401 Poydras) or beignets and café au lait at Café du Monde (800 Decatur). Then get some rest: Oyster po'boys at Uglesich's (1238 Baronne) are only hours away.

GREAT ESCAPE

WELLCRAFT'S HIGH-PERFORMANCE BOOT CAMP

Don Johnson made piloting a cigarette boat look easy on *Miami Vice*, his stellar steering helping him overtake or outrun the bad guys. Now you can make like Sonny Crockett (white suit optional) if you register for Wellcraft's High-Performance Powerboat Boot Camp, a hands-on school in which world-champion drivers and record-breaking racers teach you everything from boating basics

to how to drive safely at top speeds. Some instruction takes place indoors, but most of the time your classroom, a $155,000, 31-foot Wellcraft Scarab, will be racing across the water at 70 mph. The four-day course is held on Captiva Island, Florida, in eight sessions from April through October. The $5000 price includes tuition, meals and a hotel room. There's also a graduation gala, complete with diplomas. Call 800-755-1099 for more information.

ROAD STUFF

Willis & Geiger, the company that outfitted Teddy Roosevelt and Sir Edmund Hillary, has created its own version of the classic field jacket. W&G's Ranger Jacket is made of Italian water-resistant waxed cotton that's accented over the shoulders and at the elbows, cuffs and pockets (even on the underflap) with supple leather. Add ten pockets, including a pouch in back (inset) and a nylon hood in the collar, and you have a versatile jacket that's ideal for a trek to Baffin Island or the corner bar. Price: $348 for medium, large or extra large in buckskin (shown), loden or claret. • Lovers of the weed who are headed for England should pack a copy of *The Forest Guide to Smoking in London* (about $15). Called "the world's first travel guide for smokers," it also offers insight on the city itself.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

Jeremiah Johnson. Pat Garrett. Wyatt Earp.

Own the badges that made them legends.

Badges shown slightly smaller than actual size.

As part of an unprecedented collection of 12 authentic replicas of the very badges worn by the Wild West's greatest lawmen. Minted to perfection. Re-created in solid sterling silver and 24 karat gold.

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Now, the badges they wore to bring law and order to the West are re-created for the first time in a landmark collection issued by the Western Heritage Museum.

Twelve famous badges in all. Each one unique. All based on extremely rare originals–many of which were thought to have vanished–until an exhaustive search was undertaken to recover them. Each minted to perfection in solid sterling silver. And the legendary badge of Pat Garrett is even embellished with 24 karat gold electroplate.

The price, just $65 payable in convenient monthly installments for each. And a handsome display case, crafted of imported wood with a glass cover, is included as part of the collection. Specially imported.

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**Plus my state sales tax and $3.95 per badge for shipping and handling.*

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The Official Badges of the Great Western Lawmen

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

THE AUDIOBOOK business continues to thrive, sometimes in unexpected places. *Publishers Weekly* recently reported a boom in audio sales at truck stops that has boosted the industry in the past 12 months. Truck drivers seem to enjoy science fiction, Westerns, mysteries and Rush Limbaugh. One company allows truckers to rent audios at one location and drop them off at locations farther along their routes.

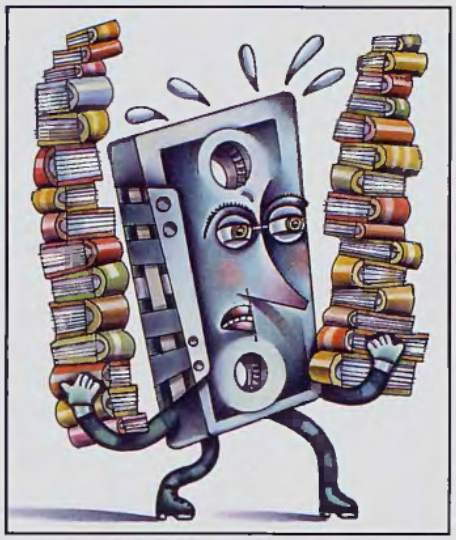
Whether you're in a rig or a BMW, one of the most provocative audios of the spring is the audiocassette abridgement of Arthur C. Clarke's imaginative conclusion to the *2001* series, ***3001: The Final Odyssey*** (Random House). Frank Poole, executive officer of the spaceship *Discovery*—who had been cut loose in space by the computer Hal in 2001—has been found in perfectly frozen condition and is resuscitated after one thousand years in that state.

For a sneak preview—in print—see our fiction on page 66.

As Clarke brings to a close the saga he began in 1948 with a short story called *The Sentinel* (about the discovery of a small pyramid on the moon), he answers many questions that have intrigued readers since 1968, when both the book and movie *2001: A Space Odyssey* appeared. Although Clarke has always been far more interested in the science than in the fiction, his portrait of Frank Poole and Poole's poignant quest to reunite with Dave Bowman give this last of the series a sweet emotional power.

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (Margaritaville Records; one 90-minute cassette or CD), by Hunter S. Thompson: Created in conjunction with Random House's Modern Library 25th anniversary edition of the book, this dramatic reading of selected passages—with background music and sound effects—cranks up all of the drug-induced manic energy of the original, then adds more. Jim Jarmusch plays Duke, and Maury Chaykin plays Duke's attorney, Gonzo. Harry Dean Stanton narrates their hallucinogenic road trip to Las Vegas—ostensibly to cover the Mint 400 road race—in a pharmaceutically equipped red Cadillac convertible. The supporting cast includes Buck Henry, George Segal, Laraine Newman, Harry Shearer, Jann Wenner and Jimmy Buffett.

The Dilbert Principle: A Cubicle's Eye View of Bosses, Meetings, Management Fads & Other Workplace Afflictions (Harper Audio; one 70-minute cassette), by Scott Adams: The hottest topic around water coolers in corporate America is the latest *Dilbert* cartoon and the uncanny way in which Adams appears to have overheard the dumb thing said in yesterday's closed-door conference. So you won't miss the visuals too much, this package includes six *Dilbert* cartoon strips.



JERRY MCDONALD

Audiobooks: Ear candy.

Clarke's *3001*, *Dilbert*'s principle, Mickey's mantle and Kerouac's poetry.

Return of the Jedi: The Original Radio Drama (High Bridge; three hours on three cassettes or CDs), by Brian Daley: Produced in association with Lucasfilm, Ltd., this NPR dramatization has a great cast—including John Lithgow, Ed Asner (as Jabba the Hutt) and Anthony Daniels (reprising his role as the original C-3P0)—and a John Williams score performed by the London Symphony Orchestra. Since this completes the trilogy, you might as well get *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, too, and enjoy the full 15 hours in a slipcased 15-CD set.

May It Please the Court . . . (The New Press; tapes and transcripts of the most significant oral arguments made before the Supreme Court since 1955, on six 90-minute cassettes slipcased with a paperback book): Listen to the passion with which Justice Hugo Black defends the First Amendment in the Court's 1971 decision to protect the rights of *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* to publish the Pentagon papers. Justices Thurgood Marshall, Earl Warren, Abe Fortas, Warren Burger, William Rehnquist and Sandra Day O'Connor debate flag burning, capital punishment, interracial marriage, school prayer, child abuse and other issues in 23 key cases.

A Hero All His Life: A Memoir by the Mantle Family (Harper Audio; three hours on two cassettes): These reminiscences of life with Mickey Mantle by his wife, Merlyn, and sons Mickey Jr., David and Dan Mantle provide warm anecdotes. Read by Travis Swords and Dorothy Schott, the uplifting stories of his last days are particularly poignant.

Political Incorrections: The Best Opening Monologues From "Politically Incorrect With Bill Maher" (Simon & Schuster Audio; one 60-minute cassette): Maher lets it rip with nonpartisan venom every night on his TV show. Here's some of the funniest material from the past four seasons. It beats listening to the news.

Above Top Secret: The Worldwide UFO Cover-up (Alternative Audio; two cassettes), by Timothy Good: With alien spaceships landing all around us, it's amazing that this international conspiracy to keep it quiet has been so effective, despite the occasional pesky leak in the tabloids. Victor Talmadge brings the appropriate indignant tone to his reading of this exposé, which has the blessing of Whitley Streiber. Skeptics can skip this one.

Race Rules: Navigating the Color Line (Audio Partners Publishing; three hours on two cassettes), by Michael Eric Dyson: A professor of communications studies at the University of North Carolina, Dyson argues that unspoken rules about racial relations control political power, social life and cultural events in America. In chapters such as *O.J. Simpson and Our Trial by Fire* and *Why Black Men Should Lighten Up*, the author uses his forceful voice to challenge your attitudes.

Mexico City Blues, 242 Choruses (Shambhala Lion Audio; two 90-minute cassettes), by Jack Kerouac: This collection of poetry by the leader of the Beat generation is chanted enthusiastically by his friend Allen Ginsberg, the real Beat poet.

Sex for Dummies (Harper Audio; one 90-minute cassette), by Dr. Ruth Westheimer: When this little lady gets rolling on the topic of orgasms in her Dr. Strangelove accent, it's difficult to keep a straight face. But Dr. Ruth leaves no aspect of carnal delights unexplored. The unintended humor may be the easy way out for explaining the facts of life to kids.

The Burglar in the Closet (Blackstone Audio Books; six hours on four cassettes), by Lawrence Block: Bernie Rhodenbarr, antiquarian bookseller and comically inept burglar, is hired by his dentist to steal a few diamonds back from the dentist's soon-to-be ex-wife. It should be a piece of cake. Instead, the almost-ex gets murdered with a dental tool while Bernie is hiding in the closet. Now the diamonds are gone, and Bernie is on the lam. Read by Jeremy Gage.

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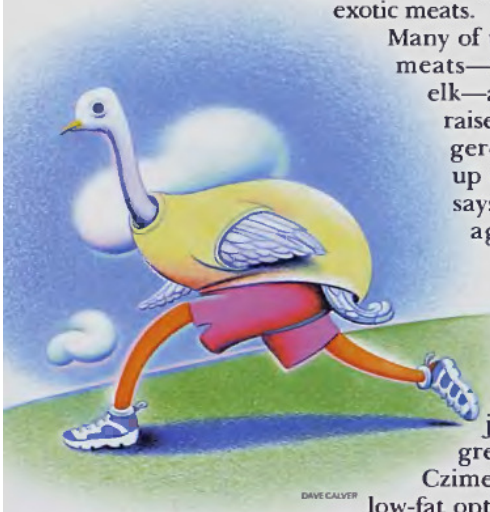
HEALTH & FITNESS

GAME FOR EMU?

It's unlikely Wendy's or McDonald's will be serving emu burgers any time soon, but you'd be wise to consider tossing a few on your own grill. Why? Because emu, along with ostrich, is a healthful, tasty alternative to beef. A 3.5-ounce portion of emu has 1.7 grams of fat and 109 calories, compared with 15.6 grams of fat and double the calories in a same-size serving of beef. Plus, emu is higher in protein and lower in cholesterol. "Game meats in general offer greater health benefits," says Richard Czimer, owner of Czimer's Game and Seafoods, a suburban Chicago grocery that specializes in exotic meats.



Many of the more popular game meats—emu, ostrich, buffalo, elk—are not wild but farm-raised (and thus not endangered). "They're not shot up with chemicals," Czimer says, "and they eat roughage rather than grain, making them naturally leaner."

So how do these meats taste? Not like chicken, we're happy to report, "but like a juicy steak that is less greasy and more tender," Czimer says. As with many low-fat options, game meats come at a premium. Emu costs about $12 a pound, ostrich burgers are about $9 a pound and a lion steak will set you back about $15 a pound. The good news: Prices of exotic meats are coming down as demand grows.

HEART-RATE MONITORS

Do yourself a favor: Buy a heart monitor, a device that's inexpensive and tremendously useful. Why bother? Because cardiovascular fitness is achieved when you work out at a particular intensity. That means pushing your heart rate into a target zone and keeping it there long enough to build strength and endurance.

How to figure your target heart rate? The old formula—subtract your age from 220; your zone is within 65 to 90 percent of that number—is impractical, says endurance athlete Sally Edwards, author of *Heart Zone Training*. Older athletes are told their maximum heart rate gets lower with age when, in fact, it drops with lifestyle changes. Plus, it's a mistake to focus entirely on your target zone. Edwards' system defines five zones, with benefits in each.

Monitors are also a great way to keep track of stress. Wear one during the day and you'll learn a lot about yourself. The devices cost about $90.

NURTURE YOUR INNER ATHLETE

- Climb on a Treadwall, a continuous climbing wall at select health clubs. It's a great workout and loads of fun.
- Click on Sports Doc at www.medfacts.com. It explains how to treat weekend-warrior injuries. Play intern or surgeon with an interactive anatomy game.
- Read *Why Michael Couldn't Hit*, by Dr. Harold Klawans. It's a fascinating book on the neurology of sports. Learn how Tourette's syndrome actually helps pro basketball's Mahmoud Abdul-Rauf, why Parkinson's struck Muhammad Ali and the secret of Ben Hogan's magic.
- Train like a Navy Seal with the new *Cutting Edge Total Body Workout* book, by Mark De Lisle (a Seal, natch). Great info on activities (such as swimming), diet and stretching. Order it for $23.50 postpaid at 800-281-SEAL.

TAKE TWO GARLIC PILLS AND CALL ME IN THE MORNING

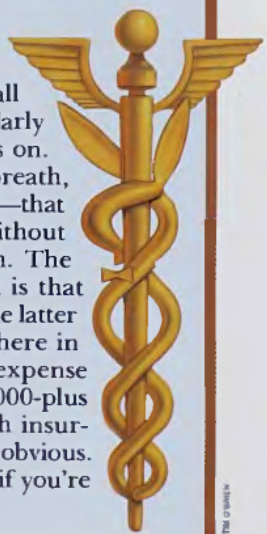
Leachman: veggie paint job

HMOs are finally waking up to the potential of alternative medicine. While shark cartilage and bark implants still aren't covered, chiropractic and acupuncture are fast gaining acceptance. So-called nontraditional cures for everything from allergies to depression to cancer are no longer lore from Lourdes. For information, start with the bible *Alternative Medicine: The Definitive Guide*. It's by Burton Goldberg, the 70-year-old roller-skating founder of California Pizza Kitchen, who is now a New Age medicine man. Buy the book and you get a bonus: *Alternative Medicine Digest*, a magazine filled with testimonials about intravenous vitamin C, ginseng roots and depression cured with selenium. A showman, Goldberg features a pro–alternative medicine celeb on each cover. Annie Potts claims Chinese herbs helped her conceive, Kelly LeBrock started her own homeopathy biz for kids, and Cloris Leachman, a lifelong vegan, had her body painted with legumes. Fabio, who was contracted for a cover, was canned when it was discovered he went only to traditional doctors. In our book, that's a vote for the alternative guys.

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I'm a recreational athlete and I wear glasses, which can be a real hassle. I've heard about an operation that fixes nearsightedness. Can you tell me about it?

A: The preferred operation used to be radial keratonomy. Since it was introduced in the Eighties, RK has given many nearsighted people normal vision. The primary drawback: The surgical technique, which flattens the cornea, left the weakened eyeball vulnerable to rupture. That's particularly bad for athletes. But science marches on. There's a newer procedure—take a breath, it's called photorefractive keratectomy—that reshapes the surface of the cornea without compromising the tissue underneath. The big difference between RK and PRK is that the former is done with a scalpel and the latter uses a laser. PRK got FDA approval here in the fall of 1995. Expect a bigger expense ($2000-plus per eye compared with $1000-plus for RK), and it isn't covered by health insurance. But for active types the choice is obvious. Check with an ophthalmologist to see if you're a candidate.



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MEN

By ASA BABER

DAVE CALVER

SEX IN THE AFTERNOON

Mrs. O'Hara was a middle-aged crone who ran her classroom in one of Chicago's public schools like a warden. Boys seemed to be her special nemeses—especially a boy named Ace.

Among the powers that Mrs. O'Hara appropriated was the right to appoint the person of her choice to the school's student council—an elective position in all the other classrooms. Mrs. O'Hara's representative had only one momentous responsibility—namely, to leave school, fetch a milk shake from a nearby drugstore and bring it back to room 301 at precisely ten o'clock each morning.

At the beginning of sixth grade, the milk shake run became my job. I did not mind the chore, because it meant that I was a free man for 15 or 20 minutes. However, why Mrs. O'Hara chose me—the student she most loved to scold—for the honor is not completely clear.

I was a wiseass kid from 47th Street, and that might have had something to do with it. I lived on the unfashionable edge of the school district, and it was understood that in my territory you needed some street smarts to survive. The pragmatic Mrs. O'Hara was probably betting that I would not get mugged and lose her money on my journey to and from the drugstore. She was also betting that I would not be shocked to see her open her desk drawer and pour a big hit of scotch into her milk shake while I shielded her from my classmates' view. Which is what I was doing when I first saw the incredible Maria Philson.

As I stood guard in front of the scotch-slurping Mrs. O'Hara one morning, the door opened and in walked a young woman of unquestionable loveliness. She was wearing a short black skirt and a white sweater, and I was awed. She had a china-doll face and an outstanding body, and she moved as if she were dancing to her own music. She smiled at me as she handed Mrs. O'Hara a note.

I, of course, got an immediate erection that threatened to break the zipper on my Levi's. Leaning over as if I had an attack of dysentery, I went back to my seat as quickly as I could.

Mrs. O'Hara, her milk shake ritual interrupted, glared at me as if I had just deserted her in combat. "Ace," she yelled, "what are you doing? This is Maria Philson. Show her to the desk behind you, young man. You are our student council representative, and that is one of your jobs!"

I stood up slowly, both confused and embarrassed, holding a notebook over my crotch. And then it happened, a moment of surrender, that time when the male of the species gawks like a lovestruck loon as the female assumes a power that leaves him helpless.

Maria Philson, without waiting for me to do anything, looked straight at me as she walked down the aisle. She gave me a mocking smile as she sauntered by, letting me feel her breasts brush against my arm, letting me smell her perfume and gaze at her lips. The back of her hand gave my notebook a gentle tap—two taps and I would have exploded—and her expression said, "Hi, Ace. I'm a fox. Want to play sometime?"

Maria sat down behind me. Blushing, my voice cracking, I said something really stupid like, "Welcome to our classroom." Maria smiled and pulled her sweater tightly across her chest. She looked at me with full heat one more time and shifted in her seat.

That afternoon, Mrs. O'Hara kept me after class. "You stay away from Maria," she said. "She's no good for you. She'll get you into trouble."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, but then I started to laugh at the images that were dancing through my mind.

"What's so funny, Ace?" Mrs. O'Hara shouted, trembling with anger.

"Nothing," I said with a smile.

"You think I'm joking? Well, try this, buster. You are hereby off the student council," she said.

I smiled again. "Don't you have to take a vote?" I asked.

Mrs. O'Hara, skinny but fierce, hauled off and slapped me hard in the face for my impertinence. "Get out of here!" she shrieked. I left the room, still laughing.

I soon discovered that Maria also lived on 47th Street, in a large tenement only three buildings from mine. It was a rough place with garbage in the halls and junkies on the front stoop, but I didn't care. Maria's mother was rarely home and her father had disappeared years before. Her knowledge of sex and the human body was much more advanced than mine. She was ready to teach me whatever I wanted to learn, and I was an eager student.

We all remember our first time, and I can replay mine in detail. It was in the afternoon, and we were mostly clothed. After a lot of necking, Maria pushed me onto my back, straddled my hips and guided me into her. I did not last long, but luckily, I had the common sense to pull out before I came. When I did, the expression on Maria's face as she stroked me and watched my semen fly was that of a contented milkmaid.

She was a year older than I. She spoke with a slight lisp, and her luminous skin and features revealed her heritage, a combination of Asian, Latino and African American bloodlines. She was a wild child of unearthly beauty, a young woman who ended up as a dancer in Las Vegas (and who died in that city at the age of 35 in a car crash).

I got my revenge on Mrs. O'Hara by throwing her scotch bottle out of our classroom window one morning. She walked back into the room as her milk shake was being delivered by the next appointed sucker, and as she reached into her desk for her bottle, she realized that her ten A.M. fix had been stolen. She assumed that I was the culprit, and she scowled at me with a special fury.

I pretended to be studying, but I know I blushed. And Maria, bless her delinquent heart, rebellious mind and scrumptious body, laughed out loud.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

KEVIN BUPP

MY DAD

I was driving along Wilshire Boulevard, decided to make an unplanned stop for pet food and called my husband from the car phone.

"Bunny," he said too kindly (he calls me Bunny because I have long, twitching lapin ears and wear fishnet stockings), "you should come home right away."

"What's wrong?" I asked, panicked. "Is Brodie OK? Are the dogs OK?"

"They're all fine. Just come right home."

I made a screeching U-turn.

Years ago, when I had an abortive flirtation with acting, we were taught to cry in class. Whenever I had to pull forth a memory of past sadness, I thought of my dad. His big blue eyes that regarded my mother, my sister and me with a deep confusion; eyes that said, "How the hell did I get here?"

My father was born in Russia. Being Jewish, his family was soon fleeing for their lives. A boatload of people rowed silently away from Mama Russia and the pogrom when my one-and-a-half-year-old future dad started screaming. They were about to throw him overboard when his mother shoved her breast into his mouth and shut him up.

He was with the RAF during the war, a captain in military intelligence, fought in Germany and France. A little Jewish boy, hardly out of diapers, learning to use machine guns, fighting Nazis.

My dad wanted to be a photographer, he wanted to be a musician. He was a pharmacist. He sold drugs for a huge pharmaceutical company. He worked, worked, fathered a child, smoked, saved for a bigger house, worked, bought a nice car, worked, learned bridge, fathered another child, bought a sports car, worked, played duplicate bridge, quit smoking, bought a big house, celebrated New Year's Eves with suburban bacchanals, swelled up from an allergy to penicillin, flew off to sales meetings, called his wife and daughters by one another's names, flipped out when those daughters became adolescents, bought increasingly fancy sports cars and worked until they retired him.

"What? What!?" I hissed, rushing into the house.

"That was your mother on the phone, honey," Mr. Husband said. "Your dad has pneumonia. He's not doing too well."

Once a piece of concrete ceiling in an old London house fell on my head. My immediate reaction was to whirl around, fists ready to smash whatever had hit me. This was the emotional equivalent.

My husband ducked. I swung in circles. Kicked things. Burst into tears. Then I called the hospital. They were pumping antibiotics into Daddy. The next 48 hours would tell the story.

My parents divorced when my sister left home and there was no one left to deflect their screaming at each other. My father dated a new woman every month, and each of them wanted to be my new mom. Imagine how much fun that was. Eventually he married a Holocaust survivor 20 years his junior. This woman had a rather ashy soul.

My mother floundered, as women whose lives are dedicated only to looking after husbands and children are wont to do. She went into several fabulous declines and had periodic hissy fits as my father flitted to four-star European hotels with the new missus.

But after a few years of marriage his mind started stumbling. His blue eyes became clouded with a confusion beyond the norm for a man who wonders why he's dedicated his entire life to being a corporate cog. When his new wife noticed my father's mind fading, she split. Just abandoned him, fucking cunt.

He hid it for as long as he could. He didn't want to trouble us. It went against every fiber of his soul to show helplessness: He was the person who had to be in control, who was the caregiver, not the care-needer. But one day—who knows what happened?—he simply turned up on my mother's doorstep. Fifteen years after their divorce they remarried. My mother cared for him until it was impossible, then battled until she won him a place in the country's best Veterans Administration hospital, in Pennsylvania.

"I don't know whether I should go," my mother, who lives near my sister in San Diego, told me on the phone. "Your sister says I shouldn't."

"That's right," said my sister, "he won't know she's there."

"Don't listen to her," I told my mother. "This is your husband. This is the man you dedicated your life to, silly prune. You drive up here to Los Angeles, we'll go together. Maybe he'll know we're there. Stop crying. Pull yourself together. He might be OK."

Acting school. Recall a sense memory of when you were serene. I called the airlines, waited by the phone in case the hospital called.

When I had last seen my father he was skinny and pop-eyed and agitated. All his sentences trailed into gibberish. His nurses hugged and kissed him and treated him like a puppy, which he loved. I fed him with a spoon and he opened his mouth like a little bird.

Early that evening the call came.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor. "Your father just . . . he just . . . uh. . . ."

"Is my father dead?" I whispered.

"Your father died, just now," said the doctor.

Mother had the body flown out to San Diego. I found the sweetest of rabbis. My daddy is buried on a beautiful hill in the Jewish cemetery. I threw the first shovelful of dirt into the grave. Mother was given an American flag at the funeral, to honor her husband, the war hero. She bought a burial plot next to him.

When I was little, my father sang me *Mairzy Doats*. He patiently held my head when a stomach virus made me vomit all night. He bought me a puppy for my ninth birthday. He sewed button eyes on my teddy bear when its other eyes fell off.

And he died alone. I can't stand it. I can't understand it.

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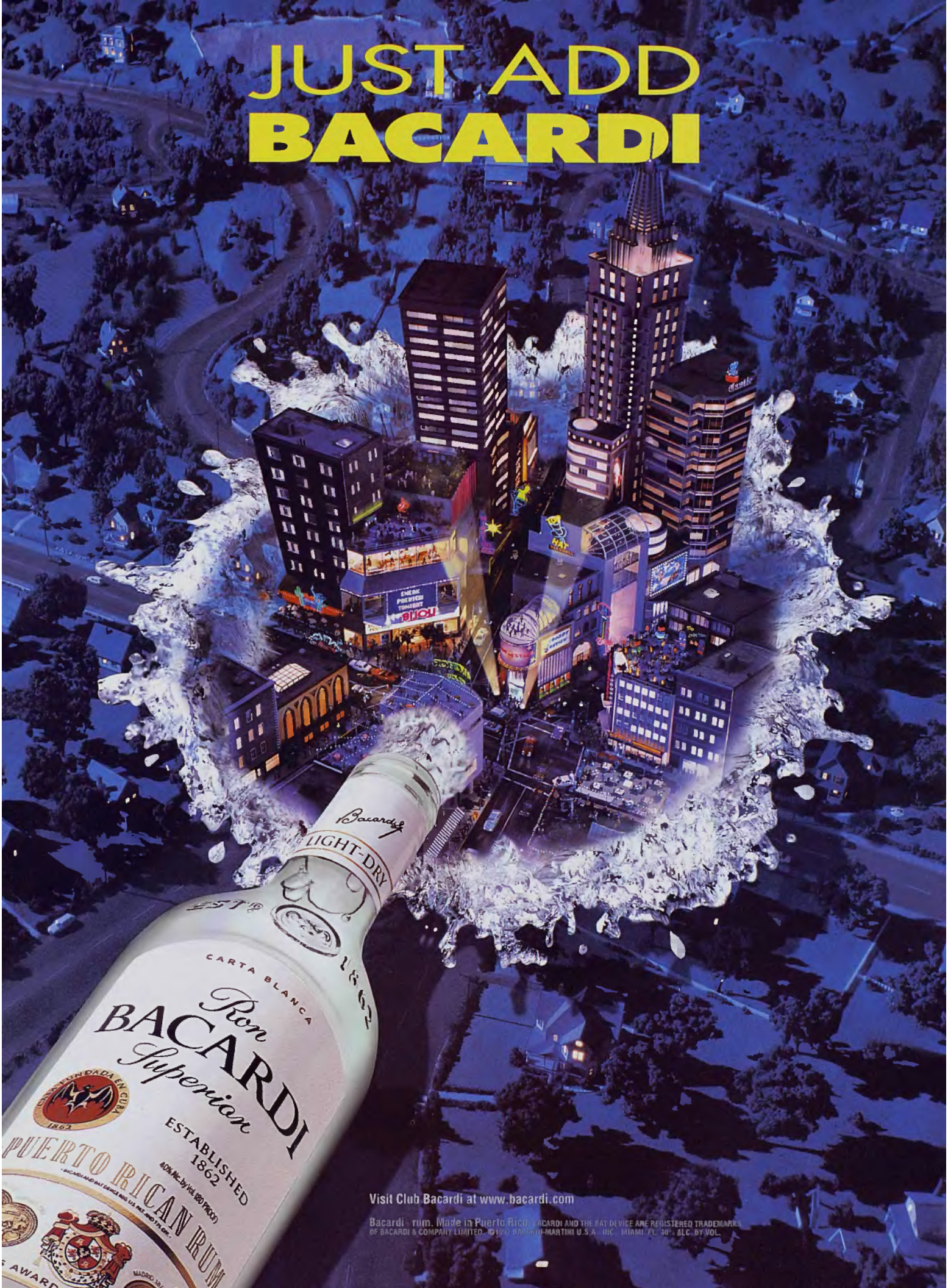
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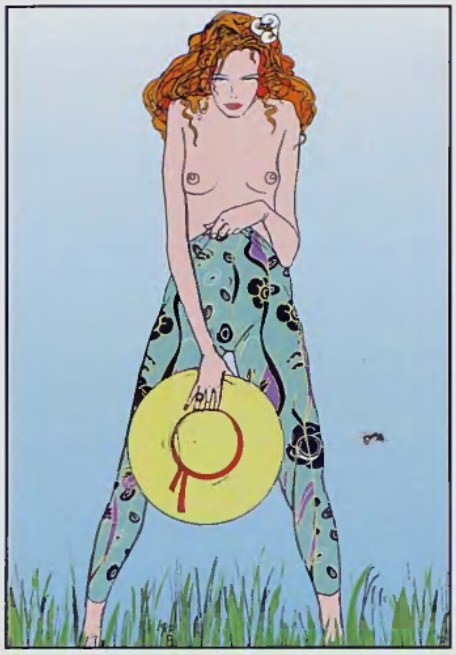
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

About two months ago my girlfriend persuaded me to let one of her friends move in with us while she worked out some financial problems. It wasn't so bad at first, but after a month we were all in one another's way. I think they sensed my irritation, because a week ago I came home to find them cooking a huge dinner for me. They watched me eat and then led me by the hand into the bedroom. My girlfriend started undressing me while her friend sat on the edge of the bed and watched. After I was stripped down to my boxers, my girlfriend told me to lie down on the bed, and she kissed my neck and face. Her friend then began to massage my feet and legs and told me how much she appreciated being able to stay in our apartment. I sensed what was coming but could hardly believe it. While her friend (our friend?) tickled my balls through my shorts, my girlfriend took out my cock and began giving me head. When I was good and aroused, she mounted me. It felt incredible, especially since her friend toyed with my balls the entire time. She also teased me by licking her lips and winking at me while kissing my girlfriend's back. It was quite an experience. Two days later my girlfriend went to the store and left her friend and me alone. I couldn't help but feel awkward because I wanted to have sex with her. How do I imply something like that but leave room to back away if it doesn't sit well?—S.B., Indianapolis, Indiana

There's no reason to be shy with a woman who has tickled your balls. However, the best way to broach the subject is when your girlfriend is present. Say something like, "I enjoyed that special meal the other night, but I'm not sure I did my fair share." If they're agreeable to another round, cook them a lavish dinner and then play slave to their masters. It's hard to believe that a woman who asks a friend to help fuck you doesn't have a generous spirit. If your new roommate again plays backup, your girlfriend has probably made it clear you're off-limits. Whether you want to be limited is another matter.

How does one secure a patent? I've invented a condom design and want to safeguard it.—L.B., Fort Wayne, Indiana

Protection for your protection? Join the club. As Hoag Levins notes in his entertaining book "American Sex Machines: The Hidden History of Sex at the U.S. Patent Office," at least 47 patents have been awarded since 1941 for condom designs, including those that play music through a computer chip, are coated with lubricant inside and out or have "flavor delivery systems." There are another dozen patents on file for "condom garments" (such as a sex apron with built-in condoms) and 23 for accessories



such as "installation rings" or men's underwear with condom pockets. The markets in sex furniture, specialty bras, penile splints, coital harnesses and antimasturbation devices remain largely untapped. For more information, contact the U.S. Patent Office (800-786-9199) or pick up David Pressman's "Patent It Yourself," published by Nolo Press.

I enjoy your column and would like to respond to the letter in November from the woman whose multiorgasmic husband is wearing her down. I too have a man with an enormous sex drive. I recommend she start using artificial vaginal lubricants such as Astroglide or Probe or any of dozens of others. Next, I urge her not to be hesitant about requesting recesses or cuddle breaks. If her man is like mine he loves to please and should be given an opportunity to do so outside the bedroom. I appreciate my oversexed, cuddly, masculine man because he has come to understand how much I love sex, and how often, but that sometimes a break is in order. Our social life, gourmet dinners, massages and a host of other sybaritic pleasures have their place, too. I also suggest prolonged kissing as a means to reassure him of her affection when they are not making love. Once her husband learns to appreciate other means of sharing affection, she may find she enjoys the occasional marathon. In short, a man with spirit and stamina should not be broken; he should simply have his energies rechanneled. Perhaps he needs a hobby?—L.G., New York, New York

Thanks for writing—we always enjoy hearing about couples who have found a way to balance their desires. Now, don't you have to be somewhere?

I was at a trendy nightspot in Knoxville when an attractive young woman handed me a slip of paper. She asked if I would mind taking a pop quiz. On the paper was written: "Mark the statement you think is most likely. (A) I am wearing bikini panties. (B) I am wearing a thong panty. (C) I am wearing no panties." Being a conservative Republican, I marked A and turned in my quiz with a smile. She graded my paper and gave me an F. We introduced ourselves and enjoyed each other's company for several hours. She was a student at the University of Tennessee and said this pop quiz had originated at a sorority there. She said the only rule is that there are no rules. Have you heard of this?—J.H., Morristown, Tennessee

We've taken that quiz a few times, but only after we knew the answer.

Some time ago I took a job with a company that has a dress code of "business casual." For that reason, my expensive, all-wool business suits spend more time in the closet than they ever have before. The jackets have begun to lose their shape, presumably from all the downtime on the hangers. Is there something I can do to correct or prevent this? What about general maintenance tips for suits that are in the closet more than they're on me?—W.K., Omaha, Nebraska

You need stronger hangers. Thin hangers (especially those made of wire) allow the shoulder pads to shift, giving your suits that wilted look even when they're not in the closet for a season. For those that have already sagged, ask your tailor or retailer to replace or press the pads. As for storage, have your suits cleaned before putting them away, and don't leave them inside the retailer's garment bag, which can trap moisture and create wrinkles. Instead, cut the bag so that only the shoulders are covered. Also, make certain the suit is stored with a solid front; that is, the panels should overlap slightly so that the button holes line up with the buttons.

My husband and I have had wonderful, sensual, romantic lovemaking since we were married three years ago. He loves to have intercourse doggy style, but the only way I can climax in that position is with the help of a vibrator. This seems to intimidate my husband. He tells me none of his other partners needed stimulation that way. Please assure him that many women need assistance in that position.—K.R., Tampa, Florida

Consider it done. Because the penis doesn't always make contact with the clitoris,

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

many women use vibrators to enhance their arousal. The next time you have sex doggy style, ask your husband to reach around and play with your clitoris. Or hand him the vibrator. Or use the vibrator on him (try applying it gently under his balls) so they can get to know each other better.

I inherited a collection of briar pipes, but it's been years since any of them have been used. How can I restore the finish, disinfect the mouthpieces and fix the tooth marks and the internals?—F.B., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

That's a tall order. First, carefully ream out the cake in the bowl to the thickness of a nickel. Fill the bowl with kosher salt, then add two or three drops of grain alcohol. After the pipe bowl has soaked overnight, clean it thoroughly with alcohol-soaked swab and bristle cleaners to remove all the salt. Also use alcohol-soaked pipe cleaners to reach the interior of the rubber bit; buff the exterior by hand with nongel toothpaste. Rinse with water and dry thoroughly. After you've reassembled the pipe, run a nonbristle cleaner through it, then rack it for a few days with the bowl down. If the teeth marks aren't too deep, try buffing them out with tripoli and a one-inch felt wheel. Better yet, leave that job to a tobacco shop. For more information, check out Richard Carleton Hacker's "Ultimate Pipe Book" or visit "Pipes Digest" online at www.pipes.org.

In December a reader asked about a Marine crease. Although I'm in the Navy, I believe the Marine you consulted was misquoted. There are two creases in front of the shirt and three in back, not the other way around. And although the Marine's creases may be a lot sharper than anything the Army has, the Marines should know their creases are like butter knives compared with the razors the Navy makes.—J.N., Atsugi, Japan

Our mistake, not his. We were exhausted after a long workout with the Playmate drill team. As to which branch has the sharpest creases, we've adopted a "don't ask, don't tell" policy. More advice follows.

Did that Marine you spoke with mention "blouse jobs," also known as BJs? Before inspection, a fellow Marine stands behind you and pulls your shirt sharply to the rear. As he lifts your trousers over and against the small of your back, you gather the extra material of your shirt and fasten your trousers. The result is a smooth, aligned uniform from head to toe, front and back.—W.L., Baltimore, Maryland

Because wax can bleed through the material and stain it, my ex-Marine boyfriend used pure, undiluted liquid starch on his creases. Also, have you noticed how drill instructors never seem to sweat? They use starch on the inside of their clothes. And here's another tip: When you shine your boots, touch a lighted match to the shoe-polish can—the polish liquefies and is easier to apply. When it dries on the boots, it will expand again, so don't cake it on.—M.L., Grand Rapids, Michigan

By now you've probably heard from hundreds of service members in response to the error in your December column. Despite this lapse, PLAYBOY still passes inspection with me.—Sgt. B.E. Thomas, U.S. Marine Corps, Camp Pendleton, California

Thanks for the encouragement, Sarge. Are you going soft on us?

How many calories does a guy burn by just sitting around? I work out and run but don't feel like I'm getting anywhere. Is it because exercise makes me hungrier, which makes me eat more?—K.E., Providence, Rhode Island

A heartier appetite is a natural by-product of regular exercise, but you may need to adjust your diet. Fast food and between-meal snacks can do you in, as will eating after you feel full. We'll assume you weigh around 175 pounds. At that weight, playing basketball or racquetball for ten minutes burns about 105 calories, walking burns about 61 calories and standing burns 28 calories. Watching television or reading for ten minutes burns 14 calories, as does taking a nap. Sex, as it goes, burns about 17 calories.

My husband and I have been married for almost two years. The first 18 months we had sex at least once a day, if not more. But the past two months I've been lucky if we've had sex once every two weeks. He always asks me to perform oral sex on him, but when I try to go further or when I ask him to perform oral sex on me, he is always tired or busy. I have asked him if I don't turn him on anymore, but he insists I do. I enjoy giving him head, but he makes no effort to satisfy me. Is there something the matter with him?—D.C., Las Vegas, Nevada

There may be. He could be depressed or stressed out for some reason. But since he hasn't lost interest in having his sexual needs met—only in meeting yours—he comes off as a selfish bastard. You aren't having sex with your husband, you're servicing him, and that's not the sign of a healthy relationship. We'd blow off the blow jobs and find a counselor who can help sort things out.

Whenever I shoot video, the sound is awful. Do you have any suggestions?—S.T., Dallas, Texas

Sound is the most neglected aspect of most home videos. First, check the range of your mike by having someone sit in a chair and read aloud as you back away and record at three-foot intervals. When shooting indoors, avoid corners, corridors, windows or any other spots that might create echoes. In the same way, carpets and curtains deaden sound. The most common problem outdoors is wind. Use a foam windshield or shield yourself behind a tree or wall. And to reduce background noise such as traffic, consider a directional mike (most camcorders are equipped with omnidirectional mikes).

I would like to share something that has given me a lot of pleasure during my 13 years of marriage. My wife and I lie on our stomachs next to each other. I throw my leg over her, positioning my balls in her upturned hand. When she wiggles her fingers, I experience what we call a ball rub—it's the most relaxing (and sometimes exciting) sensation I know. Please enjoy.—G.D., Charlotte, North Carolina

We did. It can be just as relaxing or stimulating for a woman to have a man cup his hand over her vagina and gently move his fingers, so be sure to switch positions.

Can the Advisor suggest any adult films that won't be a waste of time? I prefer erotica to pornography, and I am interested in criteria such as quality and beauty rather than revenues.—M.F., Annapolis, Maryland

Is a movie erotic if it turns you on but pornographic if it turns someone else on? We consider just about everything erotic on some level, so it's hard to offer a surefire list. But we can point you in the right direction. We asked Richard Freeman, who edits a monthly newsletter about porn films called "Batteries Not Included" ($3 from 130 W. Limestone St., Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387), for films that seem to have wide appeal. He suggests, in no particular order, "Chameleons: Not the Sequel," "The Opening of Misty Beethoven," "Face Dance," "New Wave Hookers," "Justine: Nothing to Hide 2," "American Babylon," "Neon Nights," "Unnatural Phenomenon," "800 Fantasy Lane" and "Latex." "These ten may not be the best ever made," he says, "but I can watch any of them and feel I've found my sexual center." PLAYBOY's "Video" page editor would add two films to the list, "Night Trips" and "House of Dreams," both directed by Andrew Blake. We know what we're doing this weekend—how about you?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at www.playboy.com or check out the Advisor's latest book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.

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CRY RAPE

brown university strikes again

By TED C. FISHMAN

No one thinks Adam Lack is lying. Not even the woman who charged he raped her. What follows is his account, as described in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* and the *Brown Daily Herald*:

In February 1996, Lack, then a junior at Brown University, had been serving drinks at a party. He ventured into a friend's room to find some music and discovered a woman lying on the bed—either sleeping or passed out. He roused her easily and suggested she recoup in his room.

Lack offered her a glass of water and said she could crash on his bed. She lay down fully clothed, and so did he. Lack says he kept his back to the woman, until he felt her kiss him. He returned the favor. Her kisses led to caresses, and Lack returned those, too. The woman took off her clothes and prudently asked if Lack had a condom. He got one. Some people—those who don't know better—might call what happened next safe sex.

According to Lack, the woman then asked if there were anything else she could do, saying she wanted him to feel like he had never felt before. He suggested oral sex and she obliged. Then they talked, and talked and talked, until the early morning. She told him a secret. When she woke up, she gave him her phone number and asked him to call.

PETER PALOMBI

Lack hoped to see her again, but his first couple of calls went unanswered. When they finally spoke, the woman said she remembered nothing about their encounter except waking up in his bed. Dumbstruck, Lack detailed their brief romance, including the balls-to-the-wall sex, the blow job and the intimacy.

Honesty, it seems, is not the best policy. In a complaint to the university disciplinary panel, the woman wrote: "I got the distinct impression that he had no idea he had done anything wrong—that what he had done was in fact rape."

How did this encounter become rape?

A few years ago, feminists at Brown wrote on bathroom walls the names of alleged student rapists; the only evidence of a proclivity to rape was the possession of a penis. It should therefore come as no surprise that Brown developed a novel definition of rape. Campus policy forbids sexual contact resulting from "advantage gained by the offended student's mental or physical incapacity or impairment of which the offending student was aware or should have been aware."

Never mind the woman's alleged take-charge loveplay, or the couple's candid talk into the night, or that she apparently extended her friendship in the morning. Never mind that consent was Lack's to give, not hers. According to Lack, the woman initiated sex. Twice. It's hard to imagine a more credible sexual partner than someone who suggests the deed. Not good enough. There were signs the woman had thrown up before being roused by Lack. Were the woman of sound and sober mind, Lack's judges reasoned, she might not have offered a kiss, or removed her clothes.

Put yourself in Lack's position: He could not tell that his partner had apparently downed ten shots of alcohol before arriving at the fraternity. Perhaps every female student at Brown should be issued a T-shirt that, sensitive to her blood alcohol level or short-term memory loss, would change from LIBERATED WOMAN to CAUTION: CRIME SCENE.

One student at Brown wondered how Lack should have measured his partner's presence of mind—with a Breathalyzer? Pardon me, would you blow into this before you suck on that?

Lack told the disciplinary panel that nothing about the woman's behavior led him to think she was impaired. With no instruments of science at hand, Lack relied on what he knew about human nature, and to him the woman just seemed, well, friendly.

Unfortunately, the philosophy at Brown seems to suggest that no woman in possession of her full faculties would ever desire contact with a mere man. Toby Simon, Brown's associate dean of student life and one of Lack's harshest judges, actually offers a workshop called Sex for One that teaches campus women to masturbate. Simon tells women they can pleasure themselves up to eight times a day, as long as it doesn't get in the way of their schoolwork.

Brown offered the woman peer and professional counseling, including a faculty advocate to make her case at the hearing. The school told Lack he could get a lawyer at his own expense but advised that the extra help might hurt his case.

The disciplinary panel, made up of three students and three professors, found Lack guilty of "sexual misconduct" for "nonconsensual physical contact of a sexual nature." The school put him on probation for two semesters. It also recommended counseling about the effects of alcohol and sexual responsibility, something the woman who had ten shots of booze before the frat party was spared.

Welcome to Brown—a leader in re-education.

COOTIES

reflections on 15 years of AIDS panic

By SUSIE BRIGHT

Susie Bright, co-author of "Nothing but the Girl," author of "Susie Bright's Sexual Reality: A Virtual Sex World Reader" and editor of "The Best American Erotica" and the "Herotica" series, is a one-woman sex industry.

Two years ago she settled in to write an overview of American sexual politics. "Susie Bright's Sexual State of the Union," due out from Simon & Schuster, is an irreverent look at everything from online sex to yuppie porn.

The book targets a few uncomfortable truths. In her introduction Bright writes: "Lust brings out the liar in everyone. Disease, in particular the specter of AIDS, is a virtual geyser of opportunities for people to make moral conclusions out of ignorance."

Nowhere is the nation's dishonesty more apparent than in the panic that shadows the AIDS epidemic. Here is Bright's report.

•

We are approaching the decline of the AIDS panic. The panic is not anything like the AIDS epidemic itself, which is still unfolding. When AIDS first came on the scene, people became apoplectic about French kissing. Nowadays, people dismiss the "relative risks" of performing fellatio. When someone discovers that he or she is HIV-positive, a funeral is no longer planned on the spot, as we expect that person to live many years. The notion that the virus is some kind of special punishment for sexual orientation is receding. The initial panic has broken into many smaller, but no less fearful, panics. For example, the belief that AIDS is a conspiracy against minorities—black, Latin, Native American, queer—continues to be on the upswing. Considering the political conditions for minorities or the xenophobic backlash against immigrants, it's no wonder that people who live in a ghetto of racism or sexual intolerance think twice about the origins of the virus.

The other enduring panic about AIDS is the idea of retribution for sexual excess. AIDS is, mysteriously, considered a disease for two groups of people: the innocent children infected by a bad blood transfer—and sex maniacs. You either get it because you are the unsuspecting victim of the sex maniacs' irresponsibility, or you fucked your way into it. The collective lie is that you don't get AIDS from having a normal sex history. You have to have an erotic cast of thousands.

The AIDS panic surrounding promiscuity reflects our traditional fears about sexual gluttony. We're particularly uneasy watching our boundaries being erased and replaced like a restaurant menu instead of a tablet of commandments.

"LUST BRINGS OUT THE LIAR IN EVERYONE. DISEASE LETS PEOPLE MAKE MORAL CONCLUSIONS OUT OF IGNORANCE."

I don't know what it is about the isolation of the mainstream media, but I still see the biggest bozos dominate the public discussion about AIDS prevention and STD transmission.

Last year the press reported that another famous athlete—and there are dozens of them now—boxer Tommy Morrison, had tested positive for HIV. He immediately withdrew from further matches. *Kansas City Star* sports columnist Jason Whitlock was overcome with alarm and despair over this turn of events and wrote a front-page editorial that was reprinted even in my small-town California newspaper.

Whitlock seemed to believe Tommy's troubles were inevitable because, after all, Morrison had a reputation as a ladies' man, an insatiable girl-chaser. The columnist felt it was time to talk to our children and tell them that screwing around is not what it means to be a man, to be a grown-up.

What any of this hand-wringing had to do with AIDS is beyond me. Morrison could have fucked 30 women, or ten or three, but had he been unfortunate enough to have high-risk sex with one positive woman—particularly if he had sex with this same woman more than once—then he could have been infected. All the monogamy in the world couldn't have saved him after that. Morrison isn't seropositive because he was a slut. He is positive because he was infected in a sexual or blood-sharing encounter, and no sportswriter actually knows anything more about the situation than this.

If Morrison had sex with many partners, for instance, but habitually used condoms for intercourse—or had other kinds of sex that avoided the sharing of semen or blood—then he wouldn't have been so safe as a complete celibate, but his risk for HIV would have been minuscule. He would certainly be at lower risk than a man who had fewer partners but chancier sexual behavior. But that kind of truth does not a panic make.

Perhaps foretelling the end of irrational fear, Tommy Morrison has returned to the ring.

THE VIRUS AS SCREEN VILLAIN

My lover, Jon, who is magnetically attracted to bad movies, recently rented

a video of *Outbreak*, a 1995 movie that still rides the popularity wave of virus horror that characterizes every post-AIDS American household. The movie does a decent job of stirring up any dormant germophobia one may have: Our next-door neighbors came over and started sneezing halfway through the movie, and the rest of us screamed, "Quarantine!" and rolled them up in a blanket.

But *Outbreak* hasn't gotten its hooks in me—the real thing is much more unnerving. It nauseates me to hear a one-minute item on the radio that 27 more people died of Ebola virus in Zaire in the past week. (Ebola apparently liquefies your insides in a matter of days, shooting your blood through your eyeballs.)

Outbreak qualifies as a bad movie first because it isn't scary enough, and, more important, because it has such a super-duper happy ending. Just when beautiful actress Rene Russo is about to die from what appears to be a mild case of acne, Dustin Hoffman manages to find the bad monkey that started the whole mess, and saves her!

Is this movie actually trying to imply that if someone with Dustin Hoffman's pluck had found the right monkey in the nick of time, we could have stopped AIDS? "What kind of virus is that?" I asked. "It's a Hollywood virus," said Jon, and he was correct.

But deep down, I know better. I respect and fear the viruses. I know that I'm just another set of cells to munch up and spit out. My vulnerability has nothing to do with my sexual preference, or with God's wrath or bad karma, so I feel even more susceptible. Yet like everyone else, I don't dwell on it any more than I would imagine a fatal car accident. It's terrifying to be so smug that you can imagine this could never happen to you or your family.

The real epidemic affects me on a different plane: It enters my mind most often after I haven't heard from someone in a while. One of the first things I wonder is, Is he or she still alive? I live in the San Francisco area, one of the epicenters of the plague. When I thumb through my phone book looking for something, I think, I really have to get a new phone book, so many of these people are dead. But I never get rid of it, because throwing it away would somehow be like throwing away the last vestiges of them.

Maybe I shouldn't assume that AIDS has touched everyone's life. I just know

CAROLYN VAN HOSEN

that it seemed one year everyone I knew was alive and kicking, and then the next year everyone started failing, or checking out, or fighting to the bitter end, accepting death with grace or denying it with insanity. I became familiar with every method, and in the end a whole lifetime of friends had left me for good.

Hollywood hasn't yet packaged this.

THE SAFE-SEX ROAD SHOW

A theater group from Pittsburgh, the Saltworks Theater Co., has performed a "no sex is safe sex" drama called *No Safe Place* on school stages across the country.

The young actors in the play mime a game of Russian roulette to show how risky it is to use condoms for protection. One of the hapless characters has sex only twice; the first time, she gets HIV, and the second time she passes it on to someone else. I think the first person who slept with her should have been portrayed as a homosexual Martian, but that might have been asking too much.

"Because of me, that person is going to die," says Maureen in her final scene. "I regret that. And I regret that I won't get to graduate." Oh yeah, graduation, the ultimate life experience. But if Maureen joins the Cannabis Club to get wholesale drug relief, starts writing for a militant, positive zine such as *Diseased Pariah News* and gets some hip doctors, she'll probably live way past the prom. Maybe she will even have sex and fall in love with someone else who is positive like her!

False hopes. The panic-mongers have only one ending: fear.

THE POWER OF NO

Teenagers are easy to scare because they're anxious about sex to begin with, AIDS or no AIDS. There's nothing that pleases the puritan demagogues more than hearing a bunch of hormone-impaired junior high school students shouting, "Pee-uuew! Sex is icky, I'm taking the chastity pledge!" Kids are under peer pressure to do a million things, and they will grab at any righteous reason to justify their fears.

As soon as frightened people have an

opportunity to have sex that doesn't seem frightening, they will take that chance, and bye-bye go the celibacy vows. It can be because of something as wonderful as a kind lover's guidance, or as sloppy as getting high and not giving a hoot.

People are not going to stop having sex in any kind of significant numbers just because they're scared or because it's dangerous. I always knew sex was fraught with danger. I would have felt like my life was over if I had gotten pregnant when I was 16—I agonized with friends who faced that situation. Even without the physical chances of getting more than you bargained for in sexual relations, there were all the psychological hurdles. Physical intimacy could so easily mean falling in love, unbearable longing, a broken heart. Who would put up with all of it if it wasn't such a terribly human thing to do, if the urge to connect sexually wasn't in our souls, our maturity, our fingertips?

SEX MANIACS

The panicmongers believe in the power of prohibition, as opposed to permission. One of the great lies of the past decade is that the two traits are opposed. To "just say no" is a fine thing for many occasions, not only sexual ones. I wish I could have said no to my mechanic last week, for example. I'm always kicking myself for not telling people my boundaries ahead of time. But saying no is nothing more than crying wolf if the person saying it doesn't also know the power of affirming yes. It's distinguishing what you do want (and knowing the advantages of it) that gives no its currency. People who have a lot of sexual experience and know what they enjoy sexually always give the best nos. It's almost a pleasure to be on the receiving end of their refusal, because their confidence and goodwill are contagious.

Career celibacy and automated negative responses are science fiction, as fantastic as an amazing world where people don't eat, cry or poop. The appeal of celibacy has always been to transcend human desire, the lower chakras, the elemental and earthy parts of ourselves. Well, too bad, that's the way we were made, and we should take a hint from the other animals. You don't see birds starting an antiflying campaign just because the skies aren't so friendly anymore. Sex is not all-consuming; it's just a natural part of our lives that, for all its mysteries, we have often repressed.

Some people think safer-sex advice, condoms, dams and all the rest are too complicated. It's true that there's a lot of information out there, but I don't know anyone who's sorry that they're informed, or bummed out because they got the latest update. The real problem is how sex information is censored and suppressed so that people can't get it in the first place. Furthermore, if safe sex is offered like cod-liver oil, it's not going to be swallowed. Safe sex doesn't work without sexual fulfillment—that's why I started to do workshops called Safer Sex for Sex Maniacs.

ORAL-GENITAL TRANSMISSION IS A VERY UNLIKELY WAY FOR THE VIRUS TO INFECT YOU.

My workshop title has the kind of oxymoronic titillation that draws a big crowd wherever I go. How can safer sex be something that a true sex aficionado would enjoy? Aren't sex maniacs the ones who are responsible for all our troubles? No—people who think about, talk about and have sex a lot are the answer to your prayers, because they're the only ones with any experimental information.

The most frustrating things about safer-sex information are these giant fuzzy areas where no one knows the complete answer. When we do hit a gray spot, people tend to fall back on their worst fears about, and condemnation of, sex. The most obvious instance of this quandary is oral sex. I once had a poignant discussion about oral sex with a support group of HIV-positive women. When asked what they missed most about their postdiagnosis sex, they said, almost to a woman, "Having my pussy licked!"

Everyone in the group was terribly worried about the risk of cunnilingus passing the virus to their partner. Because no one in HIV research was giving the time of day to women's bodily fluids at that point (the late Eighties), it was a mystery. Women generally feel so insecure and suspicious about their cunts to begin with that having another reason to keep their lips shut seemed the familiar—and thus, the safer—thing to do.

I teased them, saying they needed to start the day with a pussy affirmation: "My lips are beautiful, my clitoris is beautiful, I smell like a woman. When I open my legs, the world begins"—something along those lines. We could all have a laugh, because it's unusual to have those feelings at all, let alone after you have been diagnosed positive.

WORD OF MOUTH

Oral-sex research has shown us what is typical of all news about this virus—that it has nothing to do with all our self-loathing insecurities about our bodies. HIV does exist in women's genital fluids, as well as in semen, but oral-genital transmission is a very unlikely way for the virus to infect you. It's not the party the virus wants to go to.

One form of the panic obscured a truth. The more important aspect of oral contact seems to be the character of the mouth, rather than the genitals. Many people have gums that bleed, or a mouth sore, and it's this bold opening that poses the highest risk. That's why today's hottest date tip is to not brush your teeth, girls, and for heaven's sake, no flossing! This must drive dentists berserk, because, of course, if you brush and floss regularly, your gums will be pink and lovely and never bleed. There are other things to consider about the health of your mouth, for any sores or STDs already affecting the vulva or penis also pose a risk factor. But a risk factor isn't the same as high risk. Letting people know all the details puts a lot of discretion in their hands, but it's the only honest way to go. If we persist in being alarmists

about oral sex, the word gets out that people are doing it, or some variation of it (to swallow or not to swallow—or how quickly to do either—is the question), and surviving quite nicely.

NEW RULES

The key to being as safe as you want to be is not carrying a list of outdated rules in your pocket: It's listening to your own body, talking frankly with your lovers and friends and getting the most uncensored facts and research material available. It's realizing that these days your zip code is probably a higher risk factor than your sexual preference, because this disease is demographic, not prejudicial. It means you have to pull your head out of the sand and forget mainstream television, which is spreading a virtual disinformation campaign. Look instead for your local gay paper, or the nearest free-needle center. You'll find people there who have the most conscientious and practical information. STDs are here to stay—like the weather. And if you want to know where it's raining, you have to look outside.

But what if you're like poor Rapunzel, locked up in a turret, with no friends to turn to? In that situation, Safer Sex for Sex Maniacs offers alternatives: When you're with someone you don't know and there are no condoms in sight, simply avoid sharing blood and semen. Let your dirty mind come up with a different style of orgasm. Safer sex habits won't work if you can't get off—to say anything else is a puritanical joke. The excitement of desire is ultimately what will send you to the moon, including all the unsafe fantasies you can dream up. You can envision gallons of semen from 50 cowboys pumping up your ass, and that's a lovely and completely safe way for you to get your rocks off.

If Tommy Morrison had only spanked all his dozens of girlfriends while they sucked and stroked his penis with their sticky, eager groupie hands, he would be in the pink today, and that fretful columnist would have to come up with some other drivel with which to spook his nieces and nephews.

WHERE WE ARE NOW

Despite what our culture feels about "excessive" sex, it's clear that most of us think a lot more is acceptable than we used to. Homosexuality has become positively wholesome, if one looks at the role models available to the public today. We have fetishized virginity, but we no longer make a condition out of it for a woman's value. We are not shocked that someone has had, say, ten sexual partners. Sex before marriage is considered sensible, not a sin. These days, we do not condemn lovers because they have oral or anal sex or use a vibrator. And, as much as we esteem loyalty and partnership, people are not damning their partners or their friends to everlasting hell for infidelity. The notion of marriages that are in some way erotically open to interpretation is hardly shocking.

CAROLYN VAN HOSEN

Of course, there are old-fashioned people defending old values, but the point is, everyone agrees that they're old. The biggest lie the old-fashioned people have on their side is that sexuality used to be so different in the good old days, when in fact, it was only more secretive and much more restrictive for women and young people. One day, AIDS will be an anachronistic disease, but the panic, the revolution, our transformed respect for life and death and sex, will never be plowed under.

AFTERWORD

We now know how to say no to sex in 50 different languages, in every mood, place and time. But it rings so hollow and aching sometimes—we never learned to say yes to sex without duress or without a fall from grace.

Sex is such an urgent message from our body that sometimes we call it our soul. Lust carries risks, sexual intimacy has consequences. Nobody would go through it if the rewards were not magnificent: the knowledge of one's body, the basic connection with another person. Without eroticism there is no love.

The most outstanding result of lust is new life, both in real births and in the birth of our creativity, and such events are nothing short of a sensation. Of course it's worth it. What the puritans and their gong shows don't seem to realize is that sex is inevitable. Their prudery is killing people, both metaphorically and literally, but they cannot mandate their vision of purity because it is, at its core, an affront to our survival.

VIRTUE

Thank you for Ted Fishman's piece on how we acquire virtue ("The Ethical Voice," *The Playboy Forum*, December). Indeed, it is not from presidents, popes, movie stars or athletes that we acquire a groundwork of morality but from those people who guide us through the turbulence of childhood. For better or worse, we model ourselves on the blood and/or surrogate family around us. Fishman reminds us that small acts of decency, performed without expectation of reward, are the greatest gifts we can give to children and to ourselves.

David Kozinski
Wilmington, Delaware

Leadership by example—what a quaint idea. Perhaps it takes a man of Fishman's perception and understanding of life to point out what should be obvious to us all. If we adults treat all about us with respect and honesty, if we are generous to those of lesser means, if we conduct our lives with integrity, perhaps our children will do the same. Some may have to rise above their own upbringings to embrace such a life, but it's worth it for the sake of children.

Lee Fisher
Manchester, New Hampshire

PLAYBOY FIGHTS BACK

As a member of the armed forces for more than 35 years, I feel compelled to set Heather Wilson straight on the operation of the armed forces exchange systems ("Playboy at War," *Reader Response*, December). The Defense Department contracts for everything. Manufacturers and wholesalers bid on these contracts, and their bids are accepted or rejected depending on the product's ability to meet the specifications put forth. When products wind up in the exchange post, they are sold to members of the armed forces at a cost that (1) covers the wholesale price of the goods, (2) covers the cost of warehousing the goods and (3) covers the cost of selling the goods to the customer. Any profit that the exchanges make is turned over to the armed services for morale, welfare and recreation funding. Ergo, the men and women of the armed services help their own cause by shopping the exchange system. In their misguided attempt to force their morals on every enlisted person, the three congressmen behind the Military Honor and Decency Act indicate that they have neither honor nor decency.

James Smith
Mansfield, Ohio

The price breaks that servicemen and servicewomen enjoy are the result of the base exchanges buying in bulk, not subsidies from Congress. More to the point, Heather Wilson should be mindful of the fact that America's military personnel have sworn to defend, with their lives if necessary, her right to view the world as she pleases, even when that view differs from that of the soldier, sailor, airman or Marine. While these enlisted folk can and will defend her rights, it is not the mission of the armed forces to protect her from herself. Bluenoses such as Wilson are all cut from the same cloth. She might have a real complaint if the federal government forced her to buy and read PLAYBOY. One wonders why she chose your magazine in which to vent. It must be because of PLAYBOY's reputation as a meaningful forum for First Amendment issues rather than as the "pornography" to which Wilson refers.

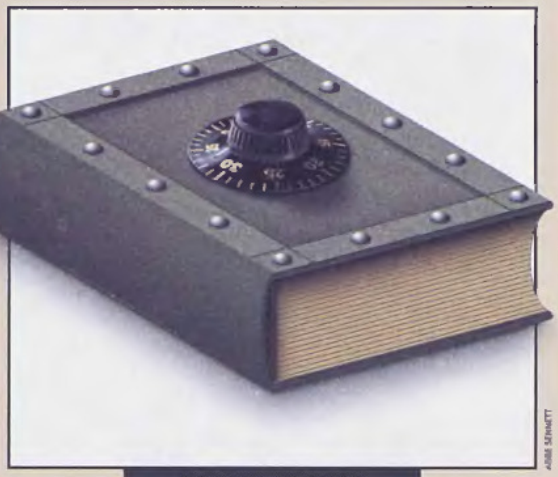
Jake Stroop
San Diego, California

Thank you for your opposition to the bill to restrict the sale of adult material in the base/post exchanges. In a recent *Air Force Times*, our high-ranking officials adopted a wait-and-see attitude concerning protests on the base because they feel most airmen don't even realize that adult material is no longer available. The congressional reasoning that troops can subscribe to or go off base to purchase such material misses the point—as Congress so frequently does. Thanks for your continued support of the rights of military personnel.

Dennis Watkins
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Your December *Forum* got me going. I thoroughly enjoy your publication, but because I am in the Navy, I must have it delivered to my home off base rather than to my military address. Aboard ship, magazines such as PLAYBOY are prohibited. If any are found, even in the confines of your locker, they will be confiscated and destroyed. The military reduces its personnel to adolescent status in various other ways, but why should adults be forced to hide their chosen reading material like teenagers? Enlisted men and women are old enough to decide that we want to defend our country, but we can't be trusted to view adult literature. Where is the logic in that? Rest assured that the next letter I write is going straight to my congressman.

John Stalzer
Virginia Beach, Virginia



FOR THE RECORD

HORROR STORIES

"Run, don't walk, to the first library you can find and read what they're trying to keep out of your eyes. Read what they're trying to keep out of your brains. Because that's exactly what you need to know."

—AUTHOR STEPHEN KING'S ADVICE TO YOUNG READERS ON THE SUBJECT OF CENSORSHIP. ONE OF THE MOST CHALLENGED AUTHORS IN SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES, KING INCLUDES AMONG HIS BANNED TITLES *Salem's Lot*, *Carrie* AND *Cujo*.

RESPONSE

BOOKWORMS

I have two questions for censorship advocate John Grisham ("By the Book," *The Playboy Forum*, November). Does he believe that, had they never seen *Natural Born Killers*, the couple who murdered his friend would have been upstanding citizens? And if I steal a million dollars and escape to the Cayman Islands, can I hold John Grisham legally responsible?

Poppy Brite
New Orleans, Louisiana

FAMILY NOISE

I am writing in response to your article about the parents who petitioned to end an elementary school's photo exhibit of gay and lesbian families ("Hate Makes Noise," *Newsfront*, December). I too believe the exhibit is inappropriate for elementary school display. There are lessons more valuable and more likely to affect a broader range of elementary-school children—drug and alcohol awareness, racial harmony and nonviolence, to name a few. We should not waste time justifying a lifestyle that is, in fact, the exception. A less pointed way of approaching the idea of love in a diverse family structure would be to include these homosexual families in a larger perspective of families who have experienced divorce, or families in which grandparents, aunts or foster parents are the primary caregivers. These examples are far more common than homosexual-parent families and do not falsely represent such circumstances as the only relevant scenario.

School districts must allow certain lessons to be taught at home rather than forced into our children's lives. My wife and I are perfectly capable of explaining to our daughter that families do not necessarily have a structure identical to ours and that regardless of structure, love and nurturing are the most important factors in any family. As for the title of your item, this is not a matter of hate but a matter of moral value.

Sean Farley
St. Petersburg, Florida

COMICS DEFENSE

S.J. Alston's letter about the comic book industry waging war against censorship and arbitrary restraint ("It's No Laughing Matter," *Reader Response*, December) brings an old quote to mind: "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing." Many Americans mistakenly assume that the government will run and control itself. People who are upset that comics are persecuted, the Internet is censored or their favorite adult-video store is being torn down should not sit at home and whine. They should attend city council meetings. Voter turnout for the past few years has been abysmal, so we have no one to blame for current circumstances but ourselves. Every day our rights are being stripped away. If we want fair rules, we have to force the issue.

Alex Richardson
Copperas Cove, Texas

How can I contact the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund mentioned in the December issue?

Jim Pheeney
Washington, D.C.

It can be reached at P.O. Box 693, Northampton, Massachusetts 01061, 413-586-6967 (www.insv.com/cbldf).

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

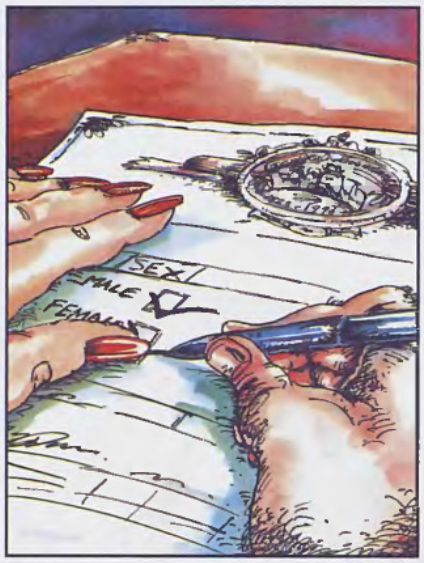
Did driver's ed cover this? The village elders of Aulla, Italy thought enough was enough. The officials caught motorists' attention when they decided to rid the town of two resident streetwalkers via antiprastitution street signs.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CHANGING TIMES

SAN FRANCISCO—*Officials want to change the city's medical insurance to cover sex-change operations, which can cost $10,000 to $30,000, not including long-*



term fees for hormone treatments and psychiatric care. One police sergeant who is paying for her own operation to become a man told the Associated Press the condition should be considered a medical necessity, not an optional procedure.

WHO KNOWS?

ST. PETERSBURG—*The state of Florida fired a health department investigator after he allegedly used a confidential list of 4000 people with HIV or AIDS to screen potential dates. The list was then sent to several newspapers, but the man denied sharing the list and appealed his dismissal. Local activists said they fear the scandal will discourage people from being tested.*

Meanwhile, health officials in North Carolina hope to end anonymous HIV testing despite studies showing that people most at risk avoid tests that require them to identify themselves. Twenty-five other states restrict or ban anonymous testing, saying it hinders their efforts to control the disease.

PLAYGROUND SAFETY

SAN FRANCISCO—*Officials want to license the city's underground sex clubs and require them to provide condoms, lubricants, proper lighting, AIDS-prevention literature and safe-sex monitors. The clubs host gatherings where customers pay $5 to $20 to congregate for sex, mutual masturbation or voyeurism in large, open rooms, some with music and strobe lights. Critics of the plan say the city should not endorse anonymous sex in light of the role that San Francisco's gay bathhouses played in the AIDS epidemic.*

GREEN FOR GO

LONDON—*A battery-powered, handheld monitor and test sticks now on the market in the U.K. tell a woman exactly when she can have sex without getting pregnant. The device, called Persona, tests hormone levels in a woman's urine. A green light indicates that the woman can have sex without contraceptives and a red light shows when she is most fertile (six to ten days a month). Unipath, which makes the device, claims the monitor is 95 percent effective in preventing pregnancy, about the same as condoms (but without the protection against STDs). The firm hopes to introduce Persona in the U.S. pending FDA approval.*

BREASTS ARE GOOD

BERKELEY—*A jury reached a deadlock over the case of two women who violated an antinudity statute by strolling and singing topless as part of a campaign for "breast freedom." The women, aged 44 and 50, argued they have a First Amendment right to bare their breasts, but kept their shirts on during the trial at the judge's request. "I'm attempting to lift the shame that other women seem to carry surrounding their breasts," one of the women explained. Berkeley's antinudity law was passed in 1993 in response to the Naked Guy, a college student who frequently walked around nude.*

TROUBLE AT HOME

SAN FRANCISCO—*A survey of community activists has discovered an alarming amount of domestic abuse in homosexual relationships. The National Coalition of Anti-Violence Programs documented more than 1500 cases of domestic abuse between same-sex partners in six major cities during 1995. The coalition estimates violence occurs in more than a quarter of homosexual relationships. In four of the cities, activists reported that gays were more likely to be injured in domestic violence than in gay-bashing attacks.*

BIBLE BUREAUCRACY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Social Security Administration ruled that those who are assigned a number which includes the biblical mark of the Antichrist—666—can have it changed. A California couple had protested after their infant daughter was assigned a number that included 666. According to the Bible, "Christians are supposed to refuse the mark of the beast," the girl's mother told "The Orange County Register." The child's father claimed, "I'm not a religious fanatic. The number is as offensive to me as if an African American were given a KKK on his card or a Jewish person had to have a swastika."*

COIN OPERATOR

CINCINNATI—*A police officer on parking-meter patrol arrested a 62-year-old grandmother after she fed a nickel into one expired meter and a dime into another—just as he prepared to write tickets. He cited Sylvia Stayton for obstructing official business (it's illegal in Cincinnati and many other cities to feed expired limited-*

time meters). A local church whose members also feed meters printed T-shirts that read, SYLVIA STAYTON . . . GUILTY OF KINDNESS. *Widespread negative publicity over the arrest prompted the city council to consider changing the law.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CLINT EASTWOOD

a candid conversation with the tough-guy legend about his life as a hollywood outsider, his legal battles with sondra locke and the secret behind his years as a star

Clint Eastwood is walking around Mission Ranch, the quiet, secluded property he owns only a few miles from his home in Carmel, California. He purchased the ranch on the Monterey Peninsula in 1986 when businessmen planned to turn the 22-acre site into a condominium development. He enjoys talking about the history of the place—it was one of the first California dairies and, during World War Two, an Army and Navy officers' club with a rollicking reputation.

As soon as Eastwood bought the ranch, he hired craftsmen to turn the series of buildings on the site into a quaint hotel overlooking meadows that join the wetlands and Carmel River Beach. "It would have been wrong to sell this," he says slowly, softly and emphatically, his startlingly blue eyes squinting once more, his craggy face and 6'4" frame somehow giving the words weight, even a touch of menace.

Eastwood's on-screen persona—the flinty, confident, silent loner—mirrors his life in a way that's uncommon among movie stars. Even more uncommon has been his longevity and success. His remarkable 40-year career is unrivaled. He entered the nation's consciousness as a no-talent television heartthrob on "Rawhide." Even when he switched to motion pictures, critics had no use for him.

"Eastwood doesn't act in motion pictures, he is framed in them," Vincent Canby wrote in "The New York Times" in 1968. In 1971 Pauline Kael said "Dirty Harry" was a film imbued with "fascist medievalism." Eastwood seemed oblivious to the attacks and widened his focus to include directing.

By the mid-Eighties many of Eastwood's early critics had reversed themselves. In his review of "Pale Rider," Canby wrote, "I'm just now beginning to realize that, though Mr. Eastwood may have been improving over the years, it's also taken all these years for most of us to recognize his very consistent grace and wit as a filmmaker." Norman Mailer wrote, "Eastwood is an artist. You can see the man in his work, just as clearly as you can see Hemingway in 'A Farewell to Arms.'"

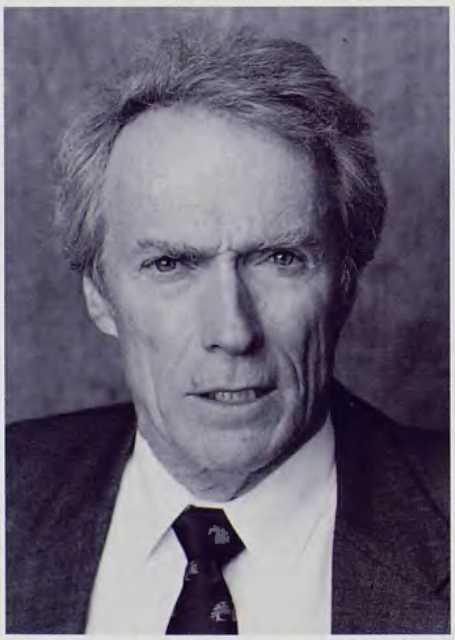
In the youth-dominated entertainment industry, Eastwood continues to confound people. He's 66 years old and still a major box-office draw and sex symbol. As an actor, he remains the longest-running success story in Hollywood. He is such an archetypal movie star it's almost easy to forget that he's one of our most successful directors as well, having presided over more than 20 films.

He stars in his new movie, "Absolute Power," which opens this month. It is based on a best-selling novel by David Baldacci about a skilled career burglar who inadvertently witnesses a murder in which the president of the U.S. participates. What especially appealed to Eastwood was the troubled relationship in the film between the burglar and his daughter. His next directorial effort is an adaptation of John Berendt's "Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil."

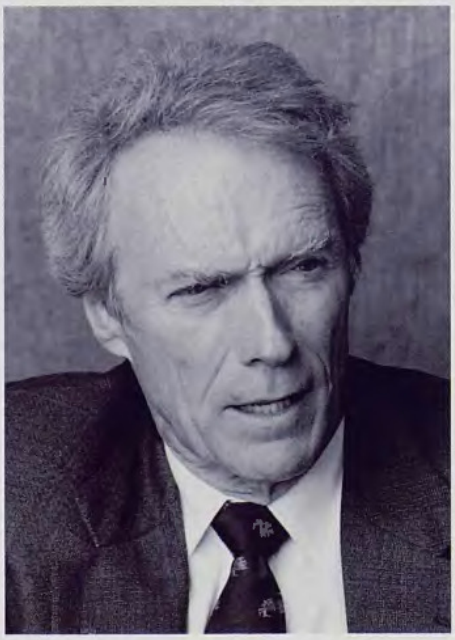
Born on May 31, 1930 in San Francisco, the older child of Clinton and Ruth Eastwood, Clinton Eastwood Jr. endured a hard-scrabble, Depression-era childhood that profoundly affected him. Because his father had difficulty finding jobs, the family moved from one northern California town to another with a one-wheel trailer in tow. Young Clint attended eight grammar schools and later described himself as having been a lonely, introverted child.

In Oakland, California Eastwood attended Oakland Technical High School, where, aside from swimming and basketball, his major interest was jazz. He played piano for free meals at a club in Oakland and after graduating from high school in 1948 worked as a lumberjack and firefighter in Oregon and a steelworker in Seattle. His motto was "never to be dependent on anyone else."

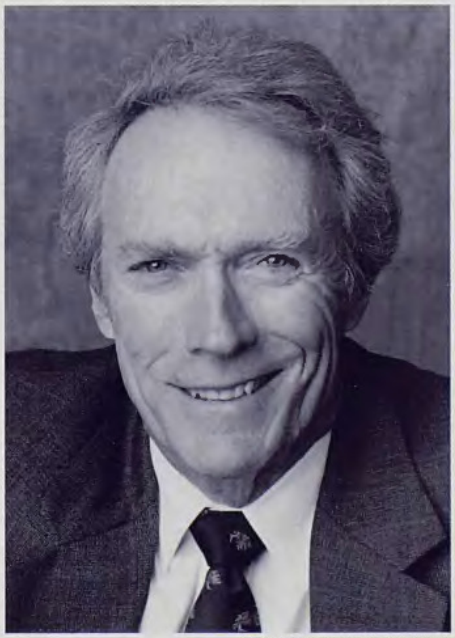
He was drafted into the Army in 1951 and was made a swimming instructor at Fort Ord, California. While there he met several actors, including David Janssen and Martin Milner, who encouraged him to go to Hollywood after his military stint.



"Sondra has a husband. He's gay—she admitted that during the trial. They were buddies from school days. It's just a different scene. I can't explain it . . . your eyes might not stay in their sockets."



"I don't know if I have a violent temper. I don't think I do at this stage in my life. But, yeah, I get as bugged as the next person. If you can go through a movie and lose your temper only once or twice, you're lucky."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"You never purposely make a movie for an empty house. But I'm philosophical. I've always believed that the great thing about a theater is the big exit sign. And don't let the door hit you on the rear as you walk out."

Following his discharge in 1953, he enrolled at Los Angeles City College under the GI Bill and started making the rounds as an actor. On the basis of his rugged looks, Universal signed him on as a contract player.

After 18 months of playing bit parts in "Francis the Talking Mule" movies and "Revenge of the Creature" (1955), Eastwood was dropped by Universal. He pumped gas and dug swimming pools in the San Fernando Valley Hills and thought about returning to college. While he was eating with a friend in the basement of the CBS television studios, a producer asked him to test for the role of good guy Rowdy Yates in "Rawhide," the TV series about cattle drives on the Great Plains that ran from 1959 to 1966. It was the beginning of Eastwood's lucrative career as a gunslinger.

In 1964, during a four-month break in the "Rawhide" production schedule, Eastwood accepted an offer of $15,000 to fly to Spain and star in "A Fistful of Dollars," directed by Sergio Leone. As the Man With No Name, Eastwood went out of his way to depart from his clean-cut television cowboy image and play a smoldering, enigmatic, violent loner.

The film was an unexpected hit. Two other successful spaghetti Westerns by Leone followed: "For a Few Dollars More" and "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly." By the late Sixties, the three films had established Eastwood's reputation as an international superstar, initially more popular abroad than at home.

Returning to Hollywood, Eastwood formed his own production company, Malpaso, and signed on to make "Hang 'Em High" (1968), as a man who survives his own hanging and wreaks revenge on the nine men responsible. Although similar to the spaghetti Westerns, the movie had even darker undertones because it featured a different type of hero—a cowboy who drew his gun first. "I do everything John Wayne would never do," he said at the time. "I play the hero, but I shoot the guy in the back." The movie—for which Eastwood was paid $40,000 plus 25 percent of the profits—was one of his highest-grossing films for that period.

By 1969 Eastwood was one of the world's top box-office draws. He began a partnership with action director Don Siegel, making such successes as "Coogan's Bluff," "Two Mules for Sister Sara," "The Beguiled" and "Dirty Harry." "Dirty Harry," the 1971 film about Harry Callahan, a San Francisco detective who takes the law into his own hands, not only launched three sequels but, to the amazement of Eastwood and Siegel, also seized the mood of many Americans who were as enraged about urban violence as they were about a legal system that failed to control thugs.

It was Siegel who encouraged Eastwood to direct his first feature film, "Play Misty for Me" (1971), a thriller about a disc jockey (played by Eastwood) who becomes involved with a psychotic fan. There followed a series of films that he directed, many of them dark-edged. Eastwood starred in many of these films, including "The Outlaw Josey Wales" (1976), plus "Bronco Billy" (1980) and "Honkytonk Man" (1982)—which spoofed Eastwood's tough-guy persona—and the mystical Western "Pale Rider" (1985). There were some duds, too, including a James Bond–style mishap, "The Eiger Sanction" (1975).

Eastwood then proceeded to make some even more striking films, including "Bird" (1988), about the destructive life of jazz musician Charlie Parker (played by Forest Whitaker), and "White Hunter, Black Heart" (1990), in which Eastwood gave a broad performance as a macho, self-absorbed director, a character based on John Huston.

"Unforgiven" (1992) is the most acclaimed film of Eastwood's career, winning an Academy Award as best picture and earning him an Oscar as best director. It was followed by "In the Line of Fire" (directed by Wolfgang Petersen) and two more films, "A Perfect World," in which he co-starred with Kevin Costner (despite good reviews, the film was a box-office disappointment) and "The Bridges of Madison County," in which he played a "National Geographic" photographer who has a brief affair with an Iowa housewife played by Meryl Streep.

I hate fads. And the movie business loves fads. I wasn't a fad. When I came in, it was predicted I'd go nowhere.

Over that long career Eastwood had kept his personal life more discreet than most movie stars—until the end of his relationship with Sondra Locke, an actress and director who appeared in six Eastwood films and was his lover and companion for 14 years. In the spring of 1989 Eastwood changed the locks on their Bel-Air home and hired movers to pack and move her clothes while she was on location directing a film.

She retaliated with a palimony suit. In a later, highly public lawsuit she would allege that Eastwood had duped her into dropping the palimony case by dangling a bogus three-year development deal to direct at Warner Bros. Locke said she was undergoing chemotherapy at the time and in a vulnerable state. After the deal, she pitched more than 30 projects; Warner Bros. rejected all of them. Locke said she later learned that her $1.5 million deal was secretly financed by Eastwood. The case was resolved last September when Eastwood gave Locke an undisclosed monetary settlement.

Eastwood has been married twice and seems to have seven children—the number is unconfirmed and Eastwood is reticent about the issue. In 1953 he married Maggie Johnson, a swimsuit model. After a long estrangement, they divorced in the mid-Eighties and she reportedly received a $25 million settlement. The couple have two grown children, Kyle, a musician, and Alison, an actress.

The new biography by Richard Schickel mentions the fact, first published in 1989, that Eastwood has another grown daughter, Kimber, born in 1964 to a woman who had an affair with Eastwood and remained somewhat friendly with him. In recent years Kimber has granted press interviews, saying at times that her father is financially and emotionally supportive. He also has a son and daughter born to Jacelyn Reeves, a former flight attendant living in the Carmel area, who, according to Schickel, wanted children but did not want to share Eastwood's public life. He supports the family.

And Eastwood has a three-year-old daughter, Francesca, with Frances Fisher, the stage and film actress who had the top female role in "Unforgiven."

Last March, after a quiet courtship, Eastwood married then 30-year-old Dina Ruiz, a television reporter in Salinas. The couple had their first child, a daughter, Morgan, on December 12. Eastwood has joked that he married Ruiz "for her money."

We sent writer **Bernard Weinraub,** *whose most recent article in* PLAYBOY *was about the life and death of producer Don Simpson, to get the press-shy actor to open up. Weinraub reports:*

"Eastwood has numerous homes—in Bel-Air, in Shasta County [the old Bing Crosby estate] and in Sun Valley, Idaho. But the one he favors is in Carmel, a quaint oceanside town that he first visited in his Army days. Around Carmel—where he was mayor from 1986 to 1988—Eastwood is treated with a mixture of deference and friendliness. Everyone calls him Clint.

"Friendly but a little moody, Eastwood is an unpredictable interview—terse one moment, talkative the next. He doesn't like to be pressed too hard. There's no nervous chatter. He says exactly what he wants to say, and that's it.

"He's thoroughly unpretentious. What you see on-screen is pretty much what you see offscreen. There's no entourage. He drives himself to the airport. He doesn't mix with the Hollywood crowd. Many of his friends are golf buddies in Carmel—an accountant, a salesman, a schoolteacher. His loyalties seem to run deep. He has used the same talent agent and publicity honchos for decades. He keeps the same film crew.

"As reserved as he is, the one time he became animated was when his wife appeared. Dina Ruiz is outgoing and laughs easily. 'If he doesn't tell you anything, just call me. I'll tell you everything,' she said to me. Eastwood rolled his eyes in mock horror."

PLAYBOY: For years now, you've been considered the archetypal macho guy. How does that feel?

EASTWOOD: It's a burden only when other people impose their thoughts about

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who I am. Macho was a fashionable word in the Eighties. Everybody was kind of into it, what's macho and what isn't macho. I really don't know what macho is. I never have understood it. Does it mean somebody who swaggers around exuding testosterone? And kicks the gate open and runs sprints up and down the street? Or does handsprings or whatever? Or is macho a quiet thing based on your security? I remember shaking hands with Rocky Marciano. He was gentle, he didn't squeeze your hand. And he had a high voice. But he knew he could knock people around, it was a given. That's macho. Muhammad Ali is the same. If you talked with him in his younger days, he spoke gently. He wasn't kicking over chairs. I think some of the most macho people are the gentlest.

PLAYBOY: Meryl Streep said of you, "I've never encountered anyone who gave less of a damn what any critic, movie wag or trend hound says about him or his work."

EASTWOOD: Well, I don't know. You never purposely make a movie for an empty house. You make it hoping people will see it and enjoy it. But I'm philosophical. At some point you commit yourself to a project and you have to do the project the way you see it. There's a line from the director character in *White Hunter, Black Heart*, patterned after John Huston. He tells a writer, "When you make a film, you must forget that anyone's ever going to see it. Just make the film. And stay true to it." I believe that. You have to tell the story the way you see it and hope people want to come along on the journey. You cannot tell a story and say, "OK, I've got to be careful now because audiences may not like this." Then you become delusional and don't know what you're making anymore. I've always believed that the great thing about a movie theater is the big exit sign that everyone can see. And don't let the door hit you on the rear as you walk out.

PLAYBOY: So you've never cared about what's trendy or fashionable?

EASTWOOD: Oh, absolutely not. I hate trends, I hate fads. And the movie business loves fads, so for 40 years I've been stuck in a business that loves fads. I wasn't a fad. When I came in, it was predicted that I'd go nowhere. And the pictures that were turning points in my career, such as *Fistful of Dollars*, were against the fad. Westerns were out of favor. You just have to go with your instincts. I didn't make *Dirty Harry* because I thought the country needed a detective movie. I just felt it was a good movie.

I know that Hollywood is loaded with people who love fads, the studios especially. *Independence Day* was the big picture last year, so I'm sure there are dozens more like it on the drawing board. Would I like to make a movie like that? Not particularly.

PLAYBOY: You once said, "There's a rebel lying deep in my soul. Anybody tells me the trend is such and such, I go in the opposite direction."

EASTWOOD: That just about sums it up.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself an artist?

EASTWOOD: I've never thought about that. If making movies is an art, I guess I'd be considered an artist. But I don't know if it's an art or a craft or whatever anybody wants to call it. A lot of people get pompous and claim a film director has to be an auteur. Or are you really just a craftsman who is in a leadership capacity and who guides people along? Besides, isn't there an art to everything? There's an art to a plumber fixing a sink well. Or a mechanic working on cars. There's an art to it if you know how to do it and you do it well. A good bartender could be an artist. A bad one is not.

PLAYBOY: When you're on a movie set away from home, how inevitable is it that people—the actors, the director, the crew—will have romances?

EASTWOOD: I don't know if it's common. It does happen, though. When you're a young person making movies, it's easy to be exposed to it, to be tempted when you're away from home.

PLAYBOY: Have you been tempted?

EASTWOOD: [*Smiles*] Well, I guess maybe in my youth.

PLAYBOY: Not in your later years?

EASTWOOD: When you get into directing films it becomes a little different because directing is so time-consuming. Once an actor learns his part he has a lot of time on his hands. If you're a young actor and you're playing a romantic scene with somebody, I suppose that temptation would be there. But film directors don't have much time on their hands.

PLAYBOY: Still, don't women throw themselves at you more than they would at an average guy?

EASTWOOD: I can't say. I suppose people fantasize about movie stars. I fantasized about Rita Hayworth and Linda Darnell. But sure, it's something an actor might face regardless of his age. It's the same thing that an older executive feels with a 21-year-old girl chasing him around. He wonders, Does she like me for my personality and looks or is it for something else?

PLAYBOY: And when women throw themselves at you——

EASTWOOD: Today I'm very happy and married to the best woman I have ever known, and that wouldn't cross my mind.

PLAYBOY: But you admit it happens.

EASTWOOD: Oh, yeah. There are a lot of people who throw themselves at you. At a certain time in your life that's flattering, and you're impressed by it. At other times you're realistic about it. You realize it doesn't add up to a whole lot.

PLAYBOY: Are you at least flattered?

EASTWOOD: I think I'm a realist about it. You're a movie actor, people know you. I've been around a long time. Although I appeal to a wide age group, a younger actor would get the younger audience going for him.

PLAYBOY: It must cheer you up that this still goes on when you're 66 years old.

EASTWOOD: [*Laughs*] I don't think about that. Age is biological, but it's also psychological. A lot of people are old before their time because they think old.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you see actors who are afraid to play their age?

EASTWOOD: I cringe. Some people can't face it. Like Cary Grant. He just decided one day he didn't want to act anymore because he could no longer play romantic characters. Other people say, "What the hell, I'll just play character parts and play them till I'm 90." And there are other people who insist they can play 45-year-olds for the rest of their life as long as they have a lot of hair dye and stuff like that. But that's not very interesting to me. You've got to be what you are.

PLAYBOY: Do you have much privacy?

EASTWOOD: When you study to be an actor you try to watch people and observe humanity. Then, when you become more well known, you're the one studied and you can't study people anymore. You go places and people interrupt you and say, "Oh God, you're sitting by yourself. I thought maybe I'd give you some company." Which is the last thing you probably want. You're probably sitting by yourself for a reason. It could be that your dog got run over, or you could be in a terrible mood. Everybody deserves to have his moment of privacy. As a well-known person you don't get it, but you deserve it.

PLAYBOY: You have never been part of the Hollywood world—the premieres, parties, restaurants and all of that. Why not?

EASTWOOD: I've gone to a few. I've always maintained a residence here in Monterey County; it's sort of my home base, except when I'm working. I go to restaurants in L.A. once in a while. I don't hold with the fashion that you have to hate L.A. to be happy in the world. I mean, to me, you're happy wherever you are and where things are going well.

PLAYBOY: What do you like about Carmel?

EASTWOOD: It's a smaller town, a smaller community. It's not quite like a small town in mid-America where there may be nothing to do except to hang around the local store and drive the strip with your hair in curlers. There are things to do here—there are rock festivals, jazz festivals, car races, anything a person wants to do. It has exquisite views. You're close to San Francisco, and you're reasonably close to L.A. It's a nice place to be.

PLAYBOY: Your career choices in recent years, as an actor and as a director, don't show much of a pattern. You don't seem

to say, I'm doing a comedy this year, I'll do an action film next year.

EASTWOOD: I don't look for anything in particular. What I look for is an interesting story. I'm not sitting there saying, "Well, I'm looking for something to direct." With *Absolute Power*, I liked the gimmick of the book—the guy is outside the law, so he can't go to the police when he sees a situation involving a high-up government official. It's a little different. I haven't done a suspense-oriented film for a while.

PLAYBOY: Your next film is *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, which you'll direct but not appear in. What appealed to you about that book?

EASTWOOD: I liked the atmosphere of Savannah. The central character, the journalist, goes down there and takes us on a journey. It's a town with a tremendous history and an interesting social structure.

PLAYBOY: When you tackle something that seems so outside your experience, do you get nervous?

EASTWOOD: No. Half the fun of making a movie is doing something that's outside your experience. In fact, if you do something outside your experience, you have a much better chance of bringing a fresh eye to it.

PLAYBOY: If you look at the work of Clint Eastwood, director and actor, do you see many common threads?

EASTWOOD: I sometimes find myself attracted to characters who are searching for some sort of redemption, some sort of reconciliation with their soul. But I don't know if it's a common thread. A lot of the characters I play are outsiders, a lot of them are rebelling against conditions in society. A lot of the people I've played have been lonely for one reason or another, either by their own choice or through fate. Like in *Bridges of Madison County*. He's a loner. I seek out that sort of character. I guess I relate to those kinds of people. In terms of a story, basically, when I look at a character I want him to have something that's bothering him. As in *In the Line of Fire*—a Secret Service guy is guarding the president, who's been threatened. That's a plot. But it isn't half as interesting as a Secret Service guy who's living with guilt because he was guarding another president when that president was killed years ago.

PLAYBOY: And what about your career disappointments?

EASTWOOD: I've had several films that were disappointing. Some were risky to begin with, and I knew the odds were against them. I suppose *Honkytonk Man* and *Bird* would be included in that group. There was *Paint Your Wagon*. I did that in the Seventies. That was just a big waste of money and effort. A blatant waste.

PLAYBOY: Don Siegel, who directed you in *Dirty Harry*, once said, "You can't push

Clockwise from top left, that's Jack Daniel, Jess Motlow, Lem Tolley, Frank Bobo and Jess Gamble. (Jimmy's in the middle).

JACK DANIEL'S HEAD DISTILLER, Jimmy Bedford, has lots of folks looking over his shoulder.

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Clint. It's very dangerous. For a guy who's as cool as he is, there are times when he has a violent temper."

EASTWOOD: I don't know if I have a violent temper. I don't think I do at this stage in my life. But, yeah, certain things bug me, and I get as bugged as the next person.

PLAYBOY: Give an example.

EASTWOOD: It happens once a picture. If you can go through a movie and lose your temper only once or twice, you're lucky. On the set of *Absolute Power* we were trying to get this particular scene done, and everything was falling apart. People were talking on the radios and everyone looked like they were walking around chasing their tails. I just let go. I didn't say, "Hey, you're all fired." I just let everybody know I was unhappy at that moment.

PLAYBOY: Meryl Streep has echoed what lots of other people have said about you. She said your set is the quietest she's ever worked on and that you work so unnervingly fast that the rehearsal may end up in the film.

EASTWOOD: Yeah, I know. I don't think that's a particularly bad reputation to have in a business that loves excess so much. I do like a quiet set. I think it's better for the actors. I don't depend on nervous energy or insecurity to drive the wagon ahead. I believe there's a comfort zone in which actors work best, and if you keep that atmosphere, actors will sometimes do something brilliant during rehearsal. That doesn't mean I'll use it in a picture, but I might. I remember when Meryl saw *Bridges of Madison County*. She said, "You know what I love? You used all my mistakes, too." And I said, "Yeah, but they were genuine mistakes." They were human mistakes, not an actor's mistakes. They are more like real life.

PLAYBOY: You were married more than 25 years to your first wife. What happened?

EASTWOOD: We just separated. We were separated for ten years of that marriage.

PLAYBOY: What is your relationship with her like now?

EASTWOOD: We're in business together—we have a partnership in a restaurant and some properties. We get along terrifically. She lives in this area and we talk a lot, and naturally we have certain things in common, because we have two children. We see each other at events and get along much better than when we were married.

PLAYBOY: You received a lot of media attention about the situation with Sondra Locke.

EASTWOOD: I know. I guess maybe I'm the only one who finds it weird that she's still obsessed with our relationship and putting out the same old rhetoric almost ten years later. But I always think it's best to take the high road and not get involved with that. There are two sides to this whole thing. And I've endured a lot of sensationalist reporting, people making up things out of thin air. She's been married for 29 years, but nobody puts that in their stories. She never wanted children, so she had a tubal ligation, which women opt for mostly after they've had children. I've been accused of forcing that on her—if anybody believes that.

PLAYBOY: She accused you of forcing her to have a tubal ligation?

EASTWOOD: Yeah. It's constantly thrown out there—some tabloid called me about it the other day, or called my agent about it. But it's the same old stuff, and you get on with your life. It's kind of unfortunate. She plays the victim very well. Unfortunately, she had cancer and so she plays that card. But every time these things come up, it makes me knock on wood that I'm here and not there.

PLAYBOY: Do the tabloids drive you crazy?

EASTWOOD: With the tabloids it's a kind of lazy journalism. They don't really want to know your story; they prefer to write about Clint Eastwood and the accusations against him. They regurgitate this stuff. As far as the legal action with Sondra goes, it was my fault. I have to take full responsibility because I thought I was doing her a favor by helping her get a production arrangement with Warner Bros. I prevailed upon Warner Bros. to do it and it didn't work out. So she sued Warner and then she sued me and finally at some point I said, Wait a second, I would have been better off if I hadn't done anything and had let her go ahead and file the palimony suit against me. I tried to help. I thought she would get directing assignments, but it didn't work out that way. So her attorney accused me of going into collusion with Warner Bros. and said that they purposely didn't want her to do anything. I should have known that it would never work out, that it would come back to haunt me. Even if it had worked out, it would have come back to haunt me, because you don't know if somebody is ever going to be satisfied.

It's the same old stuff, and you get on with your life. It's kind of unfortunate. She plays the victim very well.

PLAYBOY: She said the breakup, after all those years, was sudden.

EASTWOOD: It wasn't sudden. I mean, it was sudden, but it had been coming along for some time. She has a husband. He's gay and was having problems with one of his friends, so she was getting drawn into it all the time. She was constantly on the phone and couldn't go anywhere, and pretty soon we just grew apart. She was busy trying to solve his problems and we didn't spend that much time together. I decided I was tired of it. That's the way things happen sometimes. It was an unhealthy existence, and I didn't want any part of it. My son was living with me in Los Angeles at the time, and I just wanted to be with my family. I didn't want to be with someone who had some strange thing going on. And I don't mind what anybody does, but when it's affecting me and my family relationships, then I have to do something.

PLAYBOY: Her husband is gay?

EASTWOOD: She admitted that during the trial. They were buddies from school days or something. I mean, it's just a different scene. I can't explain it without going into a. . . . I mean, your eyes might not stay in their sockets. They're liable to come too far out of your head. They were pals when they were kids, and they both believe in fairy tales and call each other Hobbit and stuff like that. And so they hang out together, and I guess she's supportive of him and he's supportive of her, and somehow they feed each other. She didn't like my son living with me and it just got messy. It just wasn't the kind of existence I wanted.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel burned by the whole thing?

EASTWOOD: Yeah, I guess so. But you go on about your business. I'm going on with my life, and if other people can't get on with theirs, that's their problem.

PLAYBOY: How is your relationship with Frances Fisher? Is it friendly?

EASTWOOD: Good, yeah. It's friendly.

PLAYBOY: You have a child with her?

EASTWOOD: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Was the breakup acrimonious?

EASTWOOD: We were just having a rough time getting along. I love the child, she loves the child. We have that together. Frances is a fine actress. Very successful. Hardworking. I give her a lot of credit. We had a nice relationship, but it was never meant to go to marriage.

PLAYBOY: Is it complicated having a serious relationship with an actress, especially if you're a director?

EASTWOOD: Yes, it is. Very complicated. It's better just to hire people and work with people. But if you're with an actress, especially if you're a director with a certain amount of control, there's sometimes a resentment if you hire somebody else. The attitude is, "Am I not good enough for you to hire me?" Of course it has nothing to do with ability; it has to do with how you see the project.

PLAYBOY: So if you want to cast *The Bridges of Madison County*——

EASTWOOD: Exactly. She would have loved to play the part Meryl played.

PLAYBOY: Was that an issue?

(continued on page 162)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man with energy. In the bedroom or the boardroom, he likes to feel fit and look sharp. That's his style. That's why PLAYBOY men spent $680 million on health and grooming aids last year, more than the male readers of *Men's Health* and *Esquire* combined. PLAYBOY reaches more than 5 million men who use aftershave or cologne. Whether you're starting a terrific night or beginning a great day, PLAYBOY helps reflect you at your very best. (Source: 1996 Spring MRI.)

frank poole's last memory was of

spinning helplessly in space

outside the *discovery*.

now he is awake again—a

thousand years into his own future

3001: THE FINAL ODYSSEY

FICTION BY

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

Frank Poole awoke, but he did not remember. He was not even sure of his name.

Obviously, he was in a hospital room. Even though his eyes were still closed, the most primitive and evocative of his senses told him that. Each breath brought the faint and not unpleasant tang of antiseptics in the air.

Now it was all beginning to come back. I'm Deputy Commander Frank Poole, executive officer, USSS *Discovery*, on a top secret mission to Jupiter.

It seemed as if an icy hand had gripped his heart. He remembered, in slow-motion playback, that runaway space pod jetting toward him, metal claws outstretched. Then the silent impact—and the not-so-silent hiss of air rushing out of his suit. After that—one last memory, of spinning helplessly in space, trying in vain to reconnect his broken air hose.

Whatever mysterious accident had happened to the space-pod

ILLUSTRATION BY DONATO GIANCOLA

controls, he was safe now. Presumably Dave Bowman had made a quick EVA and rescued him before the lack of oxygen could do permanent brain damage.

His confused train of thought was abruptly broken by the arrival of a matron and two nurses wearing the immemorial uniform of their profession. They seemed a little surprised: Poole wondered if he had awakened ahead of schedule, and the idea gave him a childish feeling of satisfaction.

"Hello!" he said after several attempts; his vocal cords appeared to be very rusty. "How am I doing?"

The matron smiled back at him and gave an obvious "Don't try to talk" command by putting a finger to her lips. Then the two nurses fussed swiftly over him with practiced skill, checking pulse, temperature, reflexes. When one of them lifted his right arm and let it drop again, Poole noticed something peculiar. It fell slowly and did not seem to weigh as much as normal. Nor, for that matter, did his body, when he attempted to move.

So I must be on a planet, he thought. Or a space station with artificial gravity. Certainly not Earth—I don't weigh enough.

He was about to ask the obvious question when the matron pressed something against the side of his neck. He felt a slight tingling sensation and sank back into a dreamless sleep. Just before he became unconscious, he had time for one more puzzled thought:

How odd—they never spoke a single word all the time they were with me.

When he woke again and found the matron and nurses standing around his bed, Poole felt strong enough to assert himself.

"Where am I? Surely you can tell me that!"

The three women then exchanged glances, obviously uncertain about what to do next. The matron answered, enunciating slowly and carefully: "Everything is fine, Mr. Poole. Professor Anderson will be here in a minute. He will explain."

Explain what? thought Poole with some exasperation. But at least she speaks English, even though I can't place her accent.

Anderson must have been already on his way, for the door opened moments later to give Poole a glimpse of a small crowd of inquisitive onlookers peering in at him. He began to feel like a new exhibit at a zoo.

Professor Anderson was a small, dapper man whose features seemed to have combined key aspects of several races—Chinese, Polynesian, Nordic—in a thoroughly confusing fashion. He greeted Poole by holding up his right palm, then did an obvious double take and shook hands with such curious hesitation that he might have been rehearsing some quite unfamiliar gesture.

"Glad to see you're looking so well, Mr. Poole. We'll have you up in no time."

Again that odd accent and slow delivery—but the confident bedside manner was that of all doctors, in all places and all ages.

"I'm glad to hear it. Now perhaps you can answer a few questions."

"Of course, of course. But just a minute."

Anderson spoke so rapidly and quietly to the matron that Poole managed to catch only a few words, several of which were wholly unfamiliar to him. Then the matron nodded at one of the nurses, who opened a wall cupboard and produced a slim metal band, which she proceeded to wrap around Poole's head.

"What's that for?" he asked—being one of those difficult patients, so annoying to doctors, who always want to know just what's happening to them. "EEG readout?"

Professor, the matron and nurses looked equally baffled. Then a slow smile spread across Anderson's face.

"Oh—electro . . . enceph . . . alo . . . gram," he said slowly, as if dredging the word up from the depths of his memory. "You're quite right. We just want to monitor your brain functions."

My brain would function perfectly well if you'd let me use it, Poole grumbled silently. But at least we seem to be getting somewhere—finally.

"Mr. Poole," said Anderson, still speaking in that curious stilted voice, as if venturing into a foreign language, "you know, of course, that you were . . . disabled . . . in a serious accident while you were working outside *Discovery*."

Poole nodded agreement.

"I'm beginning to suspect," he said dryly, "that 'disabled' may be a slight understatement."

Anderson relaxed visibly, and a slow smile spread across his face.

"You're quite correct. Tell me what you think happened."

"Well, the best-case scenario is that, after I became unconscious, Dave Bowman rescued me and brought me back to the ship. How is Dave? No one will tell me anything!"

"All in due course—and the worst case?"

It seemed to Frank Poole that a chill wind was blowing gently on the back of his neck. The suspicion that had been slowly forming in his mind began to solidify.

"That I died but was brought back here—wherever here is—and you've been able to revive me. Thank you. . . ."

"Quite correct. And you're back on Earth. Well, very near it."

What did he mean by "very near it"? There was certainly a gravity field here—so he was probably inside the slowly turning wheel of an orbiting space station. No matter: There was something much more important to think about.

Poole did some quick mental calculations. If Dave had put him in the Hibernaculum, revived the rest of the crew and completed the mission to Jupiter—why, he could have been "dead" for as long as five years!

"Just what date is it?" he asked as calmly as possible.

Professor and the matron exchanged glances. Again Poole felt that cold wind on his neck.

"I must tell you, Mr. Poole, that Bowman did not rescue you. He believed—and we cannot blame him—that you were irrevocably dead. Also, he was facing a desperately serious crisis that threatened his own survival.

"So you drifted on into space, passed through the Jupiter system and headed out toward the stars. Fortunately, you were so far below freezing point that there was no metabolism—but it's a near-miracle that you were ever found at all. You are one of the luckiest men alive. No—ever to have lived!"

Am I? Poole asked himself bleakly. Five years, indeed! It could be a century—or even more.

"Let me have it," he demanded.

Professor and the matron seemed to be consulting an invisible monitor: When they looked at each other and nodded agreement, Poole guessed that they were all plugged into the hospital information circuit linked to the headband he was wearing.

"Frank," said Anderson, making a smooth switch to the role of longtime family physician, "this will be a great shock to you, but you're capable of accepting it—and the sooner you know, the better.

"We're near the beginning of the fourth millennium. Believe me—you left Earth almost a thousand years ago."

"I believe you," Poole answered calmly. Then, to his great annoyance, the room started to spin around him, and he knew nothing more.

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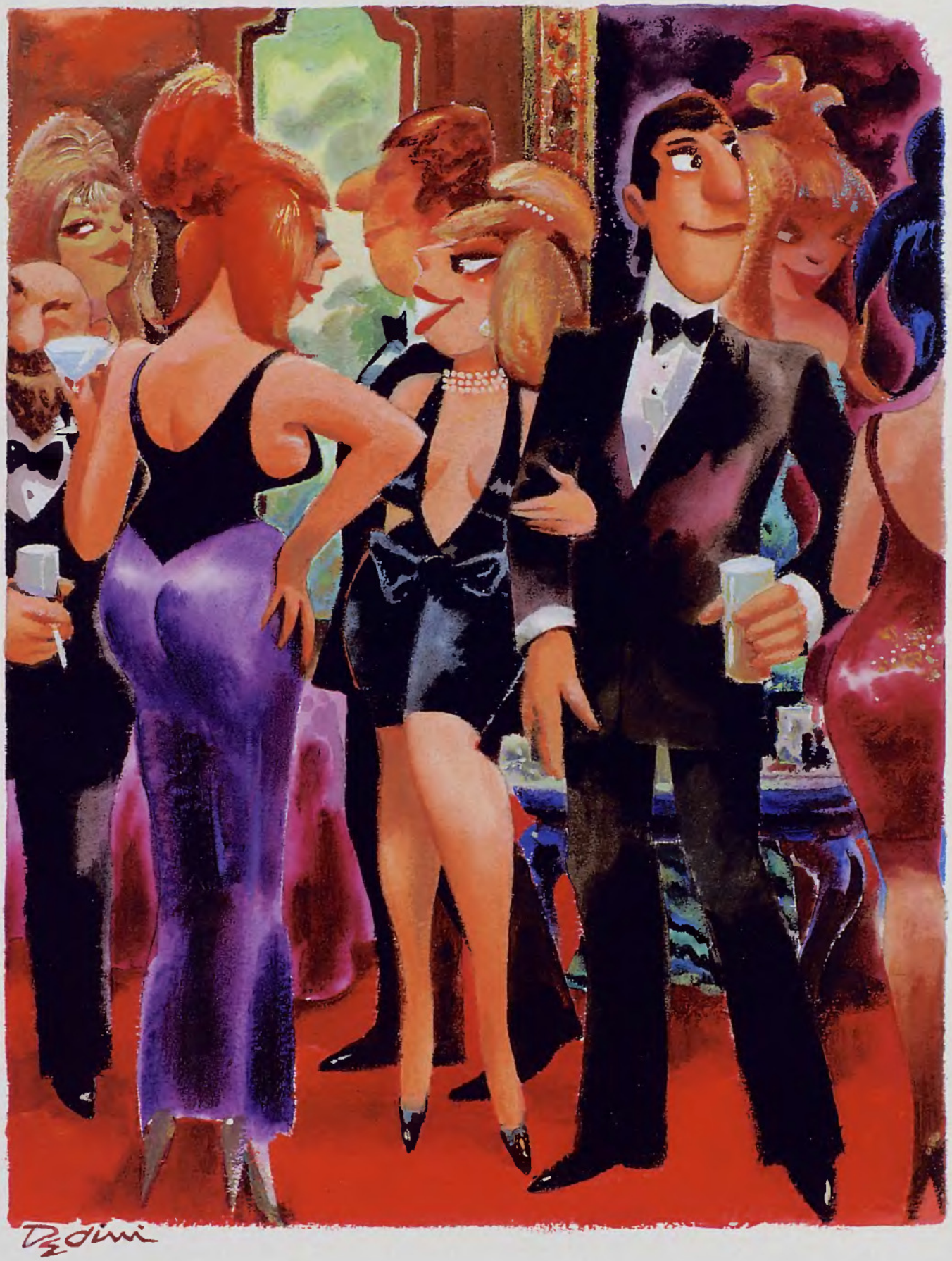
Despite her name, Doctor Indra Wallace's chief racial component appeared to be Japanese. She was the first visitor with a fluent command of Poole's own English, so he was delighted to meet her.

"Mr. Poole," she began in a very businesslike voice, "I've been appointed your official guide and, let's say, your



"He speaks softly and . . . you know the rest."

mentor. My qualifications—I've specialized in your period—my thesis was *The Collapse of the Nation-State, 2000–2050*. I believe we can help each other in many ways."

"I'm sure we can. First, I'd like you to get me out of here, so I can see a little of your world."

"Exactly what we intend to do. But first we must give you an Ident. Until then you'll be a—what was the term?—nonperson. It would be almost impossible for you to go anywhere or get anything done. No input device would recognize your existence."

Indra walked over to a small rectangular plate, set at eye level in the door. She laid the palm of her hand on the plate, then removed it after a few seconds. She glanced at Poole, and said smilingly, "Come and look at this."

The inscription that had suddenly appeared made a good deal of sense when he read it slowly:

WALLACE, INDRA

[F2970.03.11/31.885//HIST.OXFORD//*//]

"I suppose it means female, date of birth 11 March 2970—and that you're associated with the Department of History at Oxford. And I guess that 31.885 is a personal identification number. Is that correct?"

"Excellent, Mr. Poole. As you see, it's a part of you."

"Implant?"

"Yes—nanochip at birth, one in each palm for redundancy. You won't even feel yours when they go in. But you've given us a small problem."

"What's that?"

"The readers you'll meet most of the time are too simpleminded to believe your date of birth. So, with your permission, we've moved it up a thousand years. And now, Frank, Professor Anderson thinks you're strong enough to go for a little walk."

"I'm very pleased to hear it. Do you know the expression 'stir crazy'?"

"No, but I can guess what it means."

Poole had so adapted to the low gravity that the long strides he was taking seemed perfectly normal. Half a g, he had estimated—just right to give a sense of well-being. Poole had followed Indra for perhaps 200 meters when he came to a halt, shocked because he had not realized something so blindingly obvious.

"This space station must be enormous!" he exclaimed.

Indra smiled back at him.

"Didn't you have a saying—'You ain't seen anything yet'?"

"Nothing," he said, correcting her absentmindedly. He was still trying to estimate the scale of this structure when he had another surprise. Who would have imagined a space station large enough to boast a subway—admittedly a miniature one, with a single small coach that is capable of seating only a dozen passengers?

"Observation Lounge Three," ordered Indra, and they drew silently and swiftly away from the terminal.

As far as Poole could judge by the speed and the elapsed time, they must have traveled at least three kilometers before the vehicle came to a silent stop, the doors opened and a bland autovoice intoned, "Have a good view. Thirty-five percent cloud cover today."

At last, thought Poole, we're getting near the outer wall. But here was another mystery: Despite the distance he had gone, neither the strength nor the direction of gravity had altered! He could not imagine a spinning space station so huge that the g vector would not be changed by such a displacement. Could he really be on some planet after all? But he would feel lighter—usually much lighter—on any other habitable world in the solar system.

When the outer door of the terminal opened and Poole found himself entering a small air lock, he realized he must indeed be in space. But where were the space suits? He looked around anxiously: It was against all his instincts to be so close to a vacuum, naked and unprotected. One experience of that was enough."We're nearly there," Indra said reassuringly.

The last door opened, and he was looking out into the utter blackness of space through a huge window that was curved both vertically and horizontally. He felt like a goldfish in a bowl, and he hoped the designers of this audacious piece of engineering knew exactly what they were doing. They certainly possessed better structural materials than had existed in his time.

Though the stars must have been shining out there, his light-adapted eyes could see nothing but black emptiness beyond the curve of the great window. As he started to walk toward it to get a wider view, Indra restrained him and pointed straight ahead.

"Look carefully," she said. "Now do you see it?"

Poole blinked, and stared into the night. It must be an illusion—even, heaven forbid, a crack in the window!

He moved his head from side to side. No, it was real. But what could it be? He remembered Euclid's definition: "A line has length but no breadth."

For spanning the whole height of the window, and obviously continuing out of sight above and below, was a thread of light quite easy to see when he looked for it, yet so one-dimensional that the word thin could not even be applied. However, it was not completely featureless: There were barely visible spots of greater brilliance at irregular intervals along its length, like drops of water on a spider's web.

Poole continued walking toward the window, and the view expanded until at last he could see what lay below him. It was familiar enough; the whole continent of Europe and much of northern Africa, just as he had seen them many times from space. So he was in orbit after all—probably an equatorial one, at a height of at least a thousand kilometers.

Indra was looking at him with a quizzical smile.

"Go closer to the window," she said softly, "so that you can look straight down. I hope you have a good head for heights."

What a silly thing to say to an astronaut, Poole told himself as he moved forward. If I suffered from vertigo I wouldn't be in this business.

The thought had barely passed through his mind when he cried "My God!" and involuntarily stepped back from the window. Then, bracing himself, he dared to look again.

He was looking down on the distant Mediterranean from the face of a cylindrical tower, whose gently curving wall indicated a diameter of several kilometers. But that was nothing compared with its length, for it tapered away down, down, down—until it disappeared into the mists somewhere over Africa. He assumed that it continued all the way to the surface.

"How high are we?" he whispered.

"Two thousand k. But now take a look upward."

This time it was not such a shock; he had expected what he would see. The tower dwindled away until it became a glittering thread against the blackness of space, and he did not doubt that it continued all the way to the geostationary orbit, 36,000 kilometers above the equator. Such fantasies had been well known in Poole's day, yet he had never dreamed he would see the reality—and be living in it.

He pointed toward the distant thread reaching up from the eastern horizon.

"That must be another one."

"Yes—the Asia Tower. We must look exactly the same to them."

"How many are there?"

"Just four, equally spaced around the equator. Africa, Asia, America, Pacifica. The last one's almost empty—only a few hundred levels were completed. Nothing to see from that height except water."

Poole was still absorbing this stupendous concept when a disturbing thought occurred to him.

"There were already thousands of

(continued on page 84)

PLAYMATE REVISITED:

SHARRY KONOPSKI

miss august 1987 blends glamour with guts

In 1987, when she was shooting her centerfold at Playboy Studio West, Sharry Konopski met a young woman named Ellen Stohl, who was also posing for the magazine. Sharry was overwhelmed by Ellen, a spunky paraplegic who had been injured in an auto accident. "I was really shy," she recalls, "and Ellen's personality was so forceful that she kind of scared me." After their pictorials appeared, the two young women went their separate ways. Sharry returned to rural Washington State, where she married and

"I'd never worn false eyelashes before, and doing this shoot, I felt like Norma Desmond in *Sunset Boulevard*: 'I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille.' But I wanted to be a temptress. Couldn't they put me in a leather outfit with a bullwhip? Pam Anderson gets to do all the good stuff."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Trainer Steve Mansfield helps Sharry build strength. "I tell people my jeans are by Armani but my body is by Steve," she says. Recent spinal-injury research on rats shows promise, and Sharry was asked if she'd like to participate in future human trials. "I said, 'Sign me up. I'll wear a big rat suit and eat however much cheese is required.' I'd make the rat costume, if I got some help with the sewing machine."

had two children (Spencer, now eight, and Siera, six). In 1995, a tragedy similar to Ellen's struck Sharry. On what she describes as "a really bad April Fool's Day," she was driving home from work when three deer suddenly appeared in the road. She swerved, hit loose gravel and rolled her Mustang.

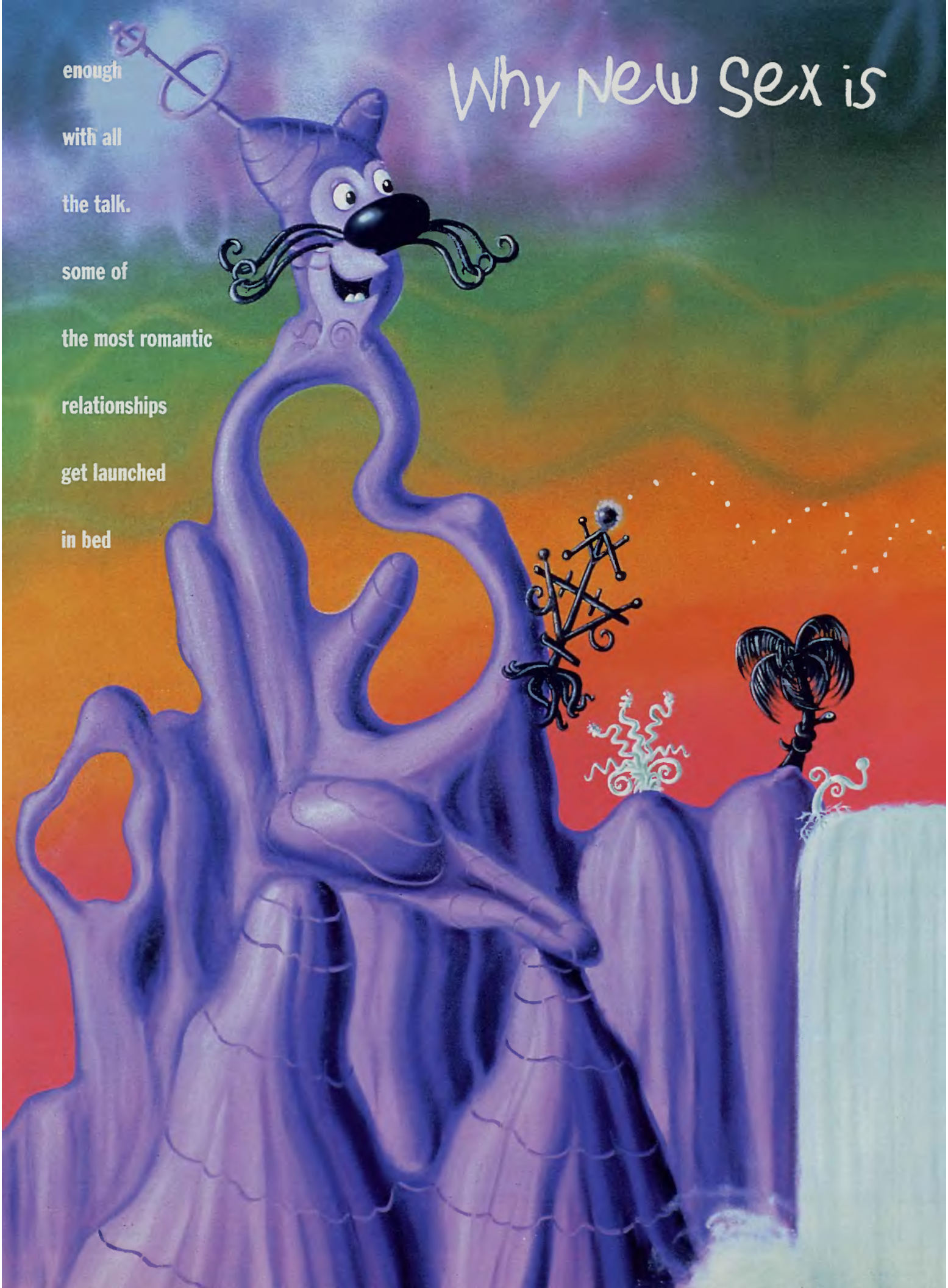
"I lay out in the woods all that night," Sharry recalls, "and God and I had a few choice words. The staff in the trauma unit at the hospital where I was taken told me that if I'd been out there another 20 minutes, or if the temperature had been a few degrees lower, I would have died." She is paralyzed from the spinal cord injuries she suffered and will never walk unassisted again.

"I just picked myself up, dusted myself off and am continuing on," says Sharry today. "I'm giving safety talks to local students, telling them what happened to me, how I survived the trauma and how to prevent injuries." One thing she has learned is that "the only thing that you can really count on is change." One such change: Her marriage is breaking up. "Some people can't deal with adversity," she observes. "My husband is a wonderful father,

"What everybody wants to know is, can I have sex? I tell them yes, I can have sex. Yes, I can get pregnant. But it takes a special person to be my partner. He has to be compassionate and understanding, because sex with me has to be a little more choreographed. It's not going to be a baby-oil wrestling match. One time I heard a cartoonist who's disabled say there are advantages to being paralyzed, like getting good parking places. The best part, he said, is that you no longer have to work too hard when you have sex. I just howled."

but sometimes things just don't work out." Meanwhile, Sharry gets on with her life, with a little help from her fans—and from PLAYBOY, which sponsored a fund-raiser for her in Los Angeles (among the guests: Ellen Stohl). She works

out with trainer Steve Mansfield, building strength in her upper body so she can manipulate a set of braces. After stories about her plight appeared in regional newspapers, Robert Owens, an orthotist in Salem, Oregon, donated his time to build braces for her. With their aid, Sharry took her first steps on October 21, 1996. Things, she says, are definitely looking up.


Why New Sex is
enough
with all
the talk.
some of
the most romantic
relationships
get launched
in bed

the Best Sex

article By Sari Locker

Whether it's awkward and rushed or sleepy and languid, lovemaking at the beginning of a relationship can provide exciting moments and vivid memories. As two people grow more accustomed to each other's bodies and more practiced in pleasing each other, they establish an intimacy that will inform all future sex acts. Call it the primal bond.

Most of what you bear about new sex are the problems—the imperatives of safe sex, the communication difficulties, the nerves and how it takes a while to get it right. All tbis jittery stuff is part of the experience. Working out the kinks will pay dividends in the future. Even bad sex has its rewards.

You can experience the most awesome aspects of new sex once you learn how to deal with hot crushes, how to feel uninhibited with a new partner and how to overcome performance problems.

As a sex educator, I have interviewed thousands of people. When the subject turns to mind-blowing sex, a common source is lust at first sight. Women like to feel swept away by the passion of such meetings. A friend of mine says the fastest she fell for a man was the time she met a guy on the subway. They struck up a flirtatious conversation, then decided to get off at the same stop. After having coffee together, they went for a long walk and spent the rest of the day together. That night they went to his place and had sex. "I was totally ravenous and aggressive," she told me. "I

PAINTING BY KENNY SCHARF

put my mouth all over his body. I think if I had known him better I wouldn't have been so uninhibited." I believe they had a great encounter because they were wrapped up in the risk and uncertainty of acting on impulse, which brings me to my first topic.

IMPULSE SHOPPING AROUND

It's not uncommon for people to feel aroused when they're convinced they have found destiny with a stranger. A woman once told me about going to a party and hitting it off with a guy she had just met. They started making out in a not-so-secluded corner. On the ride home, she discovered that he was much younger than she and that he was the son of a vice president at her workplace. While she says that she had no idea of his lineage when they were making out, she later realized that there was a familiarity about his face that did make her feel comfortable with him.

There may not be such a thing as destiny—but it's still hot to feel an instant attraction for a stranger. As long as you feel that undeniable heat, you don't have to worry about where it's coming from. Bonding with someone slightly mysterious is the stuff of fantasies. A single woman I interviewed told me that on Friday nights she often masturbates to sleep with the fantasy of having sex with a stranger. On those nights, she says, she is assured of a good time. Because she had always enjoyed the fantasy, she decided to act on it. So she went to a bar, picked up a guy and had sex with him. She was disappointed—the sex was awkward and uncomfortable. However, knowing that she could pick up someone only made her fantasy stronger—she still masturbates to it on Friday nights.

Men also report that anonymous sex can be a bummer. Many are concerned with the repercussions: "She says she is cool with casual sex," men say, "but how can I trust that she won't pursue me?" Men worry that the women will want a relationship. In fact, it may not be AIDS that scares people most about sex with strangers—it's psychotic stalkers. Maybe I watch too many made-for-TV movies, but I think more people are afraid of getting robbed or even killed during a one-night stand than getting an STD or getting pregnant.

RHETORICAL QUESTIONS

You have no doubt heard a million times that communication is an important aspect of a new relationship, but it isn't everything. No matter how much you talk, you'll know if you're physically compatible only by having sex. If you're not, you have two options: You can (1) choose to break up or (2) work on your sex life. So why not find out early? People get comfortable with sex; psychological closeness follows physical closeness. Sex is a creative way to get to know someone.

Now, I'm not telling you not to talk when you're ready. But often, people try to settle relationship issues before they put the work into having good sex. They get waylaid by whether to commit to each other, the length of past relationships, how much free time they have, whether or not they want to meet each other's friends.

You can maintain the excitement of a new relationship by allowing your partner to learn about you from experience, not from rhetoric. About a year ago, I went to dinner with a man I had met on an airplane. We were discussing our backgrounds, when out of nowhere he started talking about sex. Before the appetizer had arrived, he had given me his entire sexual history, complete with the names of the four women he'd slept with and details such as "She had to be on top to come." Baffled, I confronted him by saying, "I never asked." He said, "I thought you'd like me more because I haven't slept with that many women." What a turnoff. Sure, it was nice that he hadn't been with 500 women, but it was ridiculous for him to tell me about his sexual past without me so much as asking about his previous girlfriend. Forget sex—we never went on a second date.

We all tend to talk about how broken-hearted we were at one time. Belabor the point, and you won't come across as being sensitive, you'll come across as a jerk. Don't talk about your exes—she'll get jealous and obsess about them. Some of the things I've heard men tell women—such as "I've never been in love" or "I need a lot of women, so I can't commit"—are insanely put and badly timed. Instead, express yourself physically: Stroke her arm as she talks to you. Pull her close. Smile.

TALKING CONDOMS

A turning point in new relationships usually occurs when a couple first discusses condom use. You do not need to discuss details of past partners. People lie—so always use a condom. In my book, *Mind-Blowing Sex in the Real World*, I point to some interesting statistics. A study of college students found that more than 50 percent of those infected with an STD reported they had unprotected sex while they knew they were infected, and nearly a quarter of them lied to their partners about it. Whether or not you can transmit or receive a disease is not necessarily about the past. It's about you and your new lover in the present. Will you use condoms effectively? Will either of you cheat? These questions are for today and the future.

Never say, "I don't want to use a condom because I want to feel you." It makes the woman think you are trying to manipulate her into risky sex. Rather, say, "I want to and will use a condom, but I'll be imagining that it's skin on skin."

DON'T BUM RUSH THE SHOW

Rushing through the main event is a mistake many people make during first times together. Think of it this way: Most guys like to fantasize about different women—mostly women they haven't been with. Well, a first time is what you've been dreaming about. Doesn't that make it worth doing for a while? After all—and this is for all the guys who say wham-bam-thank-you-mam—you shouldn't try to sleep with someone just to add her to your mental scrapbook. You can always masturbate, but how many times do you get to sleep with a new woman?

The first time you have sex, let the desire linger. Get her hot, wet and ready before you penetrate her. Tease her. Massage her thighs. Rub her ass. Lick and nibble her labia. Stroke her vulva. Put the head of your penis at the entrance to her vagina, exert a tiny bit of pressure so she thinks you're going in, then move away and start kissing her neck, her chest and all the way down her body again. Make her want you more than she could possibly imagine. Make her beg to have you inside her. Women who have experienced this have all told me the same thing: "My whole body was shaking. I wanted him so badly."

Make the first moment of penetration memorable: Say her name or give her a long, slow kiss at the same time. Women have said to me, "I will never forget the first time with him. He held my face in his hands and looked into my eyes as he entered me. He slid in slowly. I gasped. Then he kissed me once he was all the way in. He made me remember that moment. With so many other guys, I was just lying there, staring at the ceiling."

USE THE FORCE, LUKE

Realistically, there are times when new sex is incredibly awkward. Try to redirect the nervousness into intensity. Remember that if there weren't a chance of failure, it wouldn't be so exciting. Awkward is as awkward does—try to act like you know what you're doing. If you panic and begin to think, I can't cope with this vast wasteland of pubic hair, remember that you're

(continued on page 90)

"My new boyfriend is an insomniac. There's something to be said for a man who's up all night."

ALL DRESSED UP

WHEN IT COMES TO JAZZING UP TRADITIONAL TAILORING THIS SPRING, FLAUNT YOUR FASHION SENSE AND GO FOR THE BOLD

Fashion By
HOLLIS WAYNE

Forget white shirts and rep ties. Instead, wear a navy pin-striped suit by Etro ($1050) with a lavender spread-collar shirt by Charvet ($295) and a matching iridescent tie by Tommy Hilfiger (about $40). Other vibrant elements to perk up a predictable wardrobe include (clockwise from top right): striped socks by Gene Meyer ($18); lace-ups by Salvatore Ferragamo ($395); a spread-collar shirt by Etro ($140); textured tie from Lorenzini (about $100), Tino Cosma ($70) and Etro ($85); a mesh-band 18-kt.-gold watch by Georg Jensen ($2500); antique eyeglasses from Retrospecs ($395); a French-cuff shirt by Gene Meyer ($148) and 18-kt.-gold–and–coral cuff links by Verdura ($1800).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Spruce up a light-colored suit by Hugo Boss ($1090) with a deep-tone shirt by Gene Meyer (about $135) and a boldly striped tie by Etro ($85), knotted Windsor-style. Or try (clockwise from top right) enamel cuff links by Verdura ($350), a pocket square by Robert Talbott (about $45), a leather-band wristwatch by Verdura ($2500), a checked shirt by Etro ($140) and a tie by Robert Talbott ($75).

Team a pair of high-vamped slip-on shoes by Granello (below, $390) with pastel socks by Latitude Fifty Three (about $20). For casual wear try a pastel cashmere polo by Malo ($500). Atop the sweater: a leather belt with an initialed buckle by Etro ($175), a sterling silver-and-lapis ring by David Yurman ($490) and a pair of half-rimmed natural horn glasses by Freudenhaas ($575).

Accessorize a classic single-breasted seersucker suit by Hugo Boss ($695) with a deep-toned cotton-and-nylon buttondown shirt by Calvin Klein ($270) and a color-blocked tie by Gene Meyer ($60). Or add a silk pocket square by Tino Cosma ($20) and a pair of titanium glasses ($345) fitted with clip-on sunglasses ($125), both by Matsuda. Alternative ties to bind (below) include an iridescent pin-dot look by DKNY (about $60) and a silk patterned model by Joseph Abboud ($75). They're atop a plum short-sleeved dress shirt (it's a foshionable but comfortable look this spring) by Calvin Klein ($195).

The pastel dress shirt to the left is by Gene Meyer ($148) and the casual fabric belt with leather tabs and a brass buckle is by Torino (about $30). The stainless steel chronograph with a mesh band looks like it costs a fortune—but it's only $90, by Gino Franco. Up top (far left) are a pair of suede bucks with leather piping, from To Boot New York by Adam Derrick ($215), and cotton socks by Mountain High Hosiery ($15).

Dress down a linen suit by New Republic ($695) with an open-collar iridescent camp shirt by Calvin Klein ($255). Other accessories for great night moves include (clockwise from top): oval-shaped buffalo horn–rimmed eyeglasses by Freudenhaas ($675), color-blocked socks by Gene Meyer (about $20), highly polished square-toed penny loafers (you provide the pennies) by Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards ($595), a leather belt with a silver signature buckle, by Nicole Farhi ($92) and a pocket square by Tino Cosma ($20).

Mate a spread-collar texture-patterned shirt by Ermenegildo Zegna (right, about $200) with a high-luster silk tie by DKNY (about $50). Above: A grid-patterned shirt by Lorenzini ($245) provides the base for a layered look that includes a lightweight V-neck sweater by Gene Meyer (about $115) and a woven checked tie by Charvet ($120). Wrapped around the sweater's sleeve is a titanium dive watch by Verdura ($650).

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3001: THE FINAL ODYSSEY

(continued from page 70)

Looking down into the crystalline emptiness, he experienced a brief moment of panic.

satellites, at all sorts of altitudes, in my time. How do you avoid collisions?"

Indra paused for a moment. "I believe there was a big cleanup operation centuries ago. There just aren't any satellites below the stationary orbit."

That made sense, Poole told himself. They wouldn't be needed—the four gigantic towers could provide all the facilities once provided by thousands of satellites and space stations.

"And there have never been any accidents—any collisions with spaceships either leaving Earth or reentering the atmosphere?"

Indra shook her head

"But they don't, anymore." She pointed to the ceiling. "All the spaceports are up there, on the outer ring. I believe it's been 400 years since the last rocket lifted off from the surface of the Earth."

Poole was still digesting this when a trivial anomaly caught his attention. His training as an astronaut had made him alert to anything out of the ordinary. In space, that might be a matter of life or death.

The sun was out of view, high overhead, but its rays streaming down through the great window painted a brilliant band of light on the floor underfoot. Cutting across that band at an angle was another, much fainter, one, so that the frame of the window threw a double shadow.

Poole had to go almost down on his knees so that he could peer up at the sky. He had thought himself beyond amazement, but the spectacle of two suns left him momentarily speechless.

"What's that?" he gasped when he had recovered his breath.

"Oh—haven't you been told? That's Lucifer."

"Earth has another sun?"

"Well, it doesn't give us much heat, but it has put the moon out of business. Before the second mission went there to look for you, that was the planet Jupiter."

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"There's no need to close your eyes," said the technician, who had been introduced by the pretentious title of brain engineer. "When setup begins, all your inputs will be taken over. Even if your eyes are open, you won't see anything."

I wonder if everyone feels as nervous as this, Poole asked himself. Is this the last moment I'll be in control of my own mind? Still, I've learned to trust the technology of this age; up to now, it hasn't let me down. Of course, as the old saying goes, there is always a first time.

As had been promised, he felt nothing except a gentle tickling as the myriad nanowires wormed their way through his scalp. All his senses were still perfectly normal; when he scanned his familiar room, everything was exactly where it should have been.

The brainman—wearing his own skullcap, wired like Poole's to a piece of equipment that could easily have been mistaken for a 20th century laptop computer—gave him a brief reassuring smile.

"Ready?" he asked.

There were times when those old clichés were the best ones.

"I'm as ready as I'll ever be," Poole answered.

Slowly the light faded—or seemed to. A great silence descended, and even the gentle gravity of the tower relinquished its hold on him. He was an embryo, floating in a featureless void, though not in complete darkness. He had known such a barely visible, near-ultraviolet tenebrosity, on the very edge of night, only once in his life—when he had descended farther than was altogether wise down the face of a sheer cliff at the outer edge of the Great Barrier Reef. Looking down into hundreds of meters of crystalline emptiness, he had felt such a sense of disorientation that he experienced a brief moment of panic and had almost triggered his buoyancy unit before regaining control. Needless to say, he never mentioned the incident to the Space Agency physicians.

From a great distance, a voice spoke out of the immense void that now seemed to surround him. But it did not reach him through his ears; it sounded softly in the echoing labyrinths of his brain.

"Calibration starting. From time to time you will be asked questions—you can answer mentally, but it may help to vocalize. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Poole replied, wondering if his lips were indeed moving. There was no way he could tell.

Something was appearing in the void—a grid of thin lines, like a huge sheet of graph paper. It extended up and down, right and left, to the limits of his vision. He tried to move his head, but the image refused to change.

Numbers started to flicker across the grid, too fast for him to read—but presumably some circuit was recording them. Poole could not help smiling (did his cheeks move?) at the familiarity of it all. This was just like the computer-driven eye examination that any oculist of his age would have given a patient.

The grid vanished, to be replaced by smooth sheets of color filling his entire field of view. In a few seconds, they flashed from one end of the spectrum to the other. "Could have told you that," Poole muttered. "My color vision's perfect. Next for hearing, I suppose."

He was correct. A faint drumming sound accelerated until it became the lowest of audible Cs, then raced up the musical scale until it disappeared beyond the range of human beings, into bat and dolphin territory.

That was the last of the simple, straightforward tests. He was briefly assailed by scents and flavors, most of them pleasant but some quite the reverse. Then he became, or so it seemed, a puppet on an invisible string.

He presumed that his neuromuscular control was being tested, and hoped there were no external manifestations; if there were, he would probably look like someone in the terminal stages of St. Vitus' dance. And for one moment he even had a violent erection but was unable to give it a reality check before he fell into a dreamless sleep.

Or did he dream that he slept? He had no idea how much time had elapsed before he awoke. The helmet was gone, along with the brainman and his equipment.

"Everything went fine," the matron said, beaming. "It will take a few hours to check that there are no anomalies. If your reading's KO—I mean OK—you'll have your braincap tomorrow."

Poole appreciated the efforts of his entourage to learn archaic English, but he could not help wishing that the matron had not made that unfortunate slip of the tongue.

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When the time came for the final fitting, Poole felt almost like a boy again, about to unwrap some wonderful new toy under the Christmas tree.

"You won't have to go through all that setting up again," the brainman assured him. "Download will start immediately. I'll give you a five-minute demo. Just relax and enjoy."

Gentle, soothing music washed over him; though it was something familiar, from his own time, he could not identify it. There was a mist before his eyes,

"Don't worry about my husband. He's somewhere shooting a documentary film."

which parted as he walked toward it.

Yes, he was walking! The illusion was utterly convincing. He could feel the impact of his feet on the ground, and now that the music had stopped he could hear a gentle wind blowing through the great trees that appeared to surround him. He recognized them as California redwoods and hoped that they still existed in reality, somewhere on Earth.

He was moving at a brisk pace—too fast for comfort, as if time had been slightly accelerated so he could cover as much ground as possible. Yet he was not conscious of any effort; he felt he was a guest in someone else's body. The sensation was enhanced by the fact that he had no control over his movements. When he attempted to stop, or to change direction, nothing happened. He was going along for the ride.

It did not matter. He was enjoying the novel experience and could appreciate how addictive it could become. The "dream machines" that many scientists of his own century had anticipated—often with alarm—were now part of everyday life. Poole wondered how mankind had managed to survive—indeed, he had been told that much of it had not. Millions had been brain-burned and had dropped out of life.

Of course, he would be immune to such temptations! He would use this marvelous tool to learn more about the world of the third millennium and to acquire in minutes new skills that would otherwise have taken years to master. Well, he might, just occasionally, use the braincap purely for fun.

He had come to the edge of the forest and was looking out across a wide river. Without hesitation, he walked into it and felt no alarm as the water rose over his head. It did seem a little strange that he could continue breathing naturally, but he thought it much more remarkable that he could see perfectly in a medium where the unaided human eye cannot focus. He could count every scale on the magnificent trout that went swimming past, apparently oblivious to this strange intruder.

A mermaid! Well, he had always wanted to meet one, but he had assumed they were marine creatures. Perhaps they occasionally went upstream like salmon to have their babies. She was gone before he could question her, to confirm or deny this revolutionary theory.

The river ended in a translucent wall; he stepped through it onto the face of a desert beneath a blazing sun. Its heat burned him uncomfortably, yet he was able to look directly into its noonday fury. He could even see, with unnatural clarity, an archipelago of sunspots near one limb. And—this was surely impossible!—there was the tenuous glory of the corona, quite invisible except during a total eclipse, reaching out like swans' wings on either side of the sun.

Everything faded to black: The haunting music returned, and with it the blissful coolness of his familiar room. He opened his eyes (had they ever been closed?) and found an expectant audience waiting for his reaction.

"Wonderful!" he breathed almost reverently. "Some of it seemed, well, realer than real!"

Then his engineer's curiosity, never far from the surface, started nagging at him.

"Even that short demo must have contained an enormous amount of information. How's it stored?"

"In these tablets. Your audiovisual system uses the same, but with much greater capacity."

The brainman handed Poole a small square, apparently made of glass, silvered on one surface. It was almost the size of the computer diskettes of his youth but twice the thickness. As Poole tilted it back and forth, trying to see into its transparent interior, there were occasional rainbow-hued flashes, but that was all.

He was holding, he realized, the end product of more than a thousand years of electro-optical technology—as well as other technologies unborn in his era. And it was not surprising that, superficially, it closely resembled the devices he had known. There was a convenient shape and size for most of the common objects of everyday life—knives and forks, books, hand tools, furniture—and removable memories for computers.

"What's its capacity?" he asked. "In my time, we were up to a terabyte in something this size. I'm sure you've done a lot better."

"Not as much as you might imagine—there's a limit, of course, set by the structure of matter. By the way, what was a terabyte? I'm afraid I have forgotten."

"Shame on you! Kilo, mega, giga, tera—that's ten to the twelfth bytes. Then the petabyte—ten to the fifteenth. That's as far as I ever got."

"That's about where we start. It's enough to record everything that any person can experience during one lifetime."

It was an astonishing thought, yet it should not have been so surprising. The kilogram of jelly inside the human skull was not much larger than the tablet Poole was holding in his hand, and it could not possibly be as efficient a storage device—it had so many other duties to deal with.

"And that's not all," the brainman continued. "With some data compression, it could store not only the memories but also the actual person."

"And reproduce him again?"

"Of course. Straightforward job of nanoassembly."

So I'd heard, Poole told himself, but I never really believed it.

Back in his century, it seemed wonderful enough that the entire lifework of a great artist could be stored on a single small disk.

And now something no larger could hold the artist as well.

•

"Now I've some good news. Anderson has finally given his—what was the phrase?—OK. You're fit enough to go for a little trip upstairs . . . to the lunar level."

"Wonderful. How far is that?"

"Oh, about 12,000 kilometers."

"Twelve thousand? That will take hours!"

Indra looked askance at his remark, then she smiled.

"Not as long as you think. No—we don't have a *Star Trek* transporter yet, though I believe they're working on it! But first you'll need new clothes, and someone to show you how to wear them. And to help you with the hundreds of little everyday jobs that can waste so much time. So we've taken the liberty of arranging a human personal assistant for you. Come in, Danil."

Danil was a small, light-brown man in his mid-30s, who surprised Poole by not giving him the usual palm-to-palm salute, with its automatic exchange of information. Indeed, it soon appeared that Danil did not possess an Ident. Whenever it was needed, he produced a small rectangle of plastic that apparently served the same purpose as the 21st century's smart card.

"Danil will also be your guide and—what was that word? I can never remember. Rhymes with ballet. He's been specially trained for the job. I'm sure that you will find him completely satisfactory."

Though Poole appreciated this gesture, it made him feel a little uncomfortable. A valet, indeed. He could not recall ever meeting one; in his time, they were already a rare and endangered species. He began to feel like a character from an early 20th century English novel.

"You have a choice," said Indra, "though I know which one you'll take. We can go up on an external elevator and admire the view—or on an interior one and enjoy a meal and some light entertainment."

(continued on page 92)

GM'S EV1 ELECTRIC SPORTS COUPE IS HUMMIN'— PLUG IT IN AND STICK IT TO OPEC

Charge It

By KEN GROSS

Hollywood environmental zealot Ed Begley Jr. drew snickers from status-conscious L.A. drivers for more than 25 years as he motored about in glorified golf carts. But the rich and famous aren't laughing at battery-powered cars anymore, and neither is the man on the street. General Motors' new EV1 electric vehicle has become *the* four-wheel stopper on Rodeo Drive. Not only is the EV1 great for the environment (electric cars are said to be about 95 percent less polluting than vehicles with an internal combustion engine), it's also fun to drive. Styled dramatically low to the ground, it accelerates to 60 mph in 8.5 seconds, about the same time it takes a BMW 318i. GM won't sell you an EV1, but the car is available with a 36-month no-money-down lease that ranges from $480 to $640 at 24 Saturn dealers in Los Angeles, San Diego, Phoenix and Tucson. You'll also need a home charger that leases for an additional $50 a month; installation is around $1000. But there is a bonus: The $33,995 EV1 comes with a ten percent federal tax credit and $5000 in tax incentives for four counties in California and financial incentives up to $2100 in Arizona. Carefully driven, the EV1 is ideal for almost anyone's daily urban commute. A full charge gives you about 70 miles of city driving or 90 miles on the highway. Top speed is an electronically limited 80 mph. To operate the car, just punch in your private code on a keypad near the driver's door. Once inside, tap your code again on a second pad located on the center console, hit a switch labeled RUN and put the shift in drive. The EV1 starts with a high-pitched whine. Pulling away, you won't hear any shifts because the car is direct-drive. Its transverse-mounted electric motor runs through a reduction gear that in turn drives the front wheels. On the road the car's uncanny silence enables you to hear all sorts of things, such as the rustle of tires and the hiss of the wind, that are masked by the engine in a conventional automobile. In fact, it's a bit like flying in a glider. Your initial experience behind the wheel will probably be affected by the EV1's relatively short range, and you'll find yourself constantly glancing at the battery charge gauge as it ticks off how many miles you have left. Feather-footing to try to extend the range is a common first reaction

and not unlike trying to beat your personal record on a video game. Then you give in and enjoy the EV1's nimble handling and acceleration. Remember, there are no valves, pistons, spark plugs, gas engine, transmission or starter to go wrong. There's no exhaust system (and no expensive catalytic converter) to replace. Oil for its electric motor and gear drive lasts for life, so there are no oil or filter changes. But, the EV1 does have ABS

General Motors built the EV1 with a composite plastic body, and saved more weight with aluminum suspension pieces, magnesium seat frames and low-rolling-resistance tires. Top left: A high-torque electric motor developing 137 hp enables the EV1 to hit 60 mph in 8.5 seconds and a top speed of 80 mph. After traveling 70 to 90 miles, the EV1's 26 12-volt batteries require a three-hour recharging. Left: The EV1's cockpit features regular car-type controls along with mileage range and battery condition indicators. A T-shaped rack amidships holds the batteries, which is why the interior has a center tunnel and no backseat.

brakes; traction control; dual air bags; power windows, locks and mirrors; and an AM/FM/cassette/CD stereo. Why the long wait for an effective electric car? The problem has been battery technology. Few buyers wanted to lumber around town in a vehicle weighed down with a ton of lead-acid batteries. So when the federal government approached carmakers a few years ago to inquire about feasible electric *(text concluded on page 166)*

Top right: The EV1 is about ten inches shorter and two inches wider than a Saturn coupe. (At 2790 pounds, it's also about 400 pounds heavier, because of the car's battery pack, which weighs three times as much as the Saturn's engine and transmission combined.) Right: The EV1's trunk will hold two golf bags or several medium-size suitcases comfortably. GM is offering 36-month leases for about $34,000, less various federal and state incentives and credits. (You also need to lease a charger for $50 a month and have your wiring upgraded to accommodate 220 volts.) Currently, the car is available in red, dark green and silver blue.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

 (continued from page 78)

While some guys are better at oral sex than others, it almost never feels bad. So do it.

actually getting laid. Tell yourself: C'mon, I'm blessed!

If you start by fooling around with everything but intercourse, chances are the sex won't be so awkward the first time. If you tend to be clumsy, take your time; if you're Mr. Slick, then go ahead, show off.

PREMATURE EVALUATION

If you lose your erection or come too soon, try to look on the positive side: It takes the performance anxiety off her shoulders. (Avoid saying, "This has never happened before," which makes it sound like it's her fault.) Before you have sex, don't tell her you sometimes have problems. Keep your psyche to yourself. She's your lover, not your analyst. If you do come too soon or lose your erection, don't pretend it didn't happen, but don't dwell on it. Stay physically close. Don't get out of bed. Keep your sense of humor. Your penis is interesting to her in all its stages. Think, She should be thrilled to be next to my naked body whether I'm hard or not. You lost your erection; you didn't lose your mind.

A woman I know was about to bed down with a guy she had just met. She did the field test (feeling his crotch through his pants), and he seemed to have a firm package, so she couldn't understand why he was reluctant to take off his pants. Then he rushed off to the bathroom and was gone for a while, and she began worrying that maybe he was crazy or violent or strange. Turns out he wanted to ejaculate once by himself before having sex with her—he was concerned he'd come too fast. Nice thought, but the problem is that he totally disrupted the rhythm they had going. If you must do this to feel secure, disappear while you're having coffee in the living room and jack off quickly. Or, once in the bedroom, have her get you off manually or give you oral sex.

MAKE HER FEEL LIKE A NATURAL WOMAN

To make early sex even better, you must feel good about your body and having her see you naked. The best way to do this is to be naked together as often as possible. Sounds good, right? Unfortunately, women feel more self-conscious about their bodies than men do. This means that at first you may have to spend more time than you'd like with the lights off during sex. Tell her what you like about her body. She probably won't believe you, but she'll enjoy hearing it. A big problem is that a lot of women don't like their breasts or their asses. They think their butts are too big or that their breasts are too small, too big or lopsided, or that they have ugly nipples. Tell her you like her breasts and she'll feel sexy—but don't argue with her if she says she has a problem with them. Let it go. Just say, "Well, I like them." You'll be better off dealing in particulars: "I love that beautiful birthmark on your hip." But if you fixate on a part of her body she doesn't really like, she'll think you're weird or too kinky. Some women aren't comfortable with fetishizing in the early stages of sex. ("How could he possibly dig my size 12 feet?") When she relaxes, then you can say, "Take off your shirt—I just want to look at you."

Concentrate on undressing her slowly the first time you have sex. Save ripping off her clothes for a later date. It's the only time that you'll be seeing and feeling her body for the first time. Let her take long looks at your body, too.

HANDS-ON LEARNING

Women love eye contact. If you look into her eyes while you are inside her body, it will touch her deeply. Good hands are important, too. Nothing beats mutual masturbation. It teaches you about her body and vice versa. It tells you how she likes to make love. If she whispers, "Try to put your whole hand inside," you know that—at least for now—she likes vigorous thrusting. Likewise, if she likes lots of clitoral stimulation, she's probably more into gentle rubbing during intercourse. Also, women are fascinated by how men masturbate. So don't be shy in front of her. You can say, "Grab my balls" or "just the head" or "faster," and she may do it during intercourse. During early sex, before you've mastered how and when she likes her clitoris rubbed, it's important to touch her all over. While you're learning, it's not good to concentrate on her clitoris. Even if you finally get it right, she'll be too sensitive or frustrated to take advantage of it. Try closing your eyes and feeling the way her nipples react to slight pinching or stroking. And don't neglect that sensitive strip of skin between her vagina and anus. Some firm pressure and rubbing will do just fine.

TALK AIN'T CHEAP SEX

Talking about what you want or what she wants during sex is fine. It's better to say, "Ouch, you're on my hair," than it is to yank your head away. Or if you want your lover on top, it's usually easier to ask than it is to swing her body on top of you. When it comes to talking dirty, make sure you are both inspired. If she says "Ram it in me, baby" just because she thinks it turns you on, it probably won't be a great sexual experience. That's an affectation, not an effective madness. Great sex is being totally in the moment. If it takes her a while to feel OK with sex talk, then try to initiate it gently. Say her name a lot when you are in bed. Compliment her without being too blatant, and see where it goes. Say, "This feels good." She might encourage a more racy exchange by asking, "What feels good?" Then you can get into specifics, whether it's the warmth and wetness of her vagina or the feeling of her mouth on your skin.

A woman wants to feel free about sex without feeling it's dirty. So if you get the sense that she's feeling free, don't push her to get kinky right away. A woman called me after she had sex with a guy for the first time. She said that while they were doing it, he said, "Ooh, you're so dirty." She asked me, "Is what he said bad? Is he degrading me?" "What were you saying?" I asked. "Stuff like, 'I love it when you grab my tits, when you squeeze my ass. I love the way your cock feels in my mouth.'" She also initiated positions and touched his butt. I told her no, he wasn't degrading her—he probably enjoyed it. He liked that she was adventurous. But the lesson is: Don't tell a woman that she's dirty. Try using such words as "sexy," "erotic" or "good in bed."

Everybody wonders what "good in bed" means. Well, it does not mean much at all. So in the beginning, feel free to say it. It's a great catchall. But don't say something you don't mean. Don't tell her she gives good head if she uses too much teeth. She won't get any better that way. Don't stay quiet if she tries stimulating your nipples and you hate it—just say so gently and guide her hands and mouth somewhere else. Start with the general good-in-bed remark and she may want to perform a little more. Talk about specific technique only when her ego can take it.

PASS YOUR ORAL EXAMS

Initiate oral sex on her before she asks for it. Dozens of women have said to me, "I can't stand it when I have to beg a guy to go down on me. I would

(continued on page 160)

In our July 1964 issue, André Maurois paid homage to French actress Brigitte Bardot, who had redefined screen sensuality in Roger Vadim's *And God Created Woman* (1956). Maurois' essay, *BB: The Sex Kitten Grows Up*, described Bardot as "a petite, sulky, tousled beast of the jungle" who "lived in the nude" and embodied "eroticism uncorrupted." Bardot would appear in six PLAYBOY pictorials. This shot, from Maurois' story, was taken on the set of *A Very Private Affair*.

3001: THE FINAL ODYSSEY *(continued from page 86)*

The age of the rocket must have been over centuries ago. All his knowledge was obsolete.

"I can't imagine anyone wanting to stay inside."

"You'd be surprised. It's too vertiginous for some people—especially visitors from down below. Even mountain climbers who say they have a head for heights may start to turn green when the heights are measured in thousands of kilometers, instead of meters."

"I'll risk it," Poole answered with a smile. "I've been higher."

When they had passed through a double set of air locks in the exterior wall of the tower (was it his imagination or did he feel a curious sense of disorientation then?), they entered what might have been the auditorium of a small theater. Rows of ten seats were banked up in five tiers; they all faced one of the huge picture windows that Poole still found disconcerting, as he could never quite forget the hundreds of tons of air pressure striving to blast it out into space.

The dozen or so other passengers, who had probably never given the matter any thought, seemed perfectly at ease. They all smiled as they recognized him, nodded politely and then turned away to admire the view.

"Welcome to Skylounge," said the inevitable autovoice. "Ascent begins in five minutes. You will find refreshments and toilets on the lower floor."

Just how long will this trip last? Poole wondered. We're going to travel more than 20,000 klicks, there and back: This will be like no elevator ride I ever knew on Earth.

While he was waiting for the ascent to begin, he enjoyed the panorama laid out 2000 kilometers below. It was winter in the northern hemisphere, but the climate had indeed changed drastically, for there was little snow south of the Arctic Circle.

Europe was almost cloud-free, and there was so much detail that the eye was overwhelmed. One by one he identified the great cities whose names had echoed down the centuries. They had been shrinking even in his time, as the communications revolution changed the face of the world, and had now dwindled still further. There were also some bodies of water in improbable places—the northern Sahara's Lake Saladin was almost a small sea.

Poole was so engrossed by the view that he had forgotten the passage of time. Suddenly he realized that much more than five minutes had passed—yet the elevator was still stationary. Had something gone wrong, or were they waiting for late arrivals?

And then he noticed something so extraordinary that at first he refused to believe the evidence of his eyes. The panorama had expanded, as if he had already risen hundreds of kilometers! Even as he watched, he noticed new features of the planet below creeping into the frame of the window.

Then Poole laughed, as the obvious explanation occurred to him.

"You could have fooled me, Indra! I thought this was real—not a video projection!"

Indra looked at him with a quizzical smile.

"Think again, Frank. We started to move about ten minutes ago. By now we must be climbing at, oh, at least 1000 kilometers an hour. Though I'm told these elevators can reach a hundred gs at maximum acceleration, we won't touch more than ten on this short run."

"That's impossible! Six is the maximum they ever gave me in the centrifuge, and I didn't enjoy weighing half a ton. I know we haven't moved since we stepped inside."

Poole had raised his voice slightly and suddenly became aware that the other passengers were pretending not to notice.

"I don't understand how it's done, Frank, but it's called an inertial field. Or sometimes a Sharp one—the S stands for a famous Russian scientist, Sakharov. I don't know who the others were."

Slowly, understanding dawned in Poole's mind—and also a sense of awestruck wonder. Here, indeed, was a technology indistinguishable from magic.

"Some of my friends used to dream of 'space drives'—energy fields that could replace rockets and allow movement without any feeling of acceleration. Most of us thought they were crazy—but it seems they were right! I can still hardly believe it . . . and unless I'm mistaken, we're starting to lose weight."

"Yes—it's adjusting to the lunar value. When we step out, you'll feel we're on the moon. But for goodness' sake, Frank, forget you're an engineer and simply enjoy the view."

It was good advice, but even as he watched Africa, Europe and much of Asia flow into his field of vision, Poole could not tear his mind away from this astonishing revelation. Yet he should not have been wholly surprised: He knew that there had been major breakthroughs in space propulsion systems since his time but had not realized they would have such dramatic applications to everyday life—if that term could be applied to existence in a 36,000-kilometer-high skyscraper.

And the age of the rocket must have been over centuries ago. All his knowledge of propellant systems and combustion chambers, ion thrusters and fusion reactors, was totally obsolete. Of course, that no longer mattered—but he understood the sadness that the skipper of a windjammer must have felt when sail gave way to steam.

His mood changed abruptly, and he could not help smiling when the autovoice announced, "Arriving in two minutes. Please make sure you do not leave any of your personal belongings behind."

How often had he heard that announcement on some commercial flight. He looked at his watch and was startled to see that they had been ascending for less than half an hour—that meant an average speed of at least 20,000 kilometers an hour, yet they might never have moved. What was even stranger, for the past ten minutes or more they must actually have been decelerating so rapidly that by rights they should all have been standing on the roof, heads pointing toward Earth!

The doors opened silently, and as Poole stepped out he again felt the slight disorientation he had noticed on entering the elevator lounge. This time, however, he knew what it meant: He was moving through the transition zone where the inertial field overlapped with gravity—at this level, equal to the moon's.

Indra and Danil followed him, walking carefully now at a third of their customary weight, as they went forward to meet the next of the day's wonders.

Though the view of the receding earth had been awesome, even for an astronaut, there was nothing unexpected about it. But who would have imagined a gigantic chamber, apparently occupying the entire width of the tower, so that the far wall was more than five kilometers away? Perhaps by this time there were larger enclosed volumes on the moon and Mars, but this must surely be one of the largest in space itself.

They were standing on a viewing platform, 50 meters up on the outer wall, looking across an astonishingly varied panorama. Obviously, an attempt had been made to reproduce a whole range of terrestrial biomes.

(concluded on page 158)

"You know what I miss most? Lighting up after having sex in the lavatory."

MAID MIRIAM

miss march believes in good omens

"OH LOOK, there's a falling star!" says Jennifer Miriam. It's a clear, cold midnight in Austin, Texas and we have goose bumps as we walk along the lake, not because of the temperature but because Jennifer was talking about finding her soul mate at the precise moment the heavenly light caught her eye. She considers it a sign.

This 24-year-old model, actor and hotel concierge (who once served Quentin Tarantino breakfast at five A.M., "when he was coming in from a night on the town after a B-movie film festival in Austin") believes in past lives. She says she was a priestess who met, and lost, her soul mate 2000 years ago—and she's been missing him in all her lives since. But a psychic told her she would meet him again in two years. She can't wait.

The daughter of an oilman, Jennifer grew up in Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, Colorado (where she learned to ski) and Texas. Moving frequently taught her how to meet people, she says. She also learned how to be the class clown. "Every time the teacher would leave the room," she remembers, "I would entertain the class. I got sent home a lot. Like the time in first grade when I crawled under my desk and roared like a lion."

Jennifer has always loved lions—and almost every man she's dated, coincidentally, has been a Leo. "Leos are magical," she acknowledges, "but I haven't had very good luck with them." She compares the men she has dated to

"It's hard to build a snowman with fresh powder," says Jennifer, jumping for joy in Park City, Utah (above left), "but I didn't let that stop me!" The daredevil said she hiked two miles to an untouched advanced slope with five feet of fresh powder (left). "I looked down once and then went for it!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

In Jennifer's romantic fantasy, a blizzard is raging outside, so she and her soul mate can't go skiing. They build a fire, thraw lots of pillows around and . . . play! "Nabody should forget how to be a kid," she says. "I dan't need to spend time trying to alter my mind. I just want ta play."

a character in *The Lion King* ("my favorite Disney film," she says)—the king's evil brother, Scar. But her soul mate, once she's reunited with him, will be the mane event: Mufasa, the lion king.

That king of beasts had better be prepared for his independent mate. She demands of any guy she dates: "'Let me be me!' I like people who like to have fun and aren't worried about what other people think. If he says, 'You can't do that,' I say, 'Bye.' I dated an actor once who called me from a golf course on his cellular phone. I said, 'Never mind!' He was into the right cars, the right possessions. I hate that. I would rather have a guy in a beat-up pickup who's nice to me and brings me flowers he picked himself. He has to be independent, too, because I don't want to take care of anybody."

Acting classes and auditions take a lot of her time. "I want to do independent films," she says, "small, meaningful movies like *The Spitfire Grill*." But Jennifer is happiest when she's outdoors. To stay in shape she runs with her dog, Snickers, who is half Australian shepherd and half dingo. She also plays football with her guy friends and loves horseback riding, biking, hiking and camping (she roughs it—no tents allowed). In her quiet moments she practices yoga and meditates, and she loves to read. Forget Jane Austen; this tomboy is into literary lions Ernest Hemingway and Charles Bukowski.

—JULIE J. BAIN

As for that best-seller of mon-catching rules for women, such os "never tolk to o mon first," Jennifer says that's ridiculous. "If I didn't tolk to men first," she says, "no one would ever talk to me! I don't want to miss an opportunity. I'm a strong person—strong-willed, too. I don't let other people hold me back." The tattoo on her wrist drives the point home: It is on ancient mystical symbol for strength.

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jennifer Miriam

BUST: 36 C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 114 (before chicken-fried steak!)

BIRTH DATE: 05-02-72 BIRTHPLACE: Oklahoma City, OK

AMBITIONS: To continue growing as a film actor to the point where I can retire to the serenity of the Rocky Mountains.

TURN-ONS: A guy who will bring me fresh-picked flowers and who will jump into the river with me.

TURNOFFS: Anyone who tries to suppress the free spirit in me!

FAVORITE DISHES: Chicken-fried steak, biscuits, cheesy mashed potatoes, pecan pie - and the man who appreciates a woman with healthy appetites.

I HAVE A PASSION FOR: Lions - getting suspended in 1st grade for roaring like one, continuously falling for Leo's ♌, adoring "The Lion King" and also "Leo" DiCaprio.

MY IDEA OF FUN: Reading Anne Rice novels aloud to each other, then running naked through the cemetery.

I EXPOSE MYSELF TO: New Orleans blues, Charles Bukowski poetry, art-house films, Andy Warhol paintings and the guitar player in the corner of the café.

Outlaw at an early age (6)

Playing cat and mouse (age 8)

"The Princess Dakota" (her 3, me 23)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The exhausted businessman stopped in a Tokyo bar for a drink. "Speak English?" he asked the bartender.

"Yes, sir."

"Great. I'd like a Stoli with a twist."

The barkeep looked at him for a moment, then leaned over the bar. "OK, once upon a time there were four little pigs. . . ."

COMPUTER VIRUS OF THE MONTH: the Hillary Clinton. Files disappear, only to reappear mysteriously a year later in another directory.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: At the motel checkout desk, Harry handed the clerk $50. "I'm sorry, sir," the man said, "but this won't cover your bill."

"The hell it won't," Harry barked. "The sign outside says rooms are 40 bucks."

"But that doesn't include the food," the clerk explained. "Your total is $75."

"But I didn't eat any food."

"It was there for you. If you didn't eat any, that's your fault."

Harry glared at the motel employee for a moment. "OK," he finally said, "then you owe me $100."

"What for?" the confused clerk asked.

"For screwing my wife."

"But I never touched her!"

"That's your fault," Harry shrugged. "She was there for you."

A spectacular-looking blonde took a seat at the bar. "What'll it be?" the bartender asked.

"Oh, nothing," she replied. "I'm just waiting for that guy with the pet frog to come in."

While taking a weekend drive through the country, a New Yorker stopped to speak to a farmer leaning against a fence. Gesturing toward a hillside, the visitor complimented the fellow on his corn crop. "How do you plow that field? It's pretty steep."

"Don't plow it," the farmer replied. "When the spring thaw comes, the rocks rolling down the hill tear it up."

"That so? How do you plant it?"

"Don't plant it. Just stand in my backyard and shoot the seed in with a shotgun."

"That so?"

"Nope," the farmer said with a shrug. "That's conversation."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why are educators so concerned about the graduating class of economists? The majority believe Prozac ended the Great Depression.

After dinner and a movie, Carl drove his date to a quiet country road and made his move. When Mary responded enthusiastically to his kissing, he tried sliding his hand up her blouse. Suddenly she jerked away, got out of the car and stomped home. That night she wrote in her diary, "A girl's best friends are her own two legs."

On their next date, Carl returned to the country road. As they were necking, he slid his hand up Mary's skirt. Once again she pulled away, got out of the car and stomped home. That night she wrote in her diary, "I repeat, a girl's best friends are her own two legs."

On the third date, the pair returned to the country road. This time Mary didn't get home until very late. That night she wrote, "Dear diary: There comes a time when even the best of friends must part."

The seven-year-old told her mom that a little boy in her class asked her to play doctor. "Oh, dear," the mother nervously sighed. "What happened, honey?"

"Nothing. He made me wait 45 minutes and then double-billed the insurance company."

We hear Bill Gates was seen with Divine Brown. She charged him the basic rate, plus $99.95 for the upgrade, manual and customer support.

A snowstorm kept the two gay men cooped up all weekend. To combat the boredom, one suggested a game of hide-and-seek. "I'll go hide. If you find me within five minutes, I'll give you the best blow job of your life."

"Awesome," the other said. "But what if I don't find you?"

"Oh, silly—I'll be behind the couch."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

"I said nothing about a quickie, madam—I asked if you would consider a shorty."

forget death and taxes. the only sure thing is that, win or lose, don king is counting the money

VULTURE ON THE RING POST

By JACK NEWFIELD

DON KING was selling. Don King was doing what he does best—promoting his next fight, with a torrent of misplaced words and malapropisms.

America's most gifted robber baron and con man was standing in the ring in Las Vegas last year trying to make Mike Tyson's next fight sound more exciting, more dramatic, than Ali and Frazier, or the Gulf war.

As usual King had no shame.

It didn't slow him down in the slightest that five minutes earlier he had put on a fight between Tyson and Bruce Seldon that had been a fraud and that should have caused Seldon's license to be revoked and his pay withheld.

The disgusted crowd was still chanting "Fix, fix, fix," but King was smiling and huckstering and jiving like there was no stench hovering over the arena and filling more than 900,000 homes across America, where people had paid $45 to view the 109-second swan dive by Seldon.

This was the first heavyweight title fight in history in which both contestants had served time in prison—Tyson for rape and Seldon for armed robbery—as had the promoter, for manslaughter. (He was later pardoned.) It was the ultimate criminalization of one of the most dazzling prizes in all of sports.

King had just delivered a sucker punch to every boxing fan around the world, and here he was, already setting up the pay-per-view market for his next fight.

Seldon had fallen down from a Tyson punch that missed his head by three inches. He had fallen down a second time from a left hook that barely grazed his crystal chin. The man had fainted from fright, had hyperventilated from intimidation. Seldon had provided a powerful audition for the Nobel Peace Prize.

The crowd, feeling cheated, was still cursing and booing.

And like he has done all his life, Don King was ignoring reality and performing his bombastic rap-opera filibuster, shouting over the catcalls, denying the fraud—and selling his next fight, which would make another $5 million or $10 million to add to his net worth of more than $100 million.

The world of hustlerdom is a meritocracy, and Don King is the best. If bullshit were poetry, he would be Shakespeare.

•

In the interest of full disclosure, I must say that King and I have gone a few rounds together in the past.

In 1991 I wrote and reported an Emmy-winning PBS documentary about King that includes a scene of him threatening me, calling me a "scumbag" and revoking my press credentials for the Tyson–Razor Ruddock fight.

In 1995 I published my book *Only in America: The Life and Crimes of Don King*.

In 1990 King and I negotiated over whether he would sit down for a series of taped interviews for the book. One day he put his arm across my shoulders, in a friendly manner, and said, "I've decided, no interviews for your book."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the day your book comes out," King explained, "I want to be able to call a press conference and tell the whole world that that damn white boy didn't even have the decency to speak to this poor nigger!"

With that, King laughed loudly and patted me on the back, as if he had just put something over on me and wanted to gloat a little.

But when the book was published in August 1995, he called it a "rehash" and refused to talk about it.

The book contains some of the same revelations as the television documentary, which he had called lies but never sued over.

Only in America reports that King has killed two men: The first death, in 1954, was ruled justifiable homicide; in the second case (in 1967), King stomped and pistol-whipped a man to death over a gambling debt of $600. His victim was 100 pounds lighter than he and unarmed.

I reported that King took $1 million for the promotional rights to a fight in South Africa in 1984, in violation of the worldwide anti-apartheid boycott of that country. It was my question about this payment that triggered King's "scumbag" tirade, making the PBS documentary a hit.

My book also describes how King shortchanged Muhammad Ali by almost $1.2 million of his pay for his tragic, health-ruining comeback fight with Larry Holmes. And when Ali, sick and almost *(continued on page 124)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

Where & How to Buy on page 162.

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO

Spring Skiing

WANT TO BOARD IN THE BUFF OR SKI A SOFA? HERE ARE THE WILDEST PLACES TO GO DOWNHILL FAST

article by CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

In theory, skiing is a winter activity. Snow is the essential medium, after all. But that doesn't mean you have to endure the icy blasts of January to carve a perfect turn or receive a glorious faceshot of powder. Spring is skiing's second season, a time to celebrate the return of the sun and rejoice in the best snow of the year. In fact, March and April tend to be the snowiest months for many resorts. Add to that lower lift-ticket prices and plenty of wild events, and you have great reasons to keep your skis and snowboards waxed and ready for action. For some, that means swooshing down a slalom course in full business attire in the annual GMC Truck Briefcase Race at Loon Mountain in New Hampshire. For others, it means wearing much less, in bikini races at Telluride, Colorado. Whatever your pleasure, we've covered it in this guide to spring flings on the slopes.

Big Mountain, Montana: For rowdy fun and friendly locals, it's tough to beat Big Mountain, near Kalispell in

Pictured from left to right are Playmates Priscilla Taylor, Anna-Marie Goddard and Victoria Fuller. Buckle up: You could meet them on the slopes this spring at resorts such as Crested Butte and Snow Summit.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

northwest Montana. The Hawaiian-themed Beach Party Weekend kicks off March 15 with a pig roast, tropical drinks and a race in which skiers vie for a medal while dressed in flowered shirts and hula skirts. The Waitress Cup competition opens on March 20 with bawdy skits at the Bier Stube bar—followed by a ski race through an obstacle course. And Big Mountain's showcase event is the annual Furniture Race on April 5. Creative participants compete in a variety of categories, speeding down the mountain on all manner of home furnishings. Last year, five daredevil entrants secured a sofa, coffee table and television to a platform on skis. All entries must have brakes, a steering apparatus and a helmet. First prize is a recliner.

Grand Targhee, Wyoming: Jackson Hole has the reputation, but Grand Targhee has the snow. Situated on the west side of the Teton Range, with an 8000-foot base that's 1700 feet higher than that of its famous neighbor, this resort usually has great skiing through its scheduled closing date of April 20. Skiers and snowboarders of all abilities can compete for prizes during the annual Anheuser-Busch Spring Snow Carnival (March 14 to 16) or enter the Bud Girl contest, a "drag" race followed by a beauty pageant for "mountain men."

Crested Butte, Colorado: Three words say it all: free lift tickets. That's from April 7 through 20, no strings attached. The season draws to a close the weekend of April 19 with the Rocky Mountain Brewers Cup—a microbrew tasting and competition—and Snowfusion events that include a snowshoe and snowboard biathlon, plus mountain bike and kayak slalom races on the mountain. Sample enough beer and you may be ready to join locals who ski the Butte in the buff on closing day (April 22), a tradition that is not sanctioned by the resort. Bring a backpack for your clothes—you must be dressed to ride the lift.

Park City, Utah: Golf on skis in the Evian Golf Tournament, one of many popular events offered at the Snow Shine Festival (March 29 to April 13). Golfers tee off at the 9400-foot summit and play a nine-hole downhill course, smacking tennis balls through race gates that act as holes.

Brian Head, Utah: An 11,000-foot summit produces good late-season snow at this resort, situated near Cedar City, a three-hour drive from Las Vegas. The Altered Olympics is the signature event of the annual Brian Head Spring Carnival (March 22 to 30), which draws a zany UNLV crowd. Events include keg-rolling, a ski obstacle course and the crash-intensive Dash for Cash downhill mountain bike race.

Breckenridge, Colorado: The month-long Beach Daze at Breckenridge kicks off April 1 with the April Fool's Day parade, which has featured appearances by "Bill and Hillary Clinton" in a hot tub (in hot whitewater). Other events include snow volleyball and the Imperial Challenge—a bike/climb/slide race from town to the summit of Peak Eight and down again.

Arapahoe Basin, Colorado: Known as the King of Spring and surely the funkiest ski area in Colorado, 13,000-foot A-Basin has one of the longest seasons of any resort in the country (last year it closed on July 4). In April and May, join locals to catch the bikini and barbecue action along "the beach," at the edge of the parking lot. Mountain bikers race down a mogul course in the Bike and Bumps competition in April, while the annual Beach and Bikini Contest in May features live music and celebrity judges.

Telluride, Colorado: Pink flamingos and scantily clad skiers dot this mountain during the annual end-of-season Surf the Rockies festival (March 31 to April 13). In the Nike ACG Snowboard Derby on April 4 and 5, in which nearly $100,000 in prizes is up for grabs, heats of six riders navigate a course littered with banked turns and rollers before sailing off a 30-foot-high jump at the finish line. Last year, 5000 spectators made this the biggest party of the season. Wear a crazy costume to enter the Bikini Slalom (April 12). A recent winner was a woman dressed in 20 years' worth of old season passes.

Vail, Colorado: Racers from around the world will be in town the week of March 12 for the Chevy Trucks International Ski Festival. This is the World Cup Finals for the 1996–1997 season, open to the top 25 racers in slalom, giant slalom, Super-G and downhill. Expected to make the cut are U.S. Ski Team members Hilary Lindh and Tommy Moe.

Snow Summit, California: Interested in bombing the mountain behind a Playmate? Then head to Snow Summit for the Playboy Winter Ski Fest (March 7 to 9). Nissan sponsors the on-snow events, including Playmate-led tours, races with prizes and a snowboard competition hosted by Haz-Mat snowboards. Smirnoff vodka takes over the après-ski activities, including Playmate appearances, live music, bar games for prizes and a sweepstakes to win a Nissan Pathfinder. You can also catch similar events during the Playboy Winter Ski Fest at Stowe, Vermont from March 14 to 16.

Snow Valley, California: Body-bag races return to the midmountain Margarita Beach bar this spring in a reprise of perhaps the strangest winter sports event ever. Now in its third season, the competition has participants sliding down a slope in body bags supplied by the local coroner's office. Just zip in and go!

Sierra-at-Tahoe, California: Races to determine the King and Queen of Corn are the featured events of Sierra Sunsplash (April 5), which also includes live reggae music, food and beer. The season closes on April 19 with the Boarding for Breast Cancer Benefit, a day of half-pipe and freestyle snowboard competitions with top pro riders and big-name bands. (The Beastie Boys made a surprise appearance last year.)

Mt. Rose Ski Area, Nevada: Those desperate for a cheap lift ticket should not miss Bud Light Ladies Day on March 20 at this Lake Tahoe–area resort. The premise is simple: Dress like a woman and get a $15 lift ticket. Anything goes—tight sweaters, bikinis, even nuns' habits.

Sugarbush, Vermont: A highlight of Spring Fling at Sugarbush (March 29 through May 4) is the annual pond-skimming contest on April 5. Contestants attempt to glide on skis or snowboards over an ice-cold, 125-foot-long pond. Last year only 15 of 200 entrants succeeded. Prizes are awarded for complete skims, the best crashes and the craziest costumes.

Loon Mountain, New Hampshire: Corporate rivalry is renewed on March 1 during the fifth-annual GMC Truck Briefcase Race, a dual-slalom event for five-person coed teams of executives in full business attire or other costumes, all of which must include a briefcase. Proceeds from the event go to the Faulkner Breast Center Research Fund. Any "loonatic" can enter the cardboard box derby during the Pepsi Spring Fling Weekend (March 15 and 16). Cash prizes are awarded for the fastest, most creative and most original boxes to make it down the mountain. Last year there was a Stealth bomber, a 1957 Chevy, a gigantic banana split (filled with ice cream) and a candy shop (complete with counter and stools)—all made of cardboard.

Sunday River, Maine: More pond skimming during the Spring Celebration on March 29 and 30—this time over a slush puddle that last year swallowed all but one of 150 skimmers. There's also Paul Mitchell Budweiser Mogul Mania on April 5 and 6, an amateur event featuring exhibitions by pro freestyle legend Wayne Wong and pro mogul-bashers Stu O'Brien and Eddie Ferguson.

Head for those crazy hills!

"I think après-ski on the chairlift is a little gauche!"

Article By **Kevin Cook**

GLAMOURCON

Come to the Mecca of Pin-ups—Where Playmates Reign Supreme

GLAMOURCON is a cosmos of its own. It's easy to find: Enter the Los Angeles Airport Marriott and take the escalator down. The mirrored hall below is a whole other world, terra in flagrante. This is the party the pin-up world throws once a year, the biggest collection of nude photos this side of Charlie Sheen's wallet. This is where a girl doffs her fur coat outside the Imperial Ballroom. She wears a few strips of leather underneath. She stretches, poses and asks you to take her picture.

Glamourcon is the world's largest marketplace for "glamour art." On display are vintage pin-ups, magazines, calendars, sexy movie ads, even such once-taboo items as leather gear and bondage catalogs. Like other recent booms in comic books and sports cards, the hobby is driven by rarity: This market's golden fleece is the first PLAYBOY, the 1953 Marilyn Monroe issue. Now worth upwards of $10,000, it is as valuable as some of the rarest collectibles. "The Honus Wagner baseball card that Wayne Gretzky bought is worth more, but I'd rather look at Marilyn," says one collector.

Glam fans once traded purely on nostalgia. Now the times are catching up. "We're bigger than ever. We're getting more modern," says Bob Schultz, who launched the convention in 1991. In those days the annual weekend was a gathering of a few pin-up enthusiasts. Since then it has grown to a Kama Sutra Bowl.

"Look around you," Schultz said last April. "Where else can you find all this?"

The hall is a whirl of breasts and hips, laughter and commerce. Picture a *Star Trek* convention on Planet Sex. Exhibitors

Among the highlights in Los Angeles were (clockwise from upper left): Hugh M. Hefner making a fan's day; Hef and wife Kimberley causing a commotion; Miss February 1995 Lisa Marie Scott and 1996 PMOY Stacy Sanches signing autographs; seven Seventies Playmates all in a raw (from left, Ann Pennington, 1974 PMOY Cyndi Wood, Sharon Johansen, Carol Vitale, 1976 PMOY Lillian Müller, Bonnie Large and Michele Drake); and Sixties Playmates Cynthia Myers (left) and Patti Reynolds attracting new fans.

LEFT, ANNA NICOLE SMITH BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS

Collector James Swanson provided the Egyption sarcophogus lomp that opens to a gilt pinup on the previous poge and the Jayne Mansfield hot-water bottle, ot left.

hawk hot videos, suggestive compact discs, Vampirella calendars. Women strut past you in necklines that aren't just plunging, they're in free fall. A girl wears a TAN NAKED T-shirt. Hobbyists and pro collectors bid $100 for a Pamela Anderson trading card, $35 for PLAYBOYS from the year Pamela was born, $18 for vintage boxer shorts, $5 for a catalog featuring blindfolds and maid uniforms. Artist David Nestler sells his most noted work, a giant duct-taped girl. Here sits Apollonia, Prince's former girlfriend, all shiny with her purple nails, rock candy earrings and glossy black hair. She sells signatures for ten dollars. Two scary, gangsta-looking guys stride up and demand her attention. Worried, Apo puts up her hands. "Anything you want," she says. Then they perform a perfect duet of her hit song *Sex Shooter*.

Across from Apollonia stands another brunette beauty. She stars in lacy catalogs. "I'm a ham," says Persephone, who never expected Glamourcon to get so big. "I guess we're getting trendy," she says. "A lot of it is them."

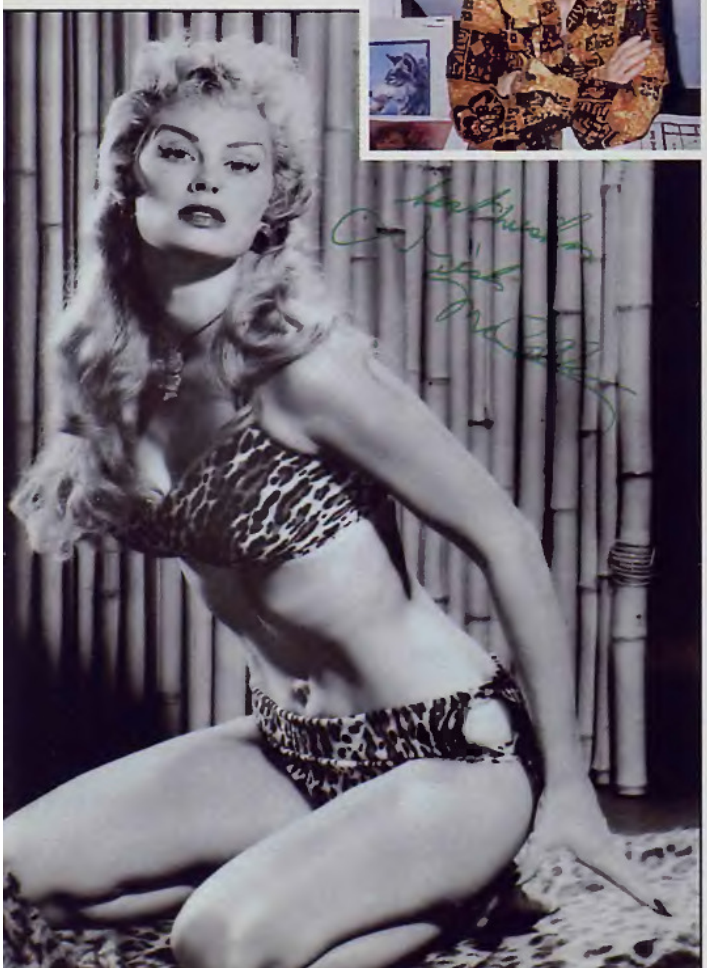
Persephone nods to the spotlighted center of the exhibition hall, the cosmic hub. That's where video display terminals, CD-ROMs and security guards surround four rows of PLAYBOY Playmates, this year's special guests. Here's

In 1958 London's 43-22-36 June Wilkinson, seen twice at the top of this page, made PLAYBOY readers admire her "frontage." June gained worldwide renown—and recent Glamourcon fans—as The Bosom, the epitome of Fifties femininity. Lili St. Cyr (above), was the most elegant exotic dancer ever. "To millions of men of all nationalities, Lili is the symbol of love," raved a fan magazine. Lili's stripping reportedly earned her $200,000 a year 40 years ago. She beat a lewd-and-lascivious-performance charge after offering to take a bubble bath for the jury, wowed the world in the film *The Naked and the Dead* and penned her autobiography, *And Men My Fuel*.

The work of Gil Elvgren, whose bold strokes ore clear in the print above left (and on the revolving pin-up lamp on page 119), now joins that of Billy De Vorss (top right) and Earl Moran (below right) on dealers' shelves and gallery walls. Enoch Bolles enlivened *Film Fun* (below left) in 1936. Zöe Mozert is seen at left painting Jane Russell for a poster for Howard Hughes' movie *The Outlaw*.

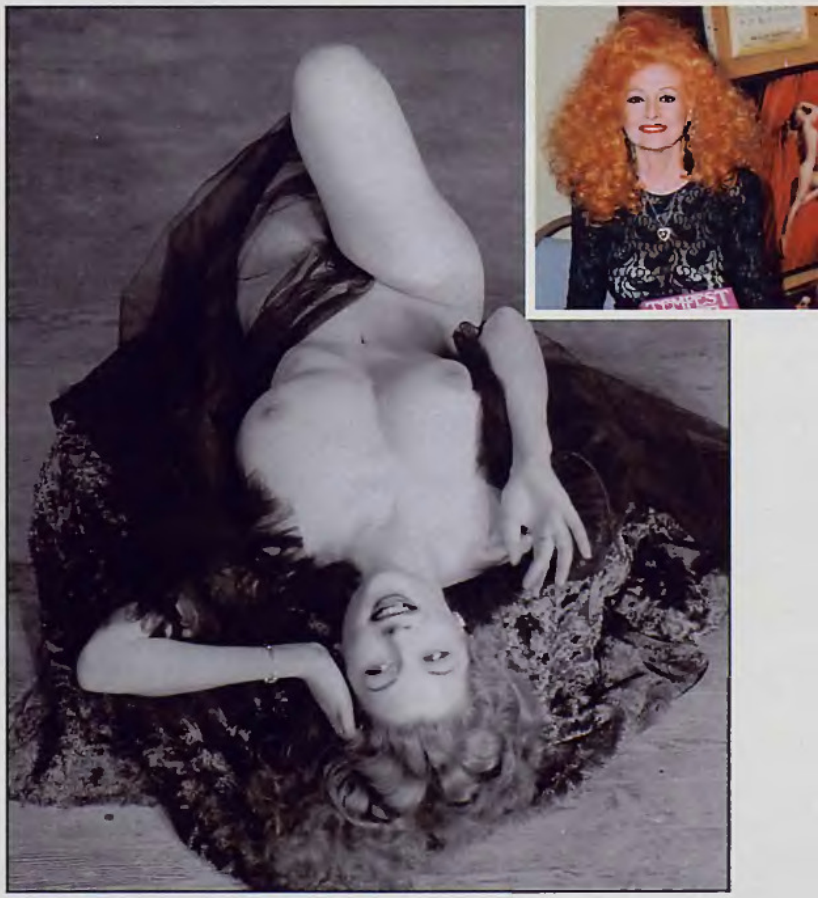
Fans often find their old flames looking great at Glamourcon. PMOY 1978 Debra Jo Fandren (below at Glamourcon and at right two decades earlier) now has shorter hair but is still long on beauty. Also on hand in Los Angeles was one of the great names of vintage celebrity, Irish McCalla. The exotic, athletic Irish (in a classic pose below and at Glamourcon near right), a onetime Vargas model, was one of America's postwar pin-up queens. In 1956 she was TV's *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*.

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JUNE 1978 • $2.00
Playmate of the Year
HAIR APPARENT DEBRA JO FONDREN ASSUMES THE THRONE
EXCLUSIVE: BOBBY BAKER'S INSIDE STORY OF CORRUPTION IN WASHINGTON
A RACY INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE BURNS



Miss August 1956 Jonnie Nicely, 1996 Playmate of the Year Stacy Sanches and more than 50 others, all signing photos, magazines and business cards for thousands of hungry collectors. Here's Playmate Cynthia Myers, who went from the centerfold to a lead role in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and calls the latter an anticlimax. "Being Miss December 1968, that was my highlight," says Cynthia, whose soldier fans made her an instrument of psychological warfare in Vietnam. They left her centerfold in Viet Cong territory, daring the enemy to compare their women to ours. The battleship-sized PLAYBOY exhibit eclipses the rest of the room. Persephone remembers when this was a smaller event where a girl who looked good in chains could be a star. "But I don't mind. They're pretty," she says.

These days the Playmates rule the ballroom—rows of famous names, measurements and turn-ons. They sign centerfolds in gold ink, turning glossy paper into prizes collectors can fight over. They smile. They shake fans' hands. They cloud men's vision.



Flame-haired Tempest Storm (above) once ruled exotica's realm. Her breasts were insured for $25,000 apiece. Her Las Vegas–based striptease was a national scandal, as were Tempest's affairs with Elvis Presley, Nat King Cole and then-Senator John F. Kennedy. "I'd like to live it all over again!" says Tempest, 69 (inset, at Glamourcon) and still quite blazy.

A cowboy-hatted dude leaving the ballroom shakes his head. "My eyes are worn out," he says.

You can blame much of the eyestrain on Bettie Page. A brunette cover girl, Bettie wore bikinis and a Doris Day smile on the covers of *Police Gazette* and *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* in the Fifties. She also appeared in such early girlie magazines as *Stare*, *Leg Show* and—wink-wink—*Modern Sunbathing*. She was an uncommon sex object. Even when she appeared nude in the racier magazines, including posing as PLAYBOY's Miss January in 1955, *(continued on page 159)*

"I thought I would be forgotten," says the immortal Bettie Page (above). Instead Bettie helped inspire a new phenomenon. Will Bettie visit Glamourcon 1997? If not, Hef hos a few other immortals for you (right). See how many Playmates you can name, then check the roster on page 160.

surftv

THE NET IS CONVERGING WITH THE TUBE, COUCH POTATOES. LIFE IS GOOD

BY BETH TOMKIW

A TECHNO FANTASY has come true. The two most compelling media of our time—the television and the computer—are uniting. It makes sense, of course, that electronics manufacturers would look to the tube as the best way to launch the mainstream into cyberspace. After all, 110 million households are already equipped with at least one television set (compared with one third that number for computers). And let's face it, TVs are friendly; computers are not. No matter how many wild Web sites you visit or CD-ROMs you spin, sitting in front of a PC feels like you're at the office rather than at home having fun. The first stab at mating a TV screen and a computer monitor came from Gateway 2000, which simply disguised a Pentium computer for living room placement. Its Destination system, a 31-inch Mitsubishi monitor and Gateway PC introduced last spring, is priced at $3000 and up, putting it in the same—often unattainable—league as multimedia computers. Enter WebTV Networks. This California-based company has teamed up with Sony and Philips Magnavox to introduce TV-top boxes that cost less than $350 yet let you go Net nuts for only $19.95 per month. The hardware, similar in size to a standard cable box, includes a 33.6 modem and everything you need, including a line splitter, to connect the WebTV unit to your television set and phone jack. If you have call waiting, the system software will even inform you of incoming calls, pause while you talk and then resume Internet service right where you left off. We tested the Sony INT-W100 and liked both the resolution and the speed at which Web pages appeared on-screen. You can choose among small, medium and large type (we suggest the last on a screen of 27 inches or larger), and have the option of making an S-Video connection. (If your TV allows for this, do it. You'll enjoy even better picture clarity.) Both the Sony and Philips Magnavox systems let you send and receive e-mail as well as keep an address book of contacts. But that, and a list of up to 36 favorite Web sites, are the only items the first-generation machines are able to store. Neither the Sony system nor the Philips Magnavox system offers hard-drive space, which means you can't download games or other materials from the Net. And while the WebTV browser can do most of the things Netscape Navigator and Microsoft Internet Explorer can do, it won't allow you to participate in newsgroups or chats, or view full-motion video clips—yet. Upgrades are in the works, according to a spokesman for WebTV, but only software ones, all of which will be handled online at the WebTV site. Initial shortcomings aside, the true beauty of surfing the Internet through your TV set becomes clear when you're actually watching television. While tuned to *The X-Files*, for example, you can spend the commercial breaks at the Official X-Files Home Page, getting the lowdown on missed episodes or updates on recurring characters. Or maybe you're watching the news and learn that United has slashed its international fares. Time to grab your credit card, head to one of the many travel sites on the Net and book a flight to London. And think of the possibilities with picture-in-picture. During March Madness, you can move the game into PIP mode at halftime (so you can still catch the cheerleaders) and then dial up espn.com to check the other teams' standings. A word to the wise: The WebTV systems come with a remote control for navigating the Net; however, you can avoid this tedious method of surfing by spending an extra $100 on a wireless keyboard. The Sony model we used is a perfect laptop size and features a selection of smart one-touch function keys, including GO TO, which automatically adds the "http://www" and ".com" extensions to Web addresses. Down the road, Smart Cards slots on the Sony and Philips Magnavox systems will let you make purchases off the Net using computerized cards loaded with money from your bank account. As WebTV catches on, you can be sure other companies will jump on the convergence bandwagon. Sega has already introduced a $200 28.8 modem peripheral, called Net Link, for its Sega Saturn game system. Zenith, RCA, Samsung, Sharp and Mitsubishi have announced plans to introduce TV sets capable of accessing the Internet. And cable companies across the country are scrambling to introduce upgraded systems that will combine digital television programming with high-speed Internet service. All of these options mean serious Spud City for us. Those 500 channels we've been waiting for . . . well, they just turned into 5 million. Hang ten on that.

Right: To send e-moil and explore the Web through your television set, try Sony's INT-W100 WebTV Internet Terminal. This 112-megahertz machine atop the TV is priced at $350 and comes with o 33.6 modem and o remote control for TV and Netsurfing. Also pictured is Sony's $100 wireless infrared keyboard.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

SONY
webtv
Trinitron
Mail
Favorites
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Instructions
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File Edit View Go Bookmarks Options Directory Window
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Miss July 1996
Heavenly Angel
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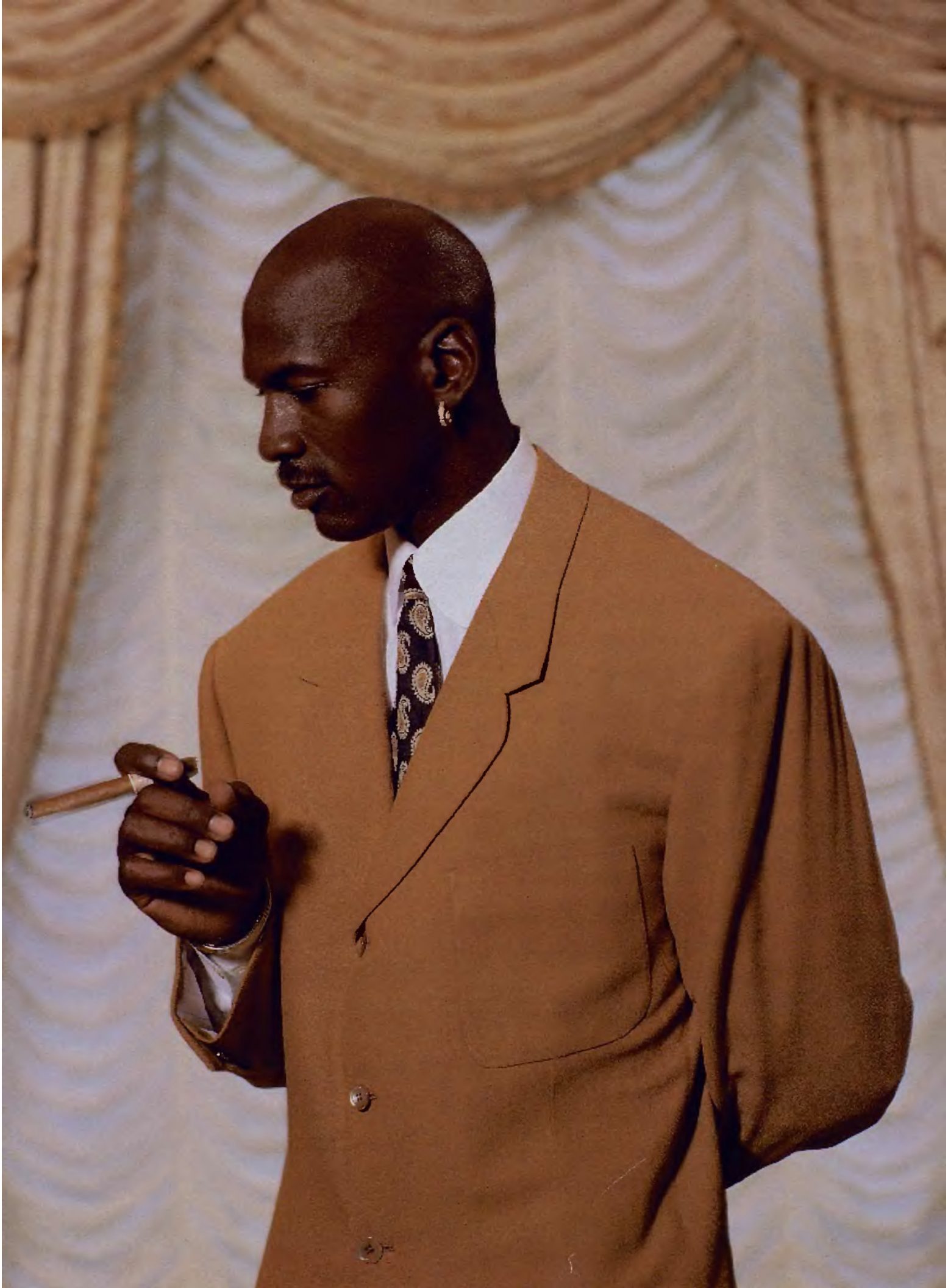


20 QUESTIONS

MICHAEL JORDAN

Last year Michael Jordan led the Chicago Bulls to their fourth NBA title in six years. (They lost when he played baseball.) He won his eighth scoring title and his fourth MVP award. Earth's most famous jock also starred in "Space Jam," becoming the only human to work with both Bugs Bunny and Dennis Rodman. He did it with ease and antigrav grace, as usual. For Jordan, superhuman feats are no sweat. So why does he need Michael Jordan cologne?

We sent Contributing Editor Kevin Cook to the Rodeo Drive suites of fragrancier Bijan to ask.

"I didn't smell anything, but the air did change when Jordan entered the room. He is regal. Pleasant and sometimes funny, too, but his presence has a bouquet of magnificence. He is in charge of every detail. At one point Bijan barged in; the cologne pooh-bah was worried about a photo of Jordan for an ad campaign.

"'What's missing?' Jordan asked.

"'Your energy, your statement of you,' said Bijan.

"Michael studied the photo for about two seconds. 'It's fine,' he said. End of crisis.

"I couldn't help noticing the official Michael Jordan soap displayed beside his cologne. It was thick as a brick and almost as long."

1.

PLAYBOY: Why is your soap so big?

JORDAN: Look at my hand. It's huge, isn't it? So I need a big bar of soap. And I'm not the only one—my teammates need something big to wash their butts with.

his most supreme airness discusses team hygiene, trash talk and having bill murray as a golf coach

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you intend to freshen up the NBA's locker rooms?

JORDAN: Starting with my team. I think Scottie Pippen wears Dunhill, but I'll change him over. If I can just get Scottie to try Michael Jordan cologne, he'll come around. Dennis Rodman? I'll give him some, but I don't think he'll use it.

3.

PLAYBOY: Is Dennis Rodman more of a Chanel guy?

JORDAN: Dennis is totally different. I never question his attire or his hygiene. I don't infringe on him. He has ways of expressing himself that I don't agree with, but that's Dennis, and we let it go. I would be opposed to seeing him in makeup or a dress on the basketball court. And as far as him playing naked, I just hope I'm not on the court.

4.

PLAYBOY: Tell us your fragrance history. Did you ever use Hai Karate?

JORDAN: Sure. I went through Old Spice, Hai Karate—but what I really remember is the smelly stuff my father used to wear, English Leather. The fatherly cologne, yeah, with that wooden top. Sneaking some of his English Leather, spraying it on myself, I'll never forget that.

5.

PLAYBOY: Fans love Bugs Bunny, your *Space Jam* co-star, but we've heard he can be difficult. Did he pay you a common actor's courtesy—showing up to read his lines when he's off camera, so you can react to his delivery?

JORDAN: No. He always sent his double. It made it a little tougher for me, but that's the big time, man. You can do that when you've been a star for 60 or 70 years.

6.

PLAYBOY: What made you laugh on the movie set?

JORDAN: Joe Pytka, who directed *Space Jam*, thinks he's a basketball player. But he can't play. So I played a lot with him and some of the extras. Joe was asking how it really is in the NBA, so I made it physical. Now these extras, they're not just actors, they're basketball players, too, and it got a little rough. Somebody throws an elbow and—boom—breaks an extra's nose. I was laughing because it was so timely. That's how it is, Joe.

7.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about trash talk. Is it true that Charles Barkley is the funniest talker and Seattle's Gary Payton is the nastiest?

JORDAN: Charles is funny. He kids me about endorsing everything from cologne to underwear. It's a way to get in your head. But if you know Charles, it doesn't bother you. If you've had success over him, you can throw it right back. You can call him a great second-place finisher.

Payton is young and brash. He's good. Maybe he talks, but not to me. Still, I could sense the challenge coming off him in the playoffs last year. It's fun when you feel that challenge from a younger player. You have to respond. This is somebody who wants to gain the respect you already have. And maybe he will. It's just that you don't want it to happen this year. That's one of the things that keeps me going.

8.

PLAYBOY: How much do you talk on the court?

JORDAN: I am constantly trying to get an edge. There are a lot of mental challenges. Maybe a guy expects me to drive, but I pull up for a jump shot. I might say, "This could go on all night." Or tell him he can't guard me. I might ask him a question. "How many do you want me to score?"

9.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel when you're airborne?

JORDAN: It's an act of creativity. You make it up as it goes along. I see things before they happen, things that might happen, and then alter them—adjust, dish off. It all seems very slow to me, but it might not to you.

10.

PLAYBOY: Why are NBA players such sharp dressers?

JORDAN: There are probably more sweaters and jeans in baseball. In a basketball locker room the guys are putting on suits. There's more style, more trendsetting. Here's my theory: It's because people see us wearing shorts all the time. We're so visible on the basketball court, running around in our shorts, that we want to compensate when the game's over.

11.

PLAYBOY: Three years ago you quit hoops to try baseball, a more contemplative game. How did you kill all the downtime?

JORDAN: You'll do anything to bide time while waiting for your turn in the batting cage, waiting out a rain delay or riding in the bus. I learned to play hearts, and I also played checkers and dominoes. I *(concluded on page 173)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

DON KING (continued from page 108)

At Harvard Law School, King revealed his guiding principle: "Money is the answer, go get money."

broke, sued King for his money, King paid him $50,000 in cash to drop the lawsuit.

After the book came out and HBO had purchased the film rights, I encountered King in the men's room of the federal courthouse in Manhattan, where he was on trial for insurance fraud. I didn't know what to expect from my formidable adversary in the closed privacy of the washroom.

But his immensely likable, good-humored streak came out, instead of his brutal, bully side. He just looked at me zipping up my fly and exclaimed: "I read in the papers that I am now feeding your whole motherfucking family."

And he laughed—"Hee, hee, hee," the way he did back in 1990, quite boisterous but with cold, dead eyes.

•

Don King is a hip exploiter, an intelligent flesh peddler. He knows which fighters to steal, how to exploit anyone's vice, vanity or insecurity and make a profit for himself.

A famous story he often tells about himself is of what happened in Kingston, Jamaica in 1973. King arrived for a bout in the limousine of the heavyweight champion, Joe Frazier. As George Foreman, the challenger, began to win the fight, King inched toward Foreman's corner. When Foreman knocked out Frazier, King jumped into the ring with Foreman's faction, hugging the new champion and shouting, "You're my man!" King left the stadium in a limo with Foreman.

King always ends the Foreman-Frazier story with the same punch line: "I came with the champion and I left with the champion."

This anecdote captures King's ruthless opportunism and fickle loyalty, though he thinks the story reflects favorably on his cunning.

In 1983 King promoted a heavyweight title match in Cleveland between Michael Dokes and Gerri Coetzee. King usually referred to Dokes as "my son" and "my favorite fighter." But Dokes admitted he had used cocaine less than 48 hours before his fight with Coetzee, a white South African whom King pretended to despise.

Coetzee knocked Dokes out cold in the tenth round.

Then came one of the defining moments of King's life. He jumped into the ring, in his tuxedo and gold jewelry, stepped right over the fallen black champion he had called his son and embraced the new white champion from the land of apartheid. King was hugging Coetzee before Dokes could regain his senses and make his way out of the arena.

Before the fight, King had signed Coetzee to a contract with many options in case he conquered King's "son."

No one can take away from King the historical fact that he has promoted some of the greatest fights of all time: Ali–Foreman in Zaire, Buster Douglas–Tyson in Tokyo, Holmes–Norton in Las Vegas and the Homeric confrontation between Ali and Frazier in Manila, the third of their trilogy. The most recent was Evander Holyfield's upset over Tyson in November 1996.

And his memory is precise—when it suits him. Writer Mark Jacobson once borrowed an umbrella from him, and two years later, despite all the events that had intervened, King suddenly asked Jacobson, "Where is my umbrella?"

Even King's enemies in the boxing business—and he seems to have plenty of them—acknowledge his mental, tactical and financial mastery.

Seth Abraham is the president of Time Warner Sports—of which HBO Sports is a division. He was allied with King for 14 years, but they fell out bitterly in 1990 when King demanded that Abraham fire Larry Merchant as HBO's on-camera boxing commentator because Merchant, a good reporter, asked Tyson probing questions that were not easy to answer. Abraham said no, driving King and Tyson to the rival Showtime cable network.

Today Abraham says, "He has the most brilliant business mind I have ever encountered. Don King is formidable in his sleep."

Lou DiBella is HBO's top boxing executive and a passionate reformer of the cruelest sport. He told me: "Don can con anyone. He is brilliant and has no conscience. I marvel at his ability to get people to do things contrary to their own best interests. He can steal from you and persuade you to say 'thank you' to him. I'll tell you how resourceful I think Don is. I wouldn't flip a two-headed coin with him if I had heads."

King has survived: two federal trials, almost four years in prison, a quarrel with John Gotti, an FBI sting and an assassination attempt when he was running the numbers rackets in Cleveland in 1957.

Now, at the age of 65, he remains the predominant power in boxing as Tyson's promoter. Despite his criminal past and rascal reputation, he is a celebrity with surprising respectability who turns up in surprising places.

For example, shortly before last Christmas, King turned up at a crowded White House reception for contributors to the Democratic National Committee and the Clinton presidential campaign. Visitors to King's office can't miss the autographed photographs of the three presidents who preceded Clinton. In politics as in boxing King knows how to position himself next to winners.

In September 1996 King spoke to 300 students at Harvard Law School, where he joked about having already spent more time in courtrooms than those future litigators ever would. During this speech King revealed his guiding principle: "Money is the answer to all things, so go get some money." The students listened respectfully.

•

Perhaps the best example of his marketing virtuosity can be found in heavyweight Peter McNeeley, King's "great white hope" who fell into the footsteps of previous white hopes Chuck Wepner and Gerry Cooney.

King signed McNeeley to a four-year contract in 1994, while Tyson was still in prison for rape. As soon as McNeeley signed with King he started to move up in the ratings, from 20 to 11 to 9.

King was preparing and packaging McNeeley to be Tyson's first postprison turkey feast.

When the Tyson–McNeeley match was announced in May 1995, King truthfully told the public that McNeeley had a 36–1 record, with 30 wins via knockout. The numbers were impressive enough that King could charge pay-per-view subscribers as much as $60 to order the Tyson–McNeeley event. He priced ringside seats at $1500 cash.

The hidden fact was that almost every opponent McNeeley had beaten had had a losing record at the time. He had never beaten a contender. The combined record of his 37 rivals was 206 wins, 441 defeats and 21 draws. They had already been knocked out a combined total of 160 times before they were deemed hopeless and vulnerable enough to become statistics in McNeeley's official record. McNeeley

(continued on page 166)

"Dadgummit, Tex. I thought I was yer sidekick!"

FAYE

ms. resnick believes in full disclosure

WHEN I WAS asked by PLAYBOY to do this pictorial," says Faye Resnick, "I did a lot of soul-searching. Ultimately, I decided it would be a liberating experience. Because of what I've been through in the past two and a half years I had lost my sense of joy. I'd become isolated and disconnected spiritually. The experience proved to be even more incredible than I expected—it was my first taste of freedom," she adds, referring to her unsolicited transition from anonymity.

"It was actually part of my reawakening. And I've never had a problem with nudity. I'm comfortable with my body. From my Mediterranean background I'm very European in my thinking, and Europeans aren't judgmental. To them, nudity is considered natural. I strongly believe the human body should be celebrated."

Faye had another reason for choosing to do this pictorial. "I am an unconventional woman," she continues, "and I realize I will always be controversial because I speak my mind without

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

editing what's politically correct. I say what's in my heart." Faye doesn't want to place restrictions or limits on herself. "Through my recovery I've learned that I don't need to, nor do I ever wish to."

The author of two books—*Nicole Brown Simpson: The Private Diary of a Life Interrupted* and *Shattered: In the Eye of the Storm*—Faye is currently at work on her third, *The Reinvention of a Woman*. It's a self-help book that, she says, "will enable women to understand that their past has nothing to do with their future. That we can all change ourselves and our lives."

"It has been my experience that women must find their own voices and speak with conviction without becoming abrasive or alienating men. So many women feel powerless and not in control of their own destiny. The solution is for us to embrace our femininity as well as our power."

Faye is a leading voice in the fight against domestic violence. She founded Domestic Violence Anonymous, a program that now exists in various cities across the country. She created a

MAKEUP BY ALEXIS VOGEL
HAIR BY DANIEL DICRISCIO FOR JOSÉ EBER SALON, BEVERLY HILLS

14-step program for women who believe it's impossible to turn their lives around. As an advocate for abused women, Faye has appeared on national talk shows and has made numerous personal appearances. She has spent hours counseling women. To strengthen herself, she has been practicing meditation and tai chi every day for the past year and a half. As a proud liberal, she is determined to help women through difficult transitions in their lives.

Faye's greatest joy, she says, "is sharing my life with my daughter." Her greatest pain: "Losing my best friend." Her wishes for the future: "Healing and understanding between the sexes and races."

When Faye is not taking care of her daughter, or writing or speaking, she enjoys reading and watching the classics on AMC and TNT. "Those were gentler days," she says. "I can't take all the violence of modern films. There's a great quote from one of my favorite films: 'Once you find the way, you'll be bound. It'll obsess you. But believe me, it'll be a magnificent obsession.'"

STYLING BY JENNIFER TUTOR
TERESA OLSEN, PRIVATE TRAINER, LOS ANGELES

ACCOMMOOATIONS PROVIDED BY LAS ALAMANDAS, COSTA CARAYES, MEXICO

FAYE TAKES THE STAND

vincent bugliosi, former los angeles prosecutor, meets the star witness

BUGLIOSI: Faye, before we get into Nicole and your friendship with her, tell us how and when you met her.

RESNICK: In the spring of 1990 Kris Kardashian was staying with me while she was in the middle of her divorce from Robert Kardashian. And one day she asked if I would like to meet a woman she felt would be a great friend to me, because we had a lot in common. So she took me to Rockingham to meet Nicole. And that's when she was married to O.J. Simpson.

BUGLIOSI: You eventually got to know Nicole very well. So many things have been written and said about Nicole, several contradictory. How would you describe her?

RESNICK: Well, I can see how people get the impression she is an enigma because there were so many facets to Nicole. She was multidimensional. She was a great friend, a wonderful mother, yet at the same time she was very liberal in her thinking. She was very close to her family. She was so conventional in many ways and, on the other hand, she wanted to enjoy her life. O.J. and his defense team put a pejorative spin on that.

BUGLIOSI: What adjectives would describe Nicole?

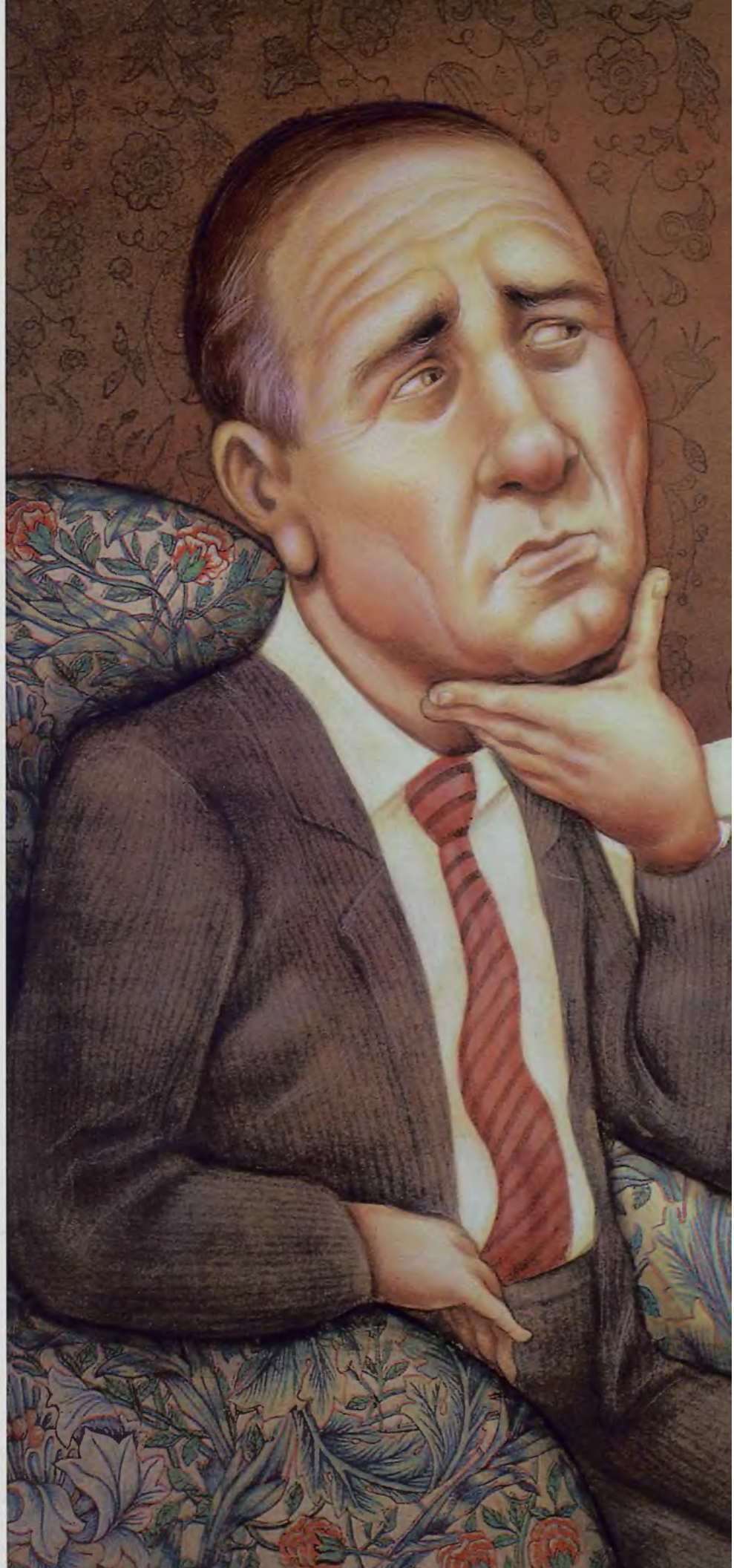


ILLUSTRATION BY ANITA KUNZ

RESNICK: Oh my God, she was sweet, she was wonderful, she was caring and compassionate. She was sincere. She wasn't the typical celebrity who had lost the ability to want to make a change in the world.

BUGLIOSI: What was the average day like in the life of Nicole when you got to know her pretty well?

RESNICK: She would wake up very early every morning, and I would typically get a phone call from her. She would get her children ready for school, she'd pack their lunches and make their breakfasts, take them to school and then afterward, after her run, we would meet for coffee. She would run between five and nine miles every day. And after that, because she was playing the role of mother and father—O.J. was out of town most of the time—she was doing it all. She would take the kids to karate class, she would take them to ballet or jazz. She would spend time doing their homework with them. She would read to her children at night for hours, bedtime stories, and she would put them to sleep. And something I think a lot of people don't know about Nicole is that she was very proud of the ethnicity of her children. She was born in Germany and wanted very much to have Sydney and Justin speak German, to understand both sides of themselves, so she read them bedtime stories in German. She also wanted them to know as much about their black culture as possible, and to be proud of it.

BUGLIOSI: So you would rate Nicole very highly as a mother?

RESNICK: She would receive the highest rating as a mother.

BUGLIOSI: As you may know, I no longer call O.J. Simpson what most people still call him—O.J. To me, someone who does what he did to Nicole and to Ron Goldman forfeits the right to any endearing nickname, so I'm going to be calling him Simpson or O.J. Simpson during this interview. Is that OK?

RESNICK: Yes, of course.

BUGLIOSI: You've described Nicole as being a wonderful mother. What kind of wife was she to O.J. Simpson?

RESNICK: I didn't really know them when they were married. I knew them when they were trying to reconcile. She tried in every way to balance motherhood with her relationship with him. She felt that they were equal responsibilities. She was respectful, unless she was pushed to the limit.

BUGLIOSI: To your knowledge, during her marriage to Simpson was she always faithful to him?

RESNICK: Absolutely, to my knowledge. I know nothing to the contrary.

BUGLIOSI: Did she ever talk with you about that?

RESNICK: Yes. She said she took her vows seriously, that she would never do anything to ruin her relationship.

BUGLIOSI: When did you become a close friend of Nicole's?

RESNICK: July 4, 1992.

BUGLIOSI: Why do you remember that particular date?

RESNICK: Because it was at the Jenners' house in Malibu when we were having a Fourth of July party. Nicole and I became immediate friends that day. That was after she had filed for divorce. We became great friends from that day.

BUGLIOSI: She was no longer living with Simpson at that time?

RESNICK: No, she wasn't.

BUGLIOSI: Where was she living?

RESNICK: At the time, on Gretna Green in Brentwood.

BUGLIOSI: That was pretty close to the Bundy address, right?

RESNICK: It was blocks away, very close.

BUGLIOSI: What would the two of you typically do when you were together?

RESNICK: Well, we were both mothers, so we would go grocery shopping together. When we were redoing our homes, we would help each other pick out furnishings and accessories for them. And we would shop together for shoes for our kids. We would plan our holidays together and take our children to the movies. We would go to swap meets. We would, at times, go out and enjoy ourselves, go dancing—which I'm very proud of and which is something we have been attacked for doing. When the big earthquake happened we took our kids down to Laguna Beach and stayed together until the disaster was over. During the riots in Los Angeles we took our children to Mexico until the riots ended.

O.J. could sell anything. He could sell you a glass of sand in the desert, that's how successful he was at being charming.

BUGLIOSI: Would you see her or talk with her almost every day?

RESNICK: Oh, every day. I used to talk with her sometimes four times a day.

BUGLIOSI: Tell us about some of the more memorable times you spent with Nicole and Simpson socially. I'm referring to the trips to Mexico and things like that.

RESNICK: Well, the first time I really spent a lot of time with them together is when Nicole and I planned a trip to Cabo San Lucas.

BUGLIOSI: When was that?

RESNICK: That was in May 1993. My exhusband has a villa in Cabo San Lucas. I asked Nicole if she and the children would like to come to join us. And they did, and that's when Nicole and O.J. started talking about a reconciliation. He decided to come, which he did, for five days. It was Mother's Day and it was lovely. They were trying to put it back together. It was a real nice time. Of course, they had some difficulties, as people do when they're trying to reconcile.

BUGLIOSI: Was that the only time you spent together in Mexico?

RESNICK: No, there were other times. Another time in Cabo San Lucas was Easter of 1994. That's when the Jenners and all of us went down and had a big Easter-egg hunt. It was family and wonderful. At times it was just great—when O.J. and Nic were doing well.

BUGLIOSI: Were there other places you went with Nicole and Simpson?

RESNICK: To New York in 1993 for the opening of the Harley-Davidson Café. O.J. wanted Nicole and me to come in and be with him for that and we did.

BUGLIOSI: Was he associated with the café?

RESNICK: One of his best friends, Mark Packer, was one of the owners.

BUGLIOSI: People want to know what financial background you had that enabled you to move and socialize in Nicole's and Simpson's wealthy circles of friends.

RESNICK: I've been a wealthy woman for most of my adult life. I was married to a very wonderful, successful businessman, Paul Resnick.

BUGLIOSI: When were you married to him?

RESNICK: From 1985 until 1991, I was with Paul. Here in Beverly Hills.

BUGLIOSI: And you had a big, beautiful home?

RESNICK: Yes. It was similar to Simpson's Rockingham estate.

BUGLIOSI: I read somewhere that you renovated the home to the tune of a million dollars.

RESNICK: Yes. We put $1.3 million into our home. And it was quite spectacular. It was Michael Eisner's old home.

BUGLIOSI: Was your divorce from Paul amicable?

RESNICK: Yes. He is a wonderful father and a man full of integrity.

BUGLIOSI: When you divorced Paul in 1991, was there a financial settlement between the two of you?

RESNICK: Yes, there was. I received $500,000 in cash and additional property totaling close to $200,000.

BUGLIOSI: So at least during your adult

"No sacrifices until you buy the idol, sir."

life, you've always been a person of, shall we say, easy circumstances?

RESNICK: Yes.

BUGLIOSI: Going back to O.J. Simpson, Faye, how would you describe him?

RESNICK: This man, if you want to call him a man, is very charismatic and very winning. I wouldn't call him very intelligent. I would call him very street-smart. He was jovial and used to make you feel like the most important person around, whether you were a plumber or a movie star.

BUGLIOSI: So he wasn't arrogant?

RESNICK: No, he wasn't exactly arrogant. He was omnipotent. It's strange because he is a dichotomy. He has two very strong personalities. One is very winning, very charming, very lovely. And the other is narcissistic and megalomaniacal. He felt he should receive all the attention.

BUGLIOSI: Did you find him to be a person who would take liberties with the truth?

RESNICK: Oh yes. The truth is what he created in his own mind. In fact, I asked him once, "O.J., how have you been able to get away with all of the drug abuse and womanizing and everything? How have you been able to hide it, being in the public eye?"

And he said, "Well, Faye, I learned very early in life: Deny, deny, deny. You give 'em a good enough story and say it long enough, and finally they begin to believe it."

BUGLIOSI: Was he able to charm people?

RESNICK: I'd say O.J. could sell anything. He could sell you a glass of sand in the desert, that's how successful he was at being charming.

BUGLIOSI: But he was totally absorbed with himself?

RESNICK: Oh, extremely narcissistic. It was all about O.J. Unless he was trying to charm you.

BUGLIOSI: What type of father was he to Justin and Sydney?

RESNICK: One of the saddest aspects of this is that he wasn't, in my opinion, a great father nor did he even try to be. Nicole used to always say, "Take Justin out and play some football with him. Take him to the park." Or, "Take him golfing with you," or whatever. But it wasn't something he really had in him to do. He just didn't really have that father mentality.

BUGLIOSI: Let's get into a description of the relationship between Nicole and Simpson. Clearly, it was tempestuous, but how would you describe it?

RESNICK: Because it was so good when it was good and because it was so bad when it was bad, it was the height of dysfunction as far as I was concerned. You never knew when it was going to be great and you never knew when it was going to be tragic. And when I say tragic, they would go from them just loving each other to the point where it was sickening to watch—I mean, truly—to the next day, or even half an hour later, where you wanted to crawl under the table. I just wanted to disappear because it was so frightening. It would change from one minute to the next.

BUGLIOSI: Like Kansas weather.

RESNICK: Yes. I remember saying to Nicole one time, "I cannot make commitments to be with the two of you anymore." It got so bad at times that you would never know what was going to happen.

BUGLIOSI: There was a tremendous amount of passion on both sides?

RESNICK: There was so much passion that it was unbelievable.

BUGLIOSI: Did Nicole ever tell you whether or not she felt Simpson truly loved her?

RESNICK: She said that he was obsessed with her. There was a day of revelation for Nicole, and it was in Cabo San Lucas, during that last trip, in April 1994. It was actually the same day she told me about all the abuse. And she said, "I have finally realized that he doesn't love me. He's just obsessed with me." But up until that time she thought it was a love relationship.

BUGLIOSI: Approximately when did you first learn of Simpson's physical and psychological abuse of Nicole?

RESNICK: In 1993 we were at Toscana, a restaurant in Brentwood. We were discussing whether or not she would ever have any more children. She explained why she would never have another child with O.J. She said she was kicked and punched and harmed by Simpson during the time she was pregnant with Justin. Not only did he physically abuse her, he also mentally abused her. She said he used to womanize intensely when she was pregnant.

BUGLIOSI: So she first told you about this at this restaurant?

RESNICK: Yes. But she limited what she told me to the beatings he had given her while she was pregnant. I didn't learn about all the other beatings until she told me about them in April 1994 in Mexico.

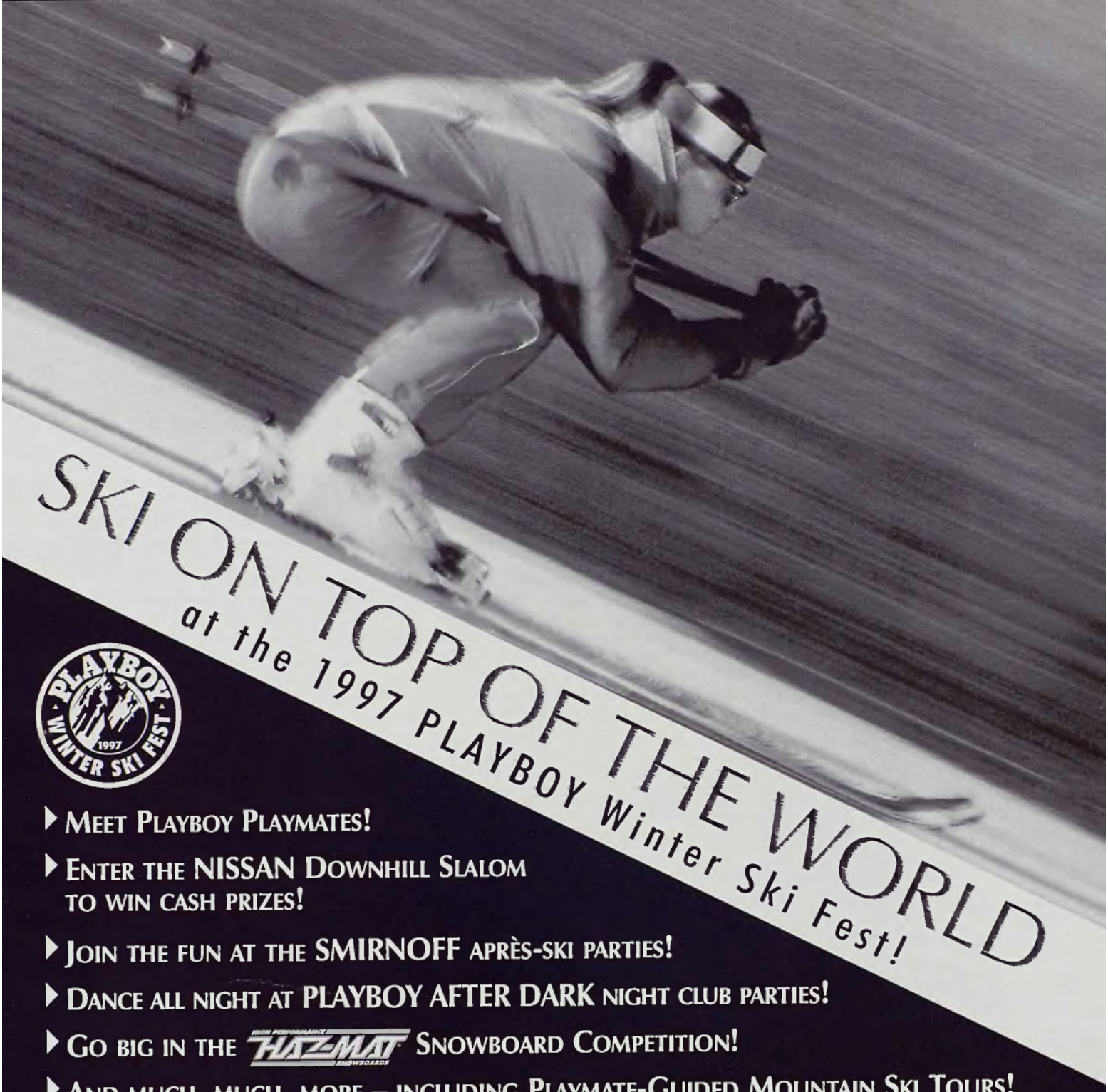
BUGLIOSI: We all know about the 1989 beating when she called the police and said he was going to kill her. He ended up pleading nolo contendere to that. Tell us about some of the beatings of Nicole by Simpson that Nicole told you about but that did not come out at the criminal trial.

RESNICK: Oh my God, there were so many.

BUGLIOSI: Tell us about some of them.

RESNICK: She told me one evening in Mexico in April 1994 about the full extent of the abuse. She needed to sit me down and finally go through it all. And it was horrific, to say the least. There was

"What makes you think I'm—keep your hands where I can see them—a cop?"



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one instance when he had locked her in a closet.

BUGLIOSI: Approximately when was this?

RESNICK: She didn't go through years, but it was definitely while she was married to him. He was going with Tawny Kitaen at the time. It had to be in May right before one of her birthdays. Nicole had found a pair of diamond earrings in his drawer and thought they were going to be hers for her birthday. She put the earrings back in the drawer because she didn't want him to know that she'd seen them. Anyway, her birthday came around and she didn't receive the diamond earrings. They were missing from his drawer. So she confronted him with "Where are those earrings?" She found out that he had given them to Tawny Kitaen. Tawny was wearing them around town, bragging about O.J. giving them to her. Nicole couldn't turn a blind eye to it. She asked him what he was doing, why he was throwing this in her face, why he was being so frivolous about it and flaunting it. And he beat her viciously. I believe that was the night he locked her in a closet after beating her. He threw her in that closet and he would come back every 15 minutes—he was watching a game of some type on TV. He beat her again. And she would think he was coming back to let her out. But he'd beat her again. It happened for hours. Nicole could barely walk afterward. That was the night, she told me, she thought he was going to beat her to death. Another time she was beaten by him with a corked wine bottle.

BUGLIOSI: When and where was this?

RESNICK: Again, I don't know exactly when, but it was during their marriage and at their Rockingham home—downstairs in the bar. I don't know the circumstances that led up to it, but knowing O.J. it could have been anything. She said that he beat her one time because the towels were not lined up geometrically. But this particular time he took a wine bottle and beat her, bruising her ribs. She couldn't walk; she went to the hospital. And the doctor said, "This looks like you've been beaten by your husband." And she denied it. She told the doctor, "No, I fell off a bicycle." O.J. told her to say that.

Those are just a couple of incidents.

BUGLIOSI: Were there many other times she told you he beat her?

RESNICK: Many other times. She said there were too many to count.

BUGLIOSI: What were the beatings usually over?

RESNICK: Typically, over when she would accuse him of being with another woman. That was unacceptable to O.J., it was none of her business so far as he was concerned.

FOR PHIL, SINGING IN THE SHOWER TOOK ON A WHOLE NEW LEVEL OF ENJOYMENT ONCE HE HIRED THE BACKUP SINGERS.

BUGLIOSI: You indicated earlier that he beat her when she was pregnant. He didn't like it when she became heavy during her pregnancies?

RESNICK: Yes, that's correct. He didn't understand that a woman had to gain so much weight. He thought she could just manufacture a child and stay beautiful.

BUGLIOSI: So he'd impregnate her and then, when she got heavy because of it, he'd get angry with her?

RESNICK: He would get extremely angry with her. He would tell her she was disgusting, she was a fat pig. Nicole experienced so much mental abuse during her pregnancies that it was just devastating for her. She never wanted to have another child with him.

BUGLIOSI: Was she aware of his womanizing during their marriage?

RESNICK: Absolutely, she was aware of it.

BUGLIOSI: And she tolerated it for quite a long time?

RESNICK: She did as long as she possibly could. He actually made her believe that it was his right.

BUGLIOSI: In essence, for lack of a better term, she was somewhat of an old-fashioned woman.

RESNICK: She was very old-fashioned in many ways.

BUGLIOSI: Between the time the divorce was final in November 1992 and when they attempted to reconcile in May 1993, what was their relationship like?

RESNICK: It was practically nonexistent in the end. When Nicole first filed, O.J. was stalking her and doing everything in his power to get her back. When he realized it wasn't working, he wouldn't even speak to her. She would try to get hold of him to ask him questions about the children and he would communicate with her through his secretary, Cathy Randa. He essentially cut off Nicole as a human being, which I think was the problem. She was so emotionally dependent on this man, so tied in, that his cutting her off made her feel like she was nonexistent. It was probably the biggest reason she had to reconcile with him. This gets into a big area of domestic violence, the cycle of violence, what happens when you've been abused for 17 years and you're so intertwined with this personality that when the relationship ends you no longer know how to function unless you get therapy.

BUGLIOSI: Which person initiated the reconciliation?

RESNICK: Nicole did.

BUGLIOSI: What was the main reason why she wanted to reconcile with Simpson?

RESNICK: Actually, there were two reasons. Candace Garvey and Kris Jenner were at a pro-am golf tournament and they ran into O.J. and his girlfriend Paula Barbieri. O.J. said to Candace and Kris that he finally realized what he had done to his marriage, that he was now a monogamous man and he would never jeopardize his new relationship by

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womanizing again. And that he was going to be a different person entirely. Well, Candace told this to Nicole. And Nicole immediately thought, My God, all I ever asked for was for him not to abuse me and not to womanize.

She was in therapy at the time. The counselor made Nicole believe she could control her own destiny, that she could reestablish her relationship with her ex-husband—and she wanted desperately to have her family back together.

BUGLIOSI: Was she still in love with Simpson at this point?

RESNICK: Yes, she was.

BUGLIOSI: Did he immediately agree to the reconciliation?

RESNICK: Actually, it took him about half an hour. He said, "No," at first. And she said, "OK."

And she went home, and half an hour later he called her and said, "Yes."

BUGLIOSI: Now, as I understand it, the reconciliation ended between the two of them somewhere around May 1994. Between when they first attempted to reconcile, and when they finally ended it, there was about a year.

RESNICK: Yes. During that year, Nicole had called off the reconciliation many times. It was like watching a tennis tournament. They would be doing very well and then she would see that he hadn't changed and she would call it off. Then he would send flowers and say, "I swear I love you." And it would be back on. So it was on and off throughout that year.

BUGLIOSI: During that period of attempted reconciliation, was Nicole faithful to Simpson?

RESNICK: During the time she was sleeping with O.J. she was faithful to O.J. But whenever Nicole would call it off, she felt that it was like filing for divorce, that she was no longer with him. She distinguished that line.

BUGLIOSI: As I understand it, somewhere around May 23 or 24, 1994, which was just a few weeks before the murders, Nicole returned to Simpson a bracelet and earrings he had bought her for her 35th birthday on May 19. Did she tell you what she told Simpson when she returned the bracelet and earrings?

RESNICK: Yes. She said, "Get out of my life, I cannot be bought. I don't want these things." Actually, she didn't return them, she threw them at him. She had just had it with O.J. She said, "Get out of my life, take your things, I don't want your presents."

BUGLIOSI: Did she tell you what finally caused her to end the reconciliation effort?

RESNICK: Yes. We had heard he was seeing Paula Barbieri again and Nicole pushed it out of her mind—she really didn't want to believe it. But then when we got to Mexico they were doing great. That night he began to describe his new role in the *Frogman* series pilot. He went into detail about the filming and what he had learned, about learning the "silent kill." An ex–Navy Seal trained him on all these techniques. Nicole took it seriously. She said, "I believe this man will kill me someday. I've got to get away from him." She just snapped. She realized that she was definitely going to die at his hands.

BUGLIOSI: You spoke of techniques. Techniques for killing with a knife, you mean?

RESNICK: Yes. And how to do it without the victim making any noise. So in early May, after we got back from Mexico, she told him it was over between the two of them.

BUGLIOSI: Among the incriminating things found in Simpson's possession after the low-speed chase—items that the prosecution remarkably did not present at the trial—were a fake goatee and a mustache purchased on May 27, 1994, two weeks prior to the murders and a few days after Nicole gave him back the bracelet and earrings. His attorneys said he bought the disguise to wear for an upcoming trip to Disneyland he was planning with his children Sydney and Justin. You have been with Simpson many times in public. Did you ever see him wearing a disguise or hear of his doing so?

RESNICK: Never.

BUGLIOSI: Simpson was not the type of person to wear a disguise in public.

RESNICK: No, Simpson loved to be seen. To this day Simpson doesn't wear disguises, and he's a double murderer. He never wore a disguise. I've been to Disneyland with the Simpson family. He loved it; he wanted the attention.

BUGLIOSI: What would happen if he wasn't recognized?

RESNICK: He would let people know he was there by raising his voice. Simpson didn't even want to go to Europe because he wasn't recognized in Europe. Recognition was something that he had worked for all his life.

BUGLIOSI: Would you go so far as to say that when Simpson wasn't recognized in public, he would actually become depressed over it?

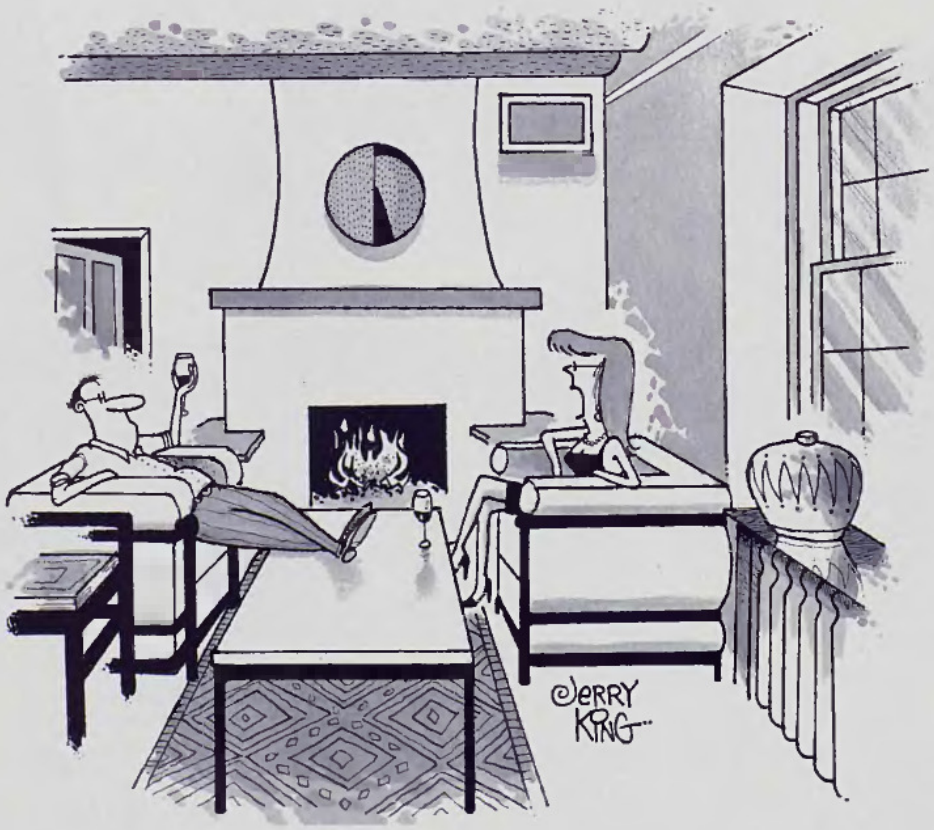
RESNICK: That's true. He would feel he wasn't getting what was due him. He needed the adulation. It was his lifeblood.

BUGLIOSI: So you find the notion that he would buy a disguise to go to Disneyland with his children or anywhere else in public completely ludicrous?

RESNICK: Absolutely.

BUGLIOSI: You're aware that after Simpson's arrest the police also found in Simpson's possession a set of keys to Nicole's condominium at the Bundy address. I understand that Nicole told you about the keys being missing. Could you tell us a little more about that?

RESNICK: This was something I kept



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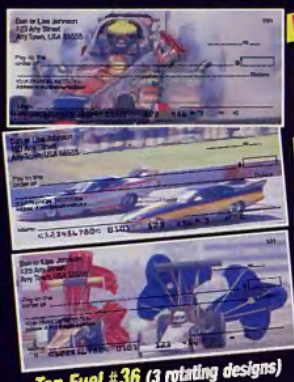

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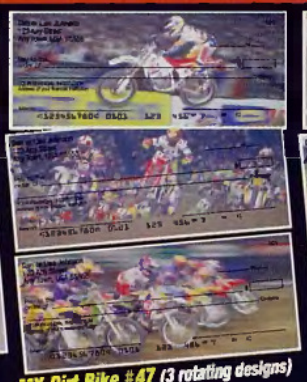

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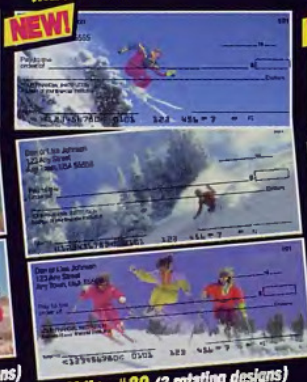

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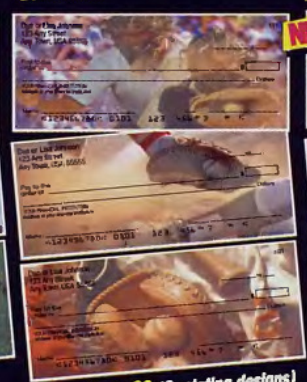

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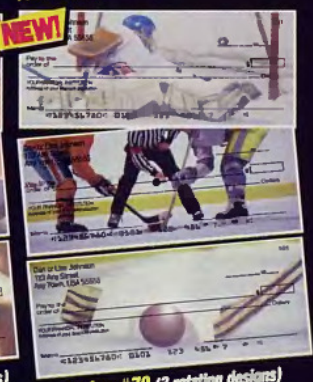

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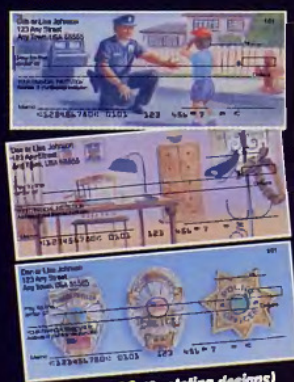

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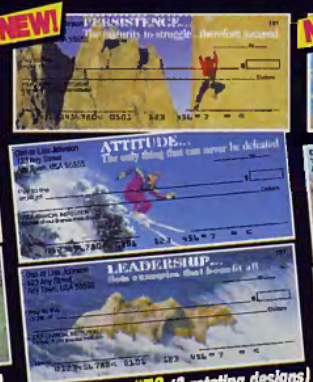

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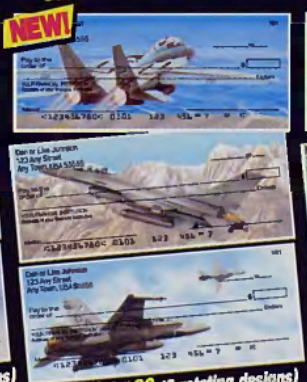

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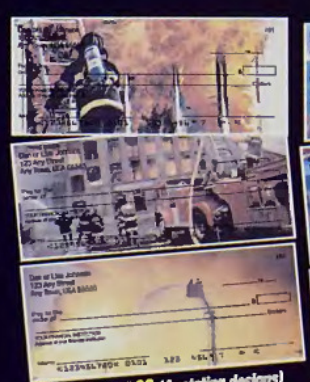

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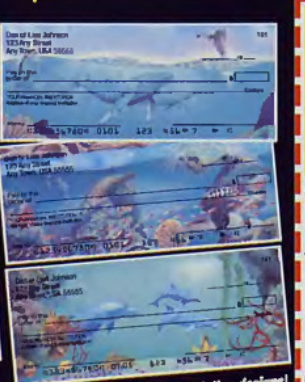

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saying to the prosecution over and over again. "Why don't you bring up the keys?"

BUGLIOSI: When did all this happen?

RESNICK: It was on, I would say, June 5. About a week before the murders.

BUGLIOSI: What did she tell you with respect to the keys?

RESNICK: I had moved in temporarily with Nicole at Bundy around June 3 because I was having a lot of problems with my fiancé, Christian Reichardt. Anyway, four or five days later Nicole was going to give me a set of keys, because I was leaving her house. I could no longer stand what was going on between Nicole and O.J. It was scary for me. He was acting crazy because she gave him back the earrings and bracelet. And I asked her to leave the country or to get away from him until he calmed down, and she said she couldn't because of Sydney's dance recital, which was coming up. So I said, "I'm sorry, Nic, I have to go. I have a child; I can't put my child in jeopardy."

So I was leaving and she said, "Well, before you go, why don't I give you a set of keys so you can come back in." And she went into the drawer where they'd been and the keys were gone. She said, "Oh, my God. When O.J. was here visiting the kids, he must have taken the keys. Because they were just here." So we searched the house for the keys, but there were no keys to be found.

BUGLIOSI: Were you personally aware of Simpson stalking Nicole? And if so, when and where?

RESNICK: Yes, in a couple of instances. I recall one right after we got back from Mexico in May 1994. We were in front of Starbucks after working out that morning. We had gone to have some coffee and Ron Goldman was there with four of his friends. That's when I met Ron. And O.J. came pulling up in his Bentley.

BUGLIOSI: So who was sitting at the table there?

RESNICK: It wasn't a table, we were on a bench.

BUGLIOSI: There was you, Nicole, Ron Goldman. . . .

RESNICK: Mike, Doug, some of Ron's friends. And O.J. came walking up and he said, "This is my wife. I just want you to know this is my wife you're talking to. Nicole, I want to talk to you."

So he summoned her over to the car. And she went over and he said, "You can't be with other men."

She said, "It's just coffee. We just got back from working out. I'm not with any men."

And he left. She came back and said, "Let's go, Faye."

When we left, we noticed O.J. was behind us, a couple blocks, following us. That was one experience.

BUGLIOSI: Did Simpson ever see Ron and Nicole together on any other occasion?

RESNICK: Yes, he used to see them seated next to each other at Starbucks. Because Ron would end his workout at the same time Nicole would end her workout. He always thought that they were having an affair.

BUGLIOSI: How do you know that?

RESNICK: Because he said it to me. "She's seeing that guy," he said.

BUGLIOSI: Briefly describe the relationship between Ron and Nicole.

RESNICK: To my knowledge, they were just friends. I know she thought he was quite handsome and he thought she was very beautiful, but as far as I know there was nothing but friendship. I asked her, in fact. And she said she had not seen him romantically.

BUGLIOSI: On what other occasions were you aware of Simpson stalking Nicole?

RESNICK: She said that she felt she was being watched throughout the reconciliation. One time she actually caught him: She was making a left-hand turn from Lincoln Boulevard into the parking lot of a shoe store, Aaron Brothers or Payless Shoes or something like that. O.J. was behind her, a block behind, or a couple cars behind, whatever. She saw him. And she actually stepped on her brakes so he would know that she saw him. Nicole called me up and said, "He's following me again."

And then he called me and said, "She thinks I'm following her, I'm not following her."

And I said, "O.J., what were you doing in that area? I know what your plans for the day were."

And he said, "Well, you tell her I'm not following, I wasn't following her."

And I said, "But you were. I can't tell her that you weren't."

He would try to script me, tell me what to say to her.

BUGLIOSI: Were there any other stalking incidents she told you about?

RESNICK: Yes, in fact we called it the bush syndrome, because she said he used to hide in the bushes near the big front window at Bundy and watch what she would do at night. The Keith Zlomsowitch incident—when O.J. was hiding in the bushes watching them—is a good example of that.

BUGLIOSI: When was that?

RESNICK: This was right after her divorce was finalized. It was 1992.

BUGLIOSI: You're aware that Simpson actually admits to looking through the front window and observing Nicole in an act of intimacy with Keith?

RESNICK: Yes.

BUGLIOSI: You say in your two books, *Nicole Brown Simpson: The Private Diary of a Life Interrupted* and *Shattered: In the Eye of the Storm*, that Nicole told you Simpson was going to kill her one day and get away with it because he was O.J. Simpson. How many times did she tell this to you?

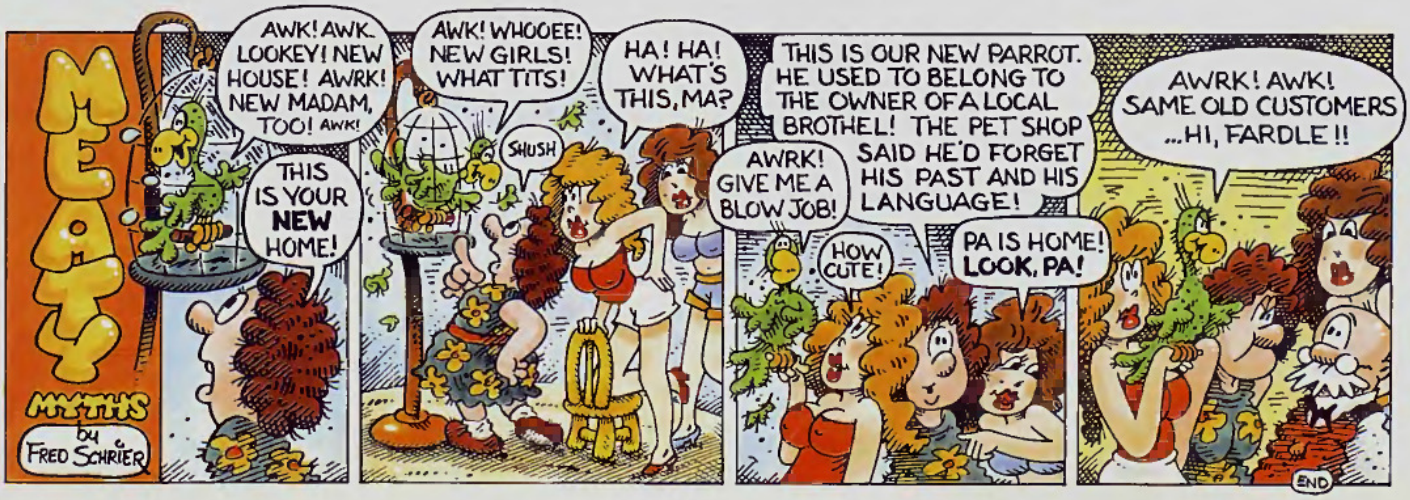
RESNICK: I really can't tell you how many times. I can tell you there were a lot of times. Approximately five or six.

BUGLIOSI: When was the first time that Nicole told you this and what were the circumstances?

RESNICK: The first time was in Mexico in early April 1994, when she decided he now had the capability and knew how to kill her.

BUGLIOSI: She didn't indicate to you her fear of his killing her earlier than that?

RESNICK: She had mentioned to me before that when he had kicked her and punched her, she felt one day he might beat her to death. But the "he's going to kill me and get away with it" quote came in 1994, in Cabo San Lucas. She detailed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the entire abuse. She said, "I have to get away from him, I feel he's going to kill me one day. And he's going to get away with it. He's going to charm his way out of it."

BUGLIOSI: Who were some of the other women who were part of your and Nicole's inner circle?

RESNICK: Kris Jenner—Kris is married to Bruce Jenner, she's Robert Kardashian's ex-wife. Cici Shahian, Robert Kardashian's cousin. Cora Fishman, who was married to Ron Fishman. Robin Greer, who's an actress. And that was it.

BUGLIOSI: Did any of them tell you Nicole had told them the same thing, that is, that she was afraid of Simpson killing her someday?

RESNICK: Yes. Cici Shahian and Kris Jenner told me Nicole had told them Simpson would kill her one day and get away with it. She also told Robin Greer the same thing.

BUGLIOSI: I understand you talked with Simpson over the phone a lot. When did this start?

RESNICK: It started after they initially reconciled in May 1993, in Cabo San Lucas. I became their mediator at that time, because neither of them could communicate and they came to me for help. And from that day on I was their mediator.

BUGLIOSI: Would he usually call you, or would you call him from time to time?

RESNICK: Almost always, he would call me on the phone.

BUGLIOSI: What was the usual reason for his calls?

RESNICK: To find out what Nicole was doing. To find out what Nicole was thinking, to clear up things whenever they would fight. He'd give me his side, his point of view, get me to explain to her what he really felt, since he couldn't express himself to her properly without upsetting her.

"You know, hon, I sometimes wonder what they do with all that rubber they buy from us . . . !"

BUGLIOSI: Would he ever complain to you about Nicole?

RESNICK: All the time.

BUGLIOSI: What would he say? What were some of his complaints?

RESNICK: That she wasn't there 100 percent for him. That she was more interested in her children than in him. That she didn't drop everything for him. He complained that she wasn't going to enough parties with him. She didn't put him before everything else. She wasn't traveling with him enough.

BUGLIOSI: In these conversations with Simpson, did he ever threaten to kill Nicole?

RESNICK: Yes.

BUGLIOSI: How many times?

RESNICK: Three times.

BUGLIOSI: When's the first time that he told you this and what were the circumstances?

RESNICK: The first time was early May 1994. Nicole had told him that he needed to see a shrink to work out his demons. And he assured her he had. She had talked to him after he got back from the shrink's office and she asked him, "Did you discuss all the abuse in the past?"

And O.J. said, "What does that have to do with anything?"

She said, "It has to do with everything. I'm afraid that someday you'll hurt me, and I feel that you need to have therapy over what happened."

And he said, "It has nothing to do with anything. It happened in the past. It doesn't need to be addressed."

And she said, "O.J., you're obviously not willing to work on anything. I want nothing more to do with you."

BUGLIOSI: And after she told him this he called you on the phone?

RESNICK: Yes, he did. He called almost immediately.

BUGLIOSI: Tell us what he told you.

RESNICK: He told me that Nicole had just told him that she didn't want to be with him anymore, that it was over. He was actually mad at me for not telling him beforehand. And I said to him, "O.J., she's afraid of you. You used to beat her. She wanted you to get help for that. You promised her you would address these things and you didn't."

And he said, "It's not about that. I don't beat her anymore. I think it has to do with her seeing somebody else. She must be seeing another man. And if I find out that she's seeing another man, Faye, I promise, I'll kill her." And I said to him, "She's not seeing anybody, I can assure you, she just needs some time." I was very afraid for her at that time and I was trying to ease it over.

And he said, "Well, if I find out she's with another man before August, I'll kill her. I'll kill that bitch."

BUGLIOSI: What was the significance of August?

RESNICK: It's when he would go to New

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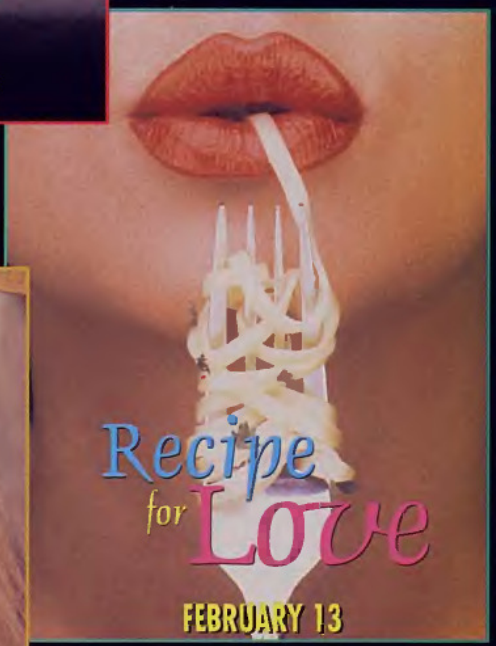

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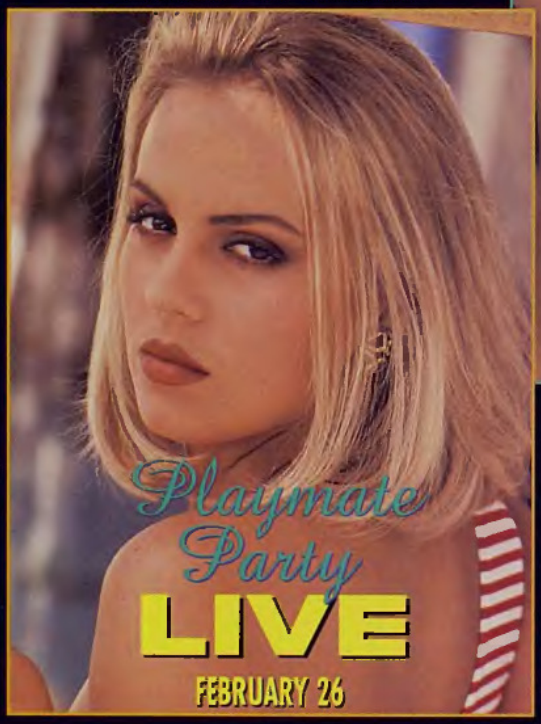

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York every year to start his NFL commentating. He spent essentially four months a year there. There, and traveling on the East Coast.

BUGLIOSI: So he told you that if she were seeing someone before August 1994, he would kill her.

RESNICK: Yes.

BUGLIOSI: He flat-out told you that?

RESNICK: He flat-out said so.

BUGLIOSI: And then he told you two other times, the same thing, over the phone?

RESNICK: Yes. And I said to him: "I just want you to know what you just said."

And he said, "I'll kill her. I'll kill the bitch."

He was adamant. He was enraged.

BUGLIOSI: Did you ever urge Nicole to do certain things to reduce the likelihood of Simpson's harming her?

RESNICK: Yes, I did.

BUGLIOSI: What did you tell her?

RESNICK: That she needed to document everything. She needed to go to the police, she needed to go to her psychiatrist, his psychiatrist, they needed to open it up. It needed to be addressed in every way.

BUGLIOSI: When you suggested she go to the police, what was her response?

RESNICK: She said she didn't want to go to the police because she said the police had never helped her in the past. And that, you know, if they went and questioned O.J., that she was afraid what he might do to her.

BUGLIOSI: Earlier you said that just before the murders you told Nicole to leave the country to get away from him until he calmed down. Had you on previous occasions suggested to her that she move away from him?

RESNICK: Yes, but she said she didn't want to uproot her children, that her children had been through enough because of their relationship, that she wanted stability for her children. That she felt maybe she could calm him down somehow. It was so bizarre because she knew it was going to happen, yet there was a fine doubt that it would. And she was clinging to that little gleam of doubt. She wasn't taking precautions.

BUGLIOSI: I understand that you spoke to Nicole on the telephone the night she was murdered. Where were you at the time?

RESNICK: I was in treatment at a recovery center.

BUGLIOSI: For cocaine addiction?

RESNICK: Yes.

BUGLIOSI: And where is that located?

RESNICK: In Marina del Rey.

BUGLIOSI: What were the circumstances causing you to end up there?

RESNICK: Nicole called for intervention when she found out that I had relapsed, and she called my ex-husband Paul and the Jenners and my close friends and they all told me they would like me to go into treatment, so I did.

BUGLIOSI: When did you speak with Nicole on the night of the murders?

RESNICK: Around nine P.M. Nicole had called me several times during the day, but I was in group therapy. I returned her calls around nine.

BUGLIOSI: Tell us what the two of you talked about.

RESNICK: I asked her how the dance recital went. She told me it was wonderful, that Sydney had performed beautifully. Nicole was upbeat, in a wonderful mood. I asked her what happened with O.J. that night, because I knew that he was going to be there. She said, indeed, he had been there. He was in a deep, dark mood. I asked her if there had been an exchange between the two of them and she said she had told him, in fact, that he wasn't even welcome in her family anymore, that he should get out of her life 100 percent.

BUGLIOSI: Did she tell him anything else?

RESNICK: Yes. To leave her alone, leave her family alone, that he was no longer welcome in her family.

BUGLIOSI: You've indicated earlier that they broke up and reconciled several times. And the first time it seemed to be final was in early May 1994, a little over a month earlier.

RESNICK: Yes.

BUGLIOSI: It might be productive to try to distinguish Nicole's breaking up with him in early May 1994 from the day of the murders. Was there a difference?

RESNICK: Yes, Nicole got very sick in the middle of May. She had double pneumonia. She was at a weak point because of the illness.

When she had returned from Mexico after the frogman incident, she told him she didn't want to continue with their relationship anymore and she told me he told her he'd kill her if she followed through on this. In any event, Simpson kept trying to get back into Nicole's good graces, and he thought her sickness in mid-May gave him an opportunity. O.J. took advantage of her being sick, he kept trying to weasel his way back in. And she had told me that she didn't have the energy to fight with him during that time.

BUGLIOSI: He would bring her soup and things?

RESNICK: He was bringing her soup, he was having breakfast brought over. The jewelry situation came up when Nicole was getting better. She had her energy back and she told him: "O.J., look, I can't be bought. I don't want your presents. I want you to leave me alone. You know this relationship is not healthy for either of us. I know we both still love each other, but it's just not ever going to work out." But O.J. still felt he had the ability to be a part of Nicole's life, no matter what she said.

BUGLIOSI: So in early May she told him it's over. Also, several days after her

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birthday, on May 24 or 25, she returned the jewelry, she again said it was over. But he still senses that it's only over with her because she has determined that they're totally incompatible.

RESNICK: Right.

BUGLIOSI: But he feels that he has a certain control over her because she still loves him. She still belongs to him in a sense.

RESNICK: Right.

BUGLIOSI: But what about on the night of the murders?

RESNICK: The night of the murders, Nicole was out of love with him. She was liberated from him. The feeling was over. It was as if the spell was finally broken. She was actually free of him. She no longer had him in her blood that night. She was able to free herself of any love, any want, any joy, any thought that she was ever going to be with him again. And I kept saying to her, "God, you're in such a wonderful mood."

BUGLIOSI: So you sensed something different in Nicole's feelings concerning Simpson that night, as opposed to previous occasions?

RESNICK: I felt that there were no feelings anymore.

BUGLIOSI: For the first time.

RESNICK: For the first time.

BUGLIOSI: If you picked up that sense, it's reasonable to infer that Simpson probably also picked up the same sense that night, that he truly and irrevocably had lost his spell over her.

RESNICK: Yes. But a most important facet that people don't get is that he always had an in with the family. He could always get to Nic through her family. But when she told him that he wasn't even welcome in her family any longer, he lost all ties to Nic. He lost her, he lost her family, it was over. He knew it, I knew it, she knew it.

BUGLIOSI: So you feel that maybe he could have continued to live with the situation so long as she still loved him, but when he sensed she no longer did he could not take it.

RESNICK: He couldn't take it.

BUGLIOSI: Obviously, his killing her was a result of cumulative events, and I have heard you say that you believe he had been thinking about killing Nicole for some time, but what finally triggered it was that he felt that she no longer loved him.

RESNICK: That's exactly correct.

BUGLIOSI: When you knew that it was truly over that night between Nicole and Simpson, did your fears about Nicole's safety increase?

RESNICK: Yes. I had heard her say so many times before that she didn't want to be with him, but because I always knew she was still in love with him, I never took it seriously. But when she told me that night, I felt, Wow! This is it, it's

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done. It's over. I got nervous. I got so nervous for her. I said, "Nicole, aren't you nervous at all?"

She said, "Faye, he's leaving for Chicago tonight, it's over, it's over with. I'm free. I can start living my life without the darkness that's been surrounding me for the past year."

BUGLIOSI: Most people, myself included, concluded that Simpson murdered Nicole only after the evidence started pointing irresistibly to his guilt. At what point did you know for sure that he had murdered Nicole and Ron Goldman?

RESNICK: The second I was told by the therapist that she had been killed, I knew that O.J. had killed her.

BUGLIOSI: When did he tell you this?

RESNICK: It was the next day, Monday, around ten in the morning. He said that Nicole had been shot. He said they thought it was a drive-by shooting. And I immediately said, "Nicole was killed by O.J. Simpson. He told me he would murder her and he did it." That was what immediately came out of my mouth.

BUGLIOSI: You obviously had to be totally devastated by Nicole's death. Can you describe what you went through emotionally at the time?

RESNICK: The month and a half that led up to the death of Nicole was more than devastating. It was like watching a train wreck, knowing that the end was coming. When it happened, I just kept screaming. I was just hysterical—they couldn't calm me.

BUGLIOSI: Were you also afraid for your own safety?

RESNICK: Definitely. I was fearful. Because I knew O.J. knew exactly what I knew. He knew I was there at every moment.

BUGLIOSI: When did you finally find out that Nicole had been stabbed to death?

RESNICK: I found out that night, Monday night.

BUGLIOSI: Going back to Simpson's threatening to kill Nicole to you, I take it you communicated this to the prosecutors in the Simpson case, Marcia Clark and Christopher Darden?

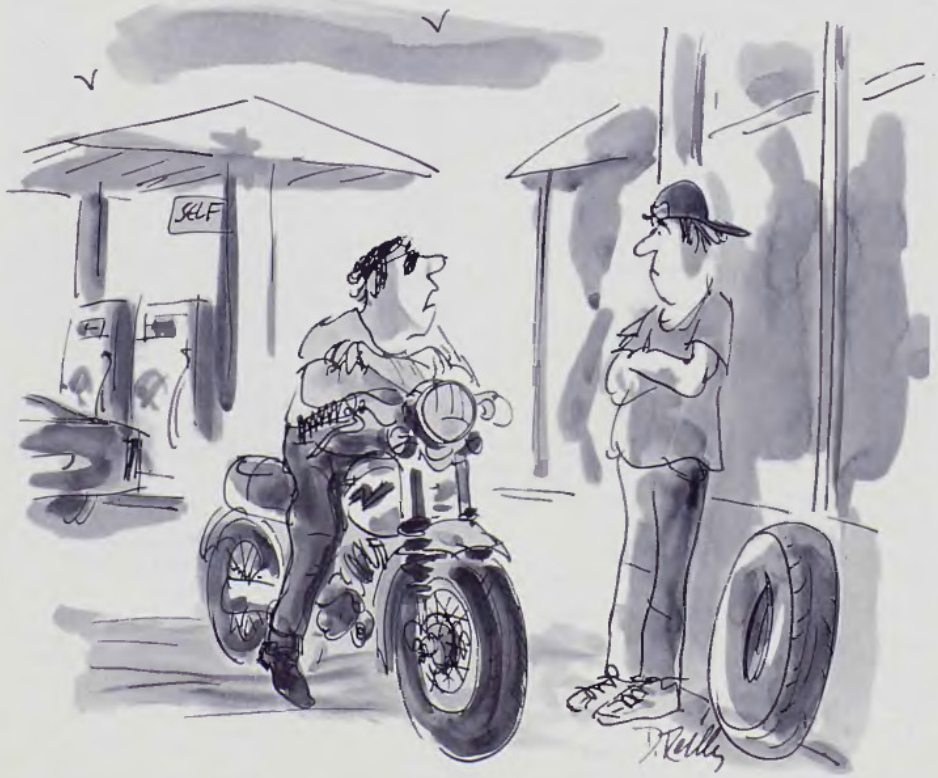
RESNICK: Yes, I did.

BUGLIOSI: And inasmuch as this would have been highly explosive and incriminating evidence against Simpson, do you know why they didn't call you to the stand to testify to it?

RESNICK: I was told originally by my attorney that because I had been in treatment for my past addiction that I would never be able to testify, that the defense would use that against me. Shortly after Nicole's murder the defense started floating rumors that the murders were my fault because of a drug connection. I think the prosecutors didn't want the jury members to even entertain the thought that something like that could have happened.

BUGLIOSI: But it came out at the trial anyway—that you had lived with Nicole and had gone into treatment right before the murders because of your drug problem.

RESNICK: Right.



"It's totally over this time. She had her tattoo removed."

BUGLIOSI: So the jurors already heard that.

RESNICK: Yes, they did.

BUGLIOSI: Did you want to testify?

RESNICK: I never wanted to, but I felt it was imperative.

BUGLIOSI: Well, you wanted to in the sense that you felt it was imperative.

RESNICK: Yes.

BUGLIOSI: Let's get back to your drug habit. On the last page of Simpson's book, *I Want to Tell You*, he says, "I know in my heart that the answer to the death of Nicole and Mr. Goldman lies somewhere in the world that Faye Resnick inhabited." And in Simpson's criminal trial, his attorneys suggested to the jury that Colombian drug lords ordered your murder because you owed them money for drugs—drugs you were too broke to pay for—and the hired killer or killers mistook poor Nicole for you. I'm not going to ask you to dignify this preposterous allegation with a response, but for those benighted individuals who give even an ounce of credence to this allegation, tell us about the nature and extent of your drug habit.

RESNICK: I had relapsed after two years of being drug free. It was two weeks prior to the murder of Nicole. And in those two weeks, I had consumed no more than $30 worth of cocaine a day.

BUGLIOSI: A gram of cocaine sells on the street today for approximately $100. So you were using about a third of a gram per day?

RESNICK: Well, a quarter to a third.

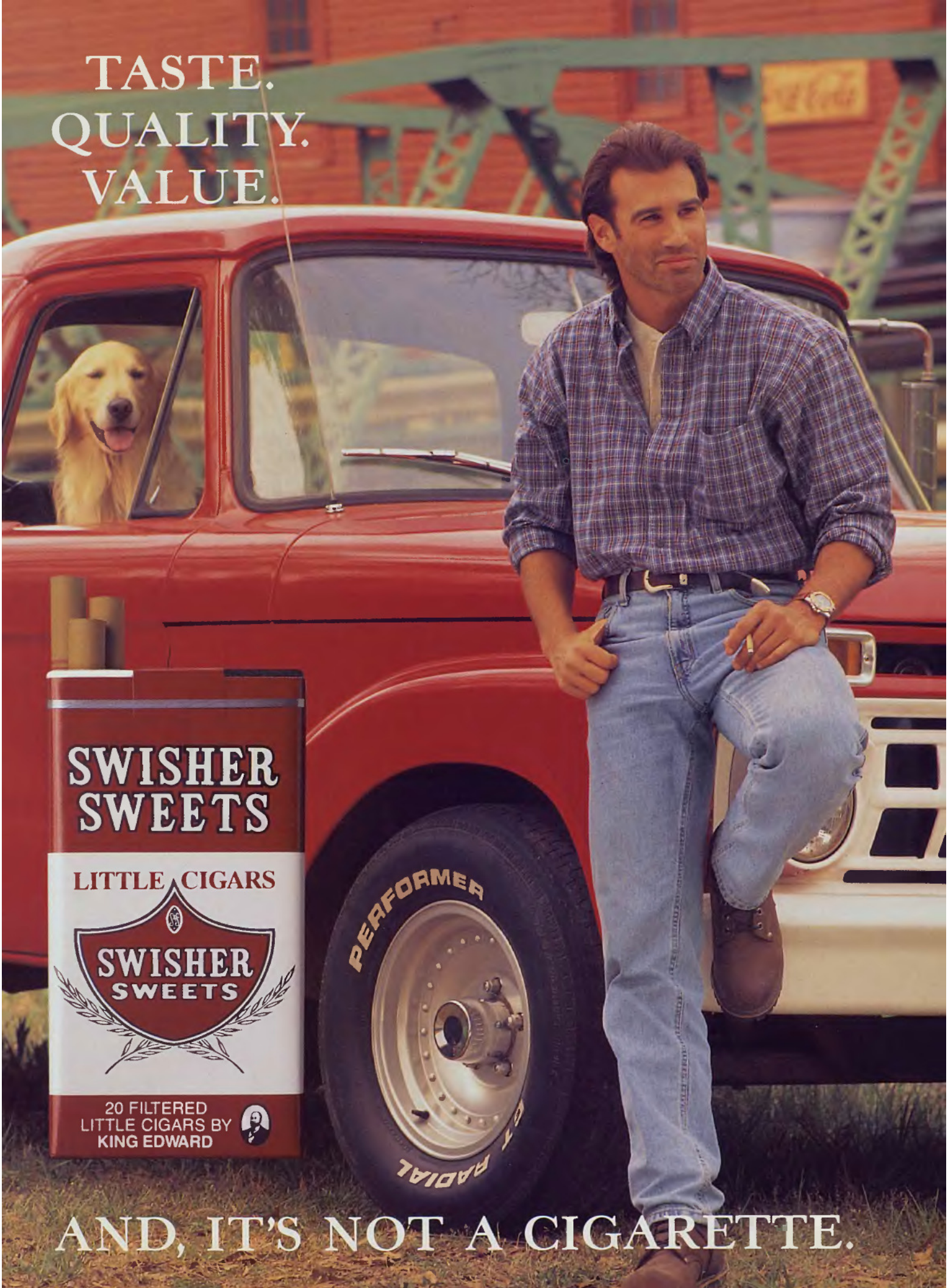
BUGLIOSI: And you were purchasing this from whom?

RESNICK: From a friend of mine who is a businessman. By the way, he's an Italian.

BUGLIOSI: The laughability of all this is that although drug killings are common in the U.S., the Colombian drug lords have nothing to do with them. They do have a history, of course, of killing anyone in Colombia who opposes them, including, in 1985 in Bogotá, 11 supreme court justices who were about to rule on the constitutionality of an extradition treaty. But according to the Drug Enforcement Agency, the only record of a Colombian drug lord ordering a hit in this country of anyone not associated with the drug lord's enterprise was in 1993 against a Hispanic journalist in New York City. He was an antidrug crusader, and that's the only one. If you were to believe the defense, you were important enough for the Colombian drug lords down in Medellín and Cali to break with their policy and go after a small, private user. I'm being sarcastic, of course.

RESNICK: I know.

BUGLIOSI: With respect to the defense allegation that you were too broke to pay for your drug habit, around the time of the murders, Faye, approximately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RESNICK: Around $60,000. And I also had a credit line, my TRW credit report was excellent.

BUGLIOSI: So you had all the conceivable money you needed to support a $20- to $30-a-day habit.

RESNICK: Of course.

BUGLIOSI: Was there ever an occasion around the time of the murders or any previous time when you couldn't pay cash for the cocaine that you were using each day?

RESNICK: Never. It was nothing. It was not even so much as a dinner.

BUGLIOSI: Simpson's criminal defense attorneys allege that you used to borrow money from your fiancé at the time, Christian Reichardt, to pay for your drugs. What's your response to this?

RESNICK: That is an outright lie. In fact, I used to loan Christian money. I did everything to finance his chiropractic office. I even ran his office for him and loaned him money whenever he asked for it. In fact, all of my friends and family would say to me, "It's crazy, you need to stop supporting him."

BUGLIOSI: When was the last time you had loaned Christian money, and how much did you loan him?

RESNICK: He and his friend came to me about three months before the murders and asked me to lend him $20,000, and I did.

BUGLIOSI: Has he ever paid that money back?

RESNICK: Not a penny.

BUGLIOSI: Are you presently drug free?

RESNICK: Yes. Absolutely.

BUGLIOSI: And how long have you been drug free?

RESNICK: Since three days before Nicole was murdered. Thank God, that is part of my past. I will never do that again.

BUGLIOSI: While we're talking about drug use, did you ever personally see Simpson use cocaine?

RESNICK: Yes. The first time was at the Harley-Davidson Café in New York in 1993. Right at the table, in front of everyone, he started tooting it. I told him I was uncomfortable with that because it was so out in the open, but he said no one was paying attention. And, as I have said in my deposition, Nicole told me more than once that O.J.'s drug use was substantial, and about his "Christmas tree," a mason jar he kept in his closet upstairs that contained all types of drugs in different-colored capsules. In fact, in certain circles he was known as Snow J.

BUGLIOSI: Faye, before we discuss other matters, I want to ask you a question about something that troubles even many of your supporters. What comes across in your books and in everything you have said is that Nicole was your best and closest friend. You loved her dearly and were profoundly wounded by her death. With that in mind, how do you reconcile writing in your first book about the physically intimate night you spent with Nicole? At least among some people, couldn't this only hurt the memory of Nicole?

RESNICK: Yes, I do believe it hurt the memory of Nicole. And I'm sorry that that information ever got out. I would never have spoken about it unless I felt I had to, because I felt it was irrelevant, I felt it was nothing that harmed anyone and it need not have been told. But when I was writing my first book in Vermont with my co-author, Mike Walker, I started getting phone calls from all of my friends. Kris Jenner called me, Christian called me, Cici Shahian called me. I even got a message from Nicole's mother, Juditha Brown, asking me if, in fact, it was true that Nicole and I had spent one intimate evening together. I didn't know what else to do.

BUGLIOSI: Did they indicate to you how they had learned about it?

RESNICK: They told me that Cora Fishman had gone to them and told them that Nicole had told her. My initial response was, Why would Cora tell anybody? It was nobody's business. It was nothing that had to do with this case. When I found out Cora had told Juditha Brown about that night, and then when I found out that she had also told O.J., I knew that it was going to come out in the press. I knew that it would probably hit the trial.

BUGLIOSI: So you felt the story's being out there was a fait accompli?

RESNICK: Yes, and I wanted to explain it the way it truly was, rather than have people accept the embellished version, because Cora was making it sound as if it wasn't just one night. Which is all it was.

BUGLIOSI: Did you have any evidence that Cora had already approached the media at the time that you were in Vermont writing your first book?

RESNICK: Yes, I did. My co-author, who is an editor for the *Enquirer*, which also owns *Star* magazine, told me that Cora Fishman had approached the *Star* with a story regarding Nicole and me spending that night together. And it was indeed published. She had approached Barbara Walters with the story. She did, in fact, eventually go on Barbara Walters' show and talk about the intimacy. So I felt the only thing to do was to address it in as delicate a manner as possible. And to at least get the truth out, not the embellished version that I was hearing.

BUGLIOSI: Do you still associate with the same mutual friends you and Nicole had when she was alive, other than Cora Fishman?

RESNICK: Yes, I do. We have made a bond with one another to always stay together, protect one another and make sure nothing happens to any of us.

BUGLIOSI: But you have nothing further to do with Cora Fishman?

RESNICK: Right. We don't even acknowledge her presence on this planet.

BUGLIOSI: What are your feelings about the not-guilty verdict in the criminal trial?

RESNICK: I was so embarrassed to be called an American. I feel that there is no justice, and the loss of innocence for me in seeing our judicial system fail so miserably was overwhelming. I feel that

"We've rescheduled your surgery for tomorrow, Mr. Cooper. It seems they left your heart in San Francisco."

Nicole's and Ron's lives were discounted in three hours and it was just the same feeling that I felt when JFK was assassinated. It was a visceral blow.

BUGLIOSI: In Dominick Dunne's foreword to your second book, *Shattered*, he wrote, "I learned very quickly that Faye was no airhead cashing in on her friend's murder. She didn't mince words. She said exactly what she thought, she was smart, she knew the score. To my amazement, words such as brave and fearless came to my mind." By the way, I agree with Dominick, but is that the way you perceive yourself, brave and fearless?

RESNICK: I thank Dominick for writing the foreword to my book. He is one of my heroes—besides you, Vince. I don't take the credit for being fearless or brave. I give that credit to Nicole. I just did what I felt had to be done. I believe in friendship and I believe that if people don't stand up for one another, then what do we have? We have nothing.

BUGLIOSI: One of the ironies in the Simpson case is that Simpson is black in color only, having long ago dissociated himself from the black community and having never suffered as an adult from the discrimination against blacks in our society. Yet, by the defense fraudulently injecting race into the case before a predominantly black jury, Simpson benefited from all the wrongs perpetrated against blacks through the years, particularly by those perpetrated by certain elements in law enforcement. Does it strike you as odd that Nicole did not want Simpson to forget his black roots and urged him to help poor and otherwise disadvantaged blacks?

RESNICK: No. Nicole always encouraged O.J. to do more for his community than he was willing to do. And it was a sore point between them. But O.J. felt it was very controversial. He had crossed the line. In fact, we used to make fun of him, we used to call him a white Jewish man.

BUGLIOSI: To his face?

RESNICK: Yes.

BUGLIOSI: What would he say to that?

RESNICK: Oh, he laughed. He thought that was hilarious. Most of his best friends were these old Jewish guys at the golf club, so that's what we used to call him. His only two black friends were—and I thought it was very sad and so did Nic—Marcus Allen and A.C. Cowlings.

BUGLIOSI: So in the last analysis, Nicole, whose murderer was freed in large part because he is black, had more compassion and concern for black people than her murderer did. Does that seem to be a fair assessment?

RESNICK: Absolutely.

BUGLIOSI: Comment briefly on some of the people you've met during the past two years in connection with this case, starting with Robert Kardashian. He was, as we all know, a close friend of O.J. Simpson's and part of Simpson's defense team. He was a friend of yours, as well, I understand. You wrote that he was one of the people floating rumors that some Colombians were after you.

RESNICK: Yes, I was wounded when I learned he had a part in attacking me. I know that Robert is a religious man, and it shocked me that he would join that team. I'm well aware, from having many conversations with Robert over the past few months, that he has been haunted by this, that he was in terrible denial when the trial first started. He truly believed what his friend had said to him. And I will not join the team of, you know, he's damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. I'm glad that he's telling as much of the truth as he possibly can at this point.

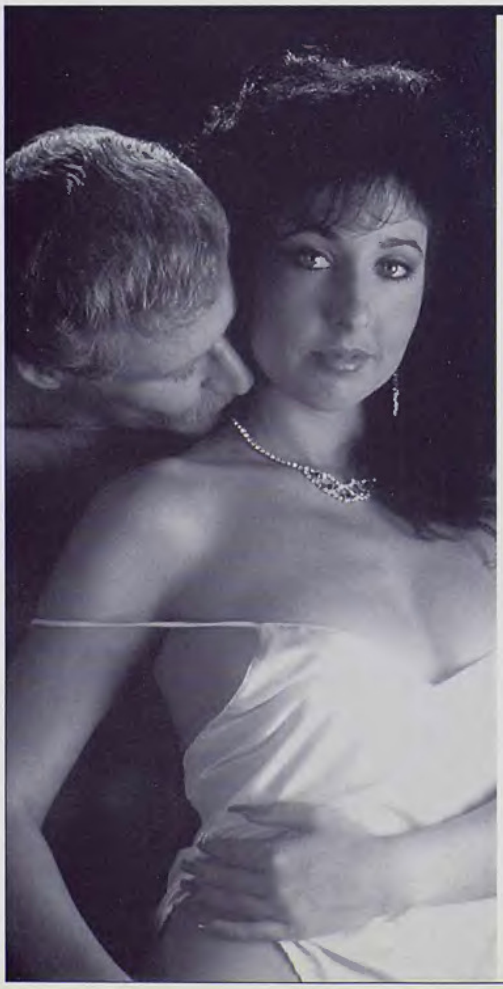
BUGLIOSI: A.C. Cowlings.

RESNICK: It's sad—I feel like A.C.'s really a victim in this, too. A.C. has interfaced with O.J. throughout their entire lives and has no other options than to defend his friend. Nicole used to love A.C. I know A.C. loved Nicole. And I find the position that A.C. is being put in to be horrible.

BUGLIOSI: So you sympathize with A.C. Cowlings and actually like him.

RESNICK: I do. I do sympathize with him. I don't like what he's doing, but I understand it.

BUGLIOSI: Kato Kaelin.



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RESNICK: Well, Kato, we always called him the court jester since he couldn't actually answer a question. In fact, I kept saying, "Where did he get that lobotomy?" I'm glad that he, too, has come clean with what he truly knew. I wish he only would have been honest and truthful at the trial, but I know he was terrified.

BUGLIOSI: What about Marcus Allen? How does he fit in, if at all, to what ultimately happened in this case?

RESNICK: Well, Marcus Allen is one of the few people who actually walked out of this case unscathed. He would not respond, did not respond, except to deny everything. And he was able to quash all subpoenas for the criminal case because his residences were out of the state of California. He did have a relationship with Nicole. When *Private Diary* first came out, Marcus Allen's attorney, Ed Hookstratten, said Marcus would sue me for saying so, though he knew that it was corroborated by three other sources. Marcus and Nicole did indeed have an affair. And Marcus never sued me.

BUGLIOSI: When did that affair start?

RESNICK: It started when O.J. would not talk to Nicole at all. It was after the divorce was final in 1992.

BUGLIOSI: Was Simpson aware of the affair?

RESNICK: Yes, he was very aware of the relationship and it made him absolutely crazy. Marcus was one of the many reasons Simpson was acting wildly over Nicole. Marcus and Nic stopped seeing each other when Nicole and O.J. reconciled. And Nicole made O.J. a promise and Marcus made O.J. a promise that they would never see each other again. The month before she died, Marcus started seeing Nicole again.

BUGLIOSI: When's the last time you're aware of that Marcus was with Nicole?

RESNICK: Two weeks before she died.

BUGLIOSI: She told you that?

RESNICK: Yes, she did.

BUGLIOSI: Getting into the area of domestic violence, you say in *Shattered* that statistics show upwards of 4 million women are living in abusive relationships.

RESNICK: Well, 4 million women report the abuse. But when we include the incidents that are not reported, the numbers are much higher, of course. I think the saddest fact is there are three times as many animal shelters in this country as there are shelters for abused women. I think it's something that we all need to take a look at. That, and the fact that in this country 11 women a day are murdered by their intimate partners.

BUGLIOSI: What advice would you give to women who are in abusive relationships?

RESNICK: The advice I would give first of all is to call a hotline for advice and help. Seeking shelter is important, but it's not enough. Victims have to address the problem in therapy.

They need to understand how to start living a different life. And they need to have the batterer receive some therapy as well, because without that, there is no hope.

If your abuser is not willing to get therapy and if you're not willing to address the problem and handle it professionally, then you should accumulate all the documents—your child's and your birth certificates, all of the papers—and start saving some money so that you can plan your way to freedom. So that you can start supporting yourself when you escape from that relationship. Restraining orders are essential, the police need to know about it, your doctors need to know about it, it needs to be brought to the attention of the public.

BUGLIOSI: What's the most important rule to follow?

RESNICK: Do not wait until the next time. Start planning, start taking care of yourself immediately.

BUGLIOSI: Because inevitably there is going to be another time?

RESNICK: There is always another time. Unless the batterer seeks treatment, he will always be a batterer.

BUGLIOSI: One final question. I've heard that before Nicole was murdered, you had plans to open a coffeeshop together. Tell us a little about it.

RESNICK: Nicole and I wanted to have complete independence. We thought it would be great to open up a business of our own. And because we worked so well together in whatever we did, and we got along so well, we thought we'd make great business partners. So we had the idea that we would open up this poetry-reading type of French coffee shop. We wanted to call it the Java Café, where a gentler, civilized, philosophical group of people would come in for verbal and literary exchange. We were going to have artists and poetry readings. And that was our dream. That was what we were working on.

BUGLIOSI: Had you set aside a certain amount of money for that?

RESNICK: Yes, we were both planning on investing $40,000 into the first one. Initially we were going to start one and then open others, because at that time, coffeehouses were becoming so big in Los Angeles.

BUGLIOSI: Did you happen to talk with Nicole about this during the last conversation you had with her, on the night she was murdered?

RESNICK: Yes, I did. Because Nicole was free of the spell of O.J., she told me we could now start planning all of the things that we were going to do. I was getting treatment, she had just released herself from that relationship. So essentially anything that ever held us back was now gone. So we were talking about how nice it feels to be autonomous women and how incredible it would be to have our business.

BUGLIOSI: So Nicole was very excited on the night she was murdered about going into this coffeehouse venture with you?

RESNICK: She was so excited—it's hard to express the freedom she felt that night. She was in just the greatest, most amazing mood. I had never sensed her to be so happy.

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3001: THE FINAL ODYSSEY

(continued from page 92)

The dinosaur returned his stare, doubled back into the shed and emerged with a rake and garden shears.

Immediately beneath them was a group of slender trees that Poole could not at first identify. Then he realized they were oaks, adapted to one sixth of their normal gravity. What, he wondered, would palm trees look like here? Giant reeds, probably.

In the middle distance there was a small lake, fed by a river that meandered across a grassy plain, then disappeared into something that looked like a single gigantic banyan tree. What was the source of the water? Poole had become aware of a faint drumming sound, and as he swept his gaze along the gently curving wall, he discovered a miniature Niagara with a perfect rainbow hovering in the spray above it.

He could have stood there for hours, admiring the view and still not exhausting all the wonders of this complex and brilliantly contrived simulation of the planet below. As it spread out into new and hostile environments, perhaps the human race felt an ever-increasing need to remember its origins. Of course, even in his own time every city had its parks as reminders—usually feeble—of nature. The same impulse must be acting here on a much grander scale. Central Park, Africa Tower!

"Let's go down," said Indra. "There's so much to see, and I don't come here as often as I'd like."

Followed by the silent but ever-present Danil, who always seemed to know when he was needed but otherwise kept out of the way, they began a leisurely exploration of this oasis in space. Though walking was almost effortless in this low gravity, from time to time they took advantage of a small monorail, and stopped once for refreshments at a café cunningly concealed in the trunk of a redwood that must have been at least a quarter of a kilometer tall.

There were very few other people about—their fellow passengers had long since disappeared into the landscape—so it was as if they had all this wonderland to themselves. Everything was so beautifully maintained, presumably by armies of robots, that from time to time Poole was reminded of a visit he had made to Disney World as a small boy. But this was even better: There were no crowds and indeed very little reminder of the human race and its artifacts.

They were admiring a superb collection of orchids, some of enormous size, when Poole had one of the biggest shocks of his life. As they walked past a typical gardener's shed, the door opened—and the gardener emerged.

Frank Poole had always prided himself on his self-control and never imagined that as a full-grown adult he would give a cry of pure fright. But like every boy of his generation, he had seen the *Jurassic* movies—and he knew a raptor when he met one eye-to-eye.

"I'm terribly sorry," Indra said, with obvious concern. "I never thought of warning you."

Poole's jangling nerves returned to normal. Of course there could be no danger in this perhaps too-well-ordered world, but still!

The dinosaur returned his stare with apparent disinterest, then doubled back into the shed and emerged again with a rake and a pair of garden shears, which it dropped into a bag hanging over one shoulder. It walked away from them with a birdlike gait, never looking back as it disappeared behind some ten-meter-high sunflowers.

"I should explain," Indra said contritely. "We like to use bio-organisms when we can, rather than robots—I suppose it's carbon chauvinism! There are only a few animals that have any manual dexterity, and we've used them all at one time or another.

"And here's a mystery that no one's been able to solve. You'd think that enhanced herbivores such as chimps and gorillas would be good at this sort of work. Well, they're not; they don't have the patience for it.

"Yet carnivores like our friend here are excellent, and easily trained. What's more—here's another paradox!—after they've been modified they're docile and good-natured. Of course, there are almost a thousand years of genetic engineering behind them, and look what primitive man did to the wolf, merely by trial and error!"

Indra laughed and continued: "You may not believe this, Frank, but they also make good babysitters—children love them! There's a 500-year-old joke: 'Would you trust your kids to a dinosaur?' 'What—and risk injuring it?'"

Poole joined in the laughter, partly in shamefaced reaction to his own fright. To change the subject, he asked Indra the question that was still worrying him.

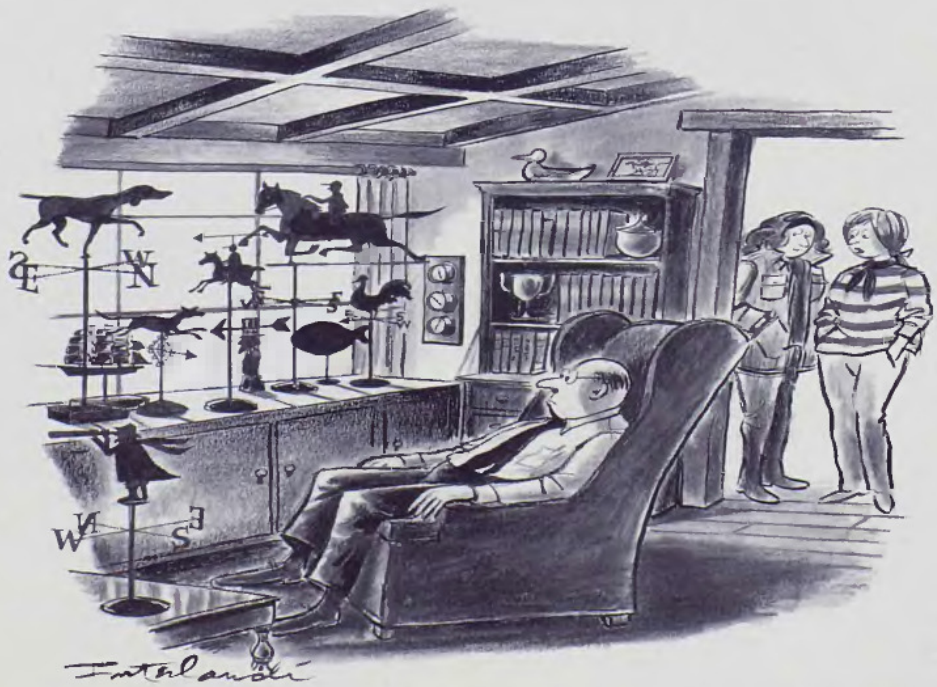
"All this," he said, "is wonderful, but why go to so much trouble when anyone in the tower can reach the real thing just as quickly?"

Indra looked at him thoughtfully, weighing her words.

"That's not quite true. It's uncomfortable—even dangerous—for anyone who lives above the half-g level to go down to Earth, even in a hoverchair. So it has to be this or—as you used to say—virtual reality."

Now I'm beginning to understand, Poole told himself. That explains Anderson's evasiveness, and all the tests he's been doing to see if I've regained my strength.

I've come all the way back from Jupiter, to within 2000 kilometers of Earth—but I may never again walk on the surface of my home planet.



"For all of that, he still doesn't know which way the wind blows."

GLAMOURCON

(continued from page 119)

Bettie wasn't a bombshell like Marilyn Monroe, stripper Blaze Starr and pin-up girl Irish McCalla. She was naughty *and* nice, somehow suggesting forbidden fruit and apple pie at the same time. Which made it all the more shocking when America's secret sweetheart began appearing bound and gagged in under-the-counter bondage photos. It was all in the game for Bettie, who saw bondage as one more way of cavorting with the camera. But then, in 1958, she disappeared.

Before long Page's fans were collecting and trading Bettie memorabilia. Their hobby soon embraced all sorts of sexy items. Today's Glamourcon still features the traditional Bettie Page look-alike contest, and you'll see vintage Lili St. Cyr movie posters beside classic issues of *Sir!* magazine. But there's modern glam as well: topless holograms, voluptuous robots and Pasta Erotica noodles in unlikely shapes. This is where the girl modeling latex underwear lends her pen to the guy hawking sexy CD-ROMs. Yes, it's where the rubber meets the info highway.

"We got a big boost when he started coming," says Schultz, nodding toward a hubbub at the door. In walks Hugh M. Hefner, moving slowly, signing autographs, ringed by flashbulbs and grasping hands like a prizefighter. The convention gained stature when PLAYBOY's founder recognized it as the field's official shindig. As a veteran exhibitor says, "We're legit. Hey, we're on the TV news now."

And fast outgrowing the Imperial Ballroom. You can barely move without jostling an underwear model or Vampirella impersonator. Hef and his small posse move past a bank of TV monitors. The screens show him hosting Lenny Bruce and Nat King Cole on *Playboy After Dark*. He reaches the hub, greets the Playmates, nods like Captain Kirk as he inspects the PLAYBOY exhibit. Suddenly a chemist bursts from the crowd. Don Troy, 38, waves a piece of the past at the publisher—nothing less than the 1953 Marilyn Monroe PLAYBOY, which Troy got for $1200 in 1990. A lifelong collector, Troy took his prize from its safe-deposit box and flew here from Chicago, hoping to get Hef to sign it.

"I can't turn that down," Hef says—and, with one scrawl, doubles the magazine's value.

Glamourcon is "part of the retro phenomenon that includes James Bond, the Beatles—a wide range of Hollywood collectibles as well as pin-up art," says Hefner. "Glamourcon is special to us at PLAYBOY," he says, "because it is rooted in what was called Good-Girl Art, a style of pin-up art I was very aware of when I was growing up." The naughty but nice, daring yet lighthearted spirit he saw in

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such pin-up queens as Irish McCalla, the sultry star of *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*, influenced the magazine he invented. This year Hefner made his invention's command of the event official, approving the ballroom's gleaming central display and its celebrity Playmates. "The Playmates are as important as movie stars here," he says. "That's gratifying to me because it shows that the Playmate represents something more than a photo feature. Their fans, of course, never forget." The hutchmaster understands fandom. "I'm a kid who had pinups on his wall. I participate in the fans' romantic nostalgia," he says. "You know, if I hadn't created the magazine, I'd probably be on the other side. I'd be a fan."

Fans line up and Playmates sign, adding worth to every curved collectible they put their special Playmate pens to. Occasionally a collector offers the ultimate compliment: "I will never sell this one."

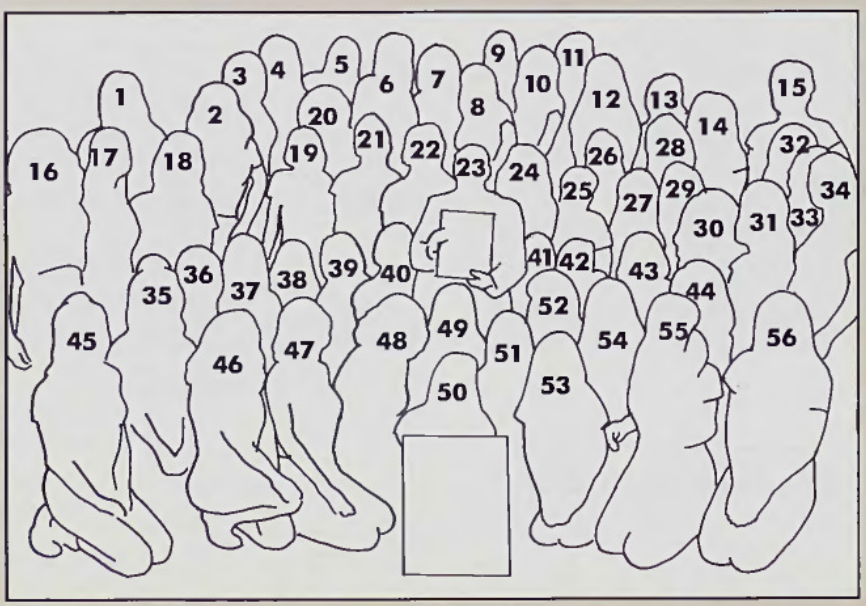
"We have a responsibility here," says Miss May 1991 Carrie Yazel. "PLAYBOY's presence matters. We have to look classy. We have to be classy. This isn't Panty Express anymore." Yazel, a blonde in a slightly tight yet businesslike black dress, says she and 20 other Playmates had a lunch meeting to plan their appearance here. Hence the clean lines of their New York black dresses and suits today—a sharp contrast to Bondage Darla and the nearby Indian maiden wearing a see-through hatchet belt.

"We're here to have a little fun, make a little money and make Glamourcon legitimate and professional," Carrie says.

She makes it sound like a business meeting. Which is what Glamourcon is becoming as it grows. Still, glam has qualities that won't soon fall prey to accountants. In the course of interviewing Carrie Yazel, you ask for her PLAYBOY trading card. It features her without the businesslike dress or anything else.

"I think we're succeeding," she says. "Don't you?"

Know your Playmates! In case you weren't able to identify them all, here's some help. (1) Christina Leardini, (2) Rebecca Ferratti, (3) Patty Duffek, (4) Carmen Berg, (5) Tina Bockroth, (6) Monique Noel, (7) Rhonda Adams, (8) Jennifer Lovoie, (9) Bonnie Morino, (10) Michele Droke, (11) Reagan Wilson, (12) Debi Nicolle Johnson, (13) Morionne Grovotte, (14) Moreno Corwin, (15) Morlene Jonssen, (16) Carrie Yazel, (17) Donna Perry, (18) Janet Quist, (19) Jannie Nicely, (20) Petra Verkaik, (21) Nancy Horwood, (22) Patti Reynolds, (23) Hef, (24) Judy Tyler, (25) Victoria Valentino, (26) Cathy Rowland, (27) Alana Soares, (28) Elisa Bridges, (29) Rachel Jean Marteen, (30) Donna Edmondson, (31) Gwen Wang, (32) Stacy Sanches, (33) Sharon Johansen, (34) Echo Johnson, (35) Helena Antonaccia, (36) Victoria Fuller, (37) Monique St. Pierre, (38) Angela Melini, (39) Cathy St. George, (40) Peggy McIntaggart, (41) Bonnie Large, (42) Ola Ray, (43) Helle Michaelsen, (44) Jessica Lee, (45) Lillian Müller, (46) Gina Goldberg, (47) Karin Taylor, (48) Lisa Baker, (49) DeDe Lind, (50) Julie Lynn Ciolini, (51) Cyndi Wood, (52) Cynthia Myers, (53) Debbie Boostrom, (54) Lisa Marie Scott, (55) Carole Vitale, (56) Lisa Welch



New Sex

(continued from page 90)

have to wait until 2001 if I didn't ask for it." And while some guys are better than others, it almost never feels bad. So do it.

MOD MOODS

If the best sex you ever had was when you fucked an old girlfriend from behind while watching *Sportscenter*, I would suggest that you not do that with your new lover. To set an appropriate mood, just remember to please all five senses. Don't smell like a stale cigar, taste like beer, watch ESPN, listen to gangsta rap or let her feel crusty sheets. Though she doesn't want you to be a nancy-boy, some soothing turn-ons you could try are a stick of incense, or mood lighting, or champagne. Here's one of the best ideas I've heard for helping a new lover get to know your body: Blindfold her and tie her hands behind her back. Put a drop of honey on your body and tell her to find it with her tongue. Doesn't that sound sweet? Be sure to reciprocate.

Once you are past the dinner-and-movie-date stage, one of the best and most popular ways to spend an evening is watching a video. There's nothing better than going to a video store together. Your instinct with a new girlfriend may be to rent a chick flick, such as *Il Postino* or *Sense and Sensibility*. But get a sexy one, too. Think *Body Heat*, *Exotica* or *Last Tango in Paris*. Avoid Blockbuster, because there's no X-rated section for her to drift into. You would be surprised at how many women suggest renting a porno tape.

I once knew a guy who always told his dates that the TV in his living room wasn't working, so they'd have to watch the one in the bedroom. If you have only one TV, move it into the bedroom. You could say, "I've never seen that film *9½ Weeks*. And look, there's all this food in my fridge!"

SEX TOY STORY

Because the erotic charge is strong in the early weeks, you can eventually break out the food, handcuffs or tantric sex moves. Part of new sex is bonding and establishing a rhythm, so don't jump the gun. The best time to start using sex toys is when you're starting to feel comfortable but not yet stuck in a routine. One woman told me that she once walked into her new boyfriend's room to find him sitting on his bed holding handcuffs and smiling. She thought, Ooh, creepy. What's he thinking, that I've never seen handcuffs before? Why isn't he saying anything? Don't suddenly reach under the bed and cuff her. She will wonder where you got them and who you used them on last (women can be bitchy that way). The key is to work in an intermediate step. Talk about it during sex but save the actual cuffing for the

next time. Try tying her with cloth before you get to metal. One woman might like hearing that you want to tie her up so she can lie back and enjoy it; another may think that's too passive. If she's a bit tougher, you could tell her that she can tie you up afterward—make it sound rough-and-tumble.

THREE STRIKES

Be careful bringing up the topic of threesomes. Women know this is a favorite male fantasy, but in the beginning, she'll want to focus on you, not her cute girlfriend. Also, maintain your privacy about your past when it comes to turn-ons and fantasies. Since you are stripping away the mystery as you talk, you need to do things to keep sex light and adverturous.

SIGN LANGUAGE

Pay attention to the signals she sends. If she says, "I love it when you kiss my neck," do it. Many men say, "I'm not going to do that. I want to prove that I can be creative and that I can make a woman feel good without being told how." Come on—give her credit for saying what she wants.

While good sex is about giving pleasure, to some extent it's also about being selfish. A sexually experienced woman will know her favorite positions for achieving orgasms. She'll either tell you or show you by, say, getting up on all fours. Lots of guys tell me, "I know how to make a woman come." It's not the man's responsibility to give a woman an orgasm. It should be something she can do for herself. That's the selfish part of sex. If she likes, she should show you what you can do to help, or you can ask her to masturbate during intercourse. Enjoy it. Good sex is when you are not worrying about who's coming when.

Don't ask, "Was it good for you?" Never fish for compliments about how good you are.

BOOTY POWER

The boldness associated with a new romance also allows us to seek out wild and slightly crazy places to have sex. Let your lust flow. Play footsie under the table at the restaurant while meeting her parents. When she visits you at work, see if she'll sneak a blow job under your desk. At a party, have a quickie in the bathroom. If you're in high school or college, this is probably one of the only private places you have. But if you've been out of school for a while, try it again. Make out in the back of a movie theater and get a hand job while you're at it (this is probably inevitable, anyway, so savor it). These are some of the valuable, exciting memories you'll rack up before you establish a routine of doing it in bed every time. One of the odder stories I've heard is from a woman who was spending the day in a public park with her new boyfriend. They had a footrace and she fell and bruised her behind (she was wearing a skirt). Her boyfriend picked her up and carried her to a fairly isolated park bench. "Somehow," she explains, "he went from drying my tears and cleaning the wound to kissing my face and fingering me. I came so hard I got splinters in my butt. We had to play doctor all over again when we got home."

COME AGAIN?

Something else to please her: Always have time to make love once more. When you spend the night (most likely she wants you to), take an extra 15 minutes to have sex before you leave in the morning. What makes new sex great? Urgency. It's when you want her, need her and she wants to devour you. In those moments, all the sex pressure—the clumsiness, the erection problems, the nerves—falls away and lust takes over. When you are both dressed and ready to go to a party, make yourselves late: Strip, mess yourselves up and have sex before you leave. Also, pay attention when she offers to go down on you. Blow jobs are a point of pride for many women—they see it as a performance. Let her do what she wants.

LOVE VERSUS ROMANCE

In the early going you may start to feel that you are in love. It's widely believed that when "I love you" is said in bed, it doesn't count (unless you've already been saying it—which means you better say it in bed, and often). Women, of course, love to hear "I love you," but if you haven't said it before, try not to say it for the first time in bed. A friend told me that with his previous girlfriend he liked to rest his head on her chest and listen to her heartbeat. He made the mistake of telling this to his new girlfriend, and now every time he goes to lick or suck her nipples, she presses his head to her chest.

Finally, whether or not you ever say "I love you," you can still try to do some romantic things that will make new sex special for her. No matter how liberated today's women are, many still love old-fashioned romance. I used to say on my television show that I love to get flowers. But male guests would tell me that they never give flowers because they think it's too much of a cliché. Granted, romance has evolved over the past few years. It used to be romantic to write a love note; now it's romantic to send e-mail. So I'm told that my old favorite, flowers, is a cliché. "Anyone can get flowers," one guy told me, "so why would a woman think that's special?" Listen—most guys don't give anything, so if you buy flowers you are a step ahead. The rest of the answer: Women love them.

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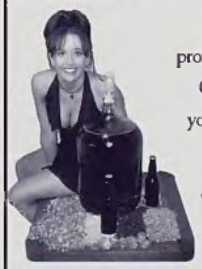

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CLINT EASTWOOD

(continued from page 64)

EASTWOOD: Enough said.

PLAYBOY: So is this your final marriage? Is Dina the last Mrs. Eastwood?

EASTWOOD: This is it. Win, lose or draw.

PLAYBOY: Does the age disparity concern you? She's 31, you're 66.

EASTWOOD: Nothing to worry about there. I mean, it's never been an issue. I don't think about that. You're as old as you feel, and I feel great. Certainly if you're a man there are advantages to being older. You're a little more giving and patient. You're not as self-oriented, always out for the brass ring like when you were younger. None of us knows how long fate gives you on the planet. People get so concerned about age, about the future, they don't live out their moment today. Moment to moment. I'm immensely happy with Dina, and I feel I've finally found a person I want to be with. We have a great time.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet?

EASTWOOD: She's an anchorwoman with an NBC affiliate here, and she interviewed me after *Unforgiven*. She seemed very charming and nice and I liked her, but it was a friendly thing and then we just went our separate ways. But I liked her very much. I remembered her. And I think she felt the same way. I went to a function by myself some time later. I walked in and they said, "Oh, why don't you sit with Dina, she's also by herself." So we sat down and talked and laughed and danced and what have you, but we didn't arrange a date or anything. Then I went to another charity function, and again she was there. And we got talking again and by this time I was between relationships, and so we went out and had a beer and talked. The next few times we just went out and grabbed a beer and sat and talked. We started to date occasionally after *Bridges of Madison County*. The one thing we always maintained was a really good level of respect for each other. I've been supportive of her with her job and she's supportive of me with my job. They don't cross or collide. She's a really smart woman.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer to be with somebody who's not in the movie business?

EASTWOOD: You said it. There's no agenda, no work thing. If I introduce her to friends who are producers, there's no work in that for her. They're just friends. And she's here, she loves it here. I love it here. It's very nice.

PLAYBOY: What kind of women have appealed to you?

EASTWOOD: I've liked women who were smart and OK-looking, and I've liked women who were good-looking and not too smart. I'm no different from any other guy. It's a cliché that an extremely attractive woman has to be a bimbo with a brain the size of a peanut. That's wrong. Just because a woman is attractive

doesn't mean she isn't smart. But I think what a man wants from a woman is pretty much what a woman wants from a man. Respect. That's the ultimate to me. Sure there's infatuation. But a person has to respect herself and has to respect you and what you do, and you have to respect each other. If one or the other doesn't, it becomes problematic.

PLAYBOY: What role does your family play in your life?

EASTWOOD: I like them very much. It seems their existence keeps me young. If you have a two-year-old around the house, it keeps you thinking, keeps you young, watching the learning process. My older kids are all off in different directions, but I try to see them as much as I can. I'm seeing my daughter Alison in L.A. tonight. I see the older ones on holidays and on certain occasions when they want something. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about having a three-year-old and a brand-new daughter?

EASTWOOD: It's so much easier when you're in your 60s. When you're young, life is selfish, everything is selfish. You're talking about your next job, what's going to happen to your career and, when you get a break, especially in the acting profession, how long it's going to last. Every actor thinks his last job was his last job. It takes years before that syndrome subsides. And I don't have that. It's a great thing. I'm not compelled to work like I did when I was younger. Check it out with older men who have kids. They have more time, and more patience. Of course, you also get to a certain age and you go, "OK, this is going to be nice, but here's the reality of it: They're going to be here forever, you'll be asked for things forever, you'll feel sometimes like it's a one-way street."

PLAYBOY: Having been mayor of Carmel, have you ever been asked to run for governor or senator?

EASTWOOD: There was a lot of talk like that, but only because Reagan was president at the time and everybody thought, Well, here's another movie actor who is going to try to do something political. But I didn't want to do that. George Murphy and Reagan and all those guys quit acting when they went into politics.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't politics appeal to you as a way of life?

EASTWOOD: It's a lot of work and a lot of frustration, and being a politician is about the last thing I'd want to do. I like independence. I revere independence. And I'm not that good a politician. I get along with people, but to sit there and fudge the truth and promise to do something and know you're not going to do it—that's not what I want to do.

PLAYBOY: Are there issues you feel strongly about?

EASTWOOD: I don't think there should be two four-year terms for the president. I think someone should be president for one six-year term with no chance to run again. I feel that only two years of a four-year term are put to good use. The rest is running for the next four years, and that's very expensive and counterproductive. I think term limitations would be great. I know a lot of congressmen and senators hate to hear that, but I think it's good to have new blood. I quit after one term as mayor because I wanted new blood to come in. When people get in term after term, they forget the meaning of public servant. Then bad things start happening.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize yourself politically?

EASTWOOD: I [illegible]. Everyone leaves everyone else alone. Neither party seems to have the ability to embrace that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Are you pro-choice?

EASTWOOD: I've always been pro-choice. It's an individual decision. I don't believe organizations should start taking over the decision-making process for the individual. Absolute power corrupts.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about another issue. During the Sixties and Seventies, did you see a lot of drugs and craziness in Hollywood?

EASTWOOD: I had friends who died using drugs, and I've had a lot of friends who had problems along the way. I had a particularly close friend who became reclusive and finally gave up. It was very sad.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever take drugs?

EASTWOOD: No, never did. I'm not much of a drinker, either. A glass of wine, a beer, a shot of Patrón tequila—that's a treat every now and then. I have a buddy who says, "Anything better than a good glass of beer and a piece of ass would kill me." [*Laughs*]. Maybe there's something to that. I mean, how good do you want life to be? I've always liked life, anyway. People who get into drugs are trying to escape themselves. I've never wanted to escape.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a bit about your childhood. What was your mother like?

EASTWOOD: I say this without prejudice: She's an extremely giving lady and she was always very flexible, very supportive, when I was growing up. I was always taught to be respectful of her. My father was big on basic courtesies toward women. The one time I ever got snotty with my mother when he was around, he left me a little battered. [*Grins*] Yeah, he taught me little things—like I should leave the toilet seat down out of respect for my mother. I was lucky. I was taught values. I was raised in a good family.

PLAYBOY: You grew up during the Depression. What impact did that have on you?

EASTWOOD: Tremendous impact, tremendous. So many people were unemployed and struggling, and there was no

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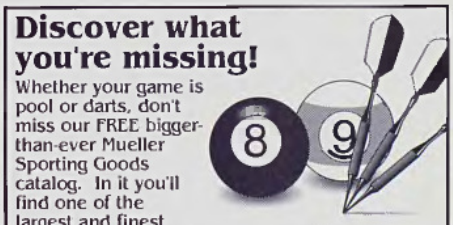
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welfare state. People were dying to work, really wanted to work in any kind of job. Nowadays it's different. A friend of mine stopped a guy who was carrying a NEED WORK sign on the road and asked him if he wanted a job. The guy asked how much he'd be paid, and my friend said $6.80 an hour. The guy said, "Can't do it, not enough." That wouldn't have happened then.

PLAYBOY: Did growing up worrying about money affect you?

EASTWOOD: It made me sort of fiscally conservative. When you have some dough, you should put it away for a rainy day, and you should try to manage your money. The first movie actor I met was Cornel Wilde. We were at a party, and he asked, "What are you doing?" And I said, "Well, I'm trying to be an actor, studying to be an actor." I was a kid at the time, in my early 20s. And he said, "Save your money." I said, "I don't have any." But he said, "If you ever get any money, make sure you save it so you don't have to do all the crap people are going to ask you to do someday." I've always remembered that.

PLAYBOY: You struggled for some time as a bit player at Universal, then got *Rawhide*. Then you went off to Italy to make the spaghetti Westerns. Did it upset you that people years later—maybe even now—still saw you essentially as a Western star?

EASTWOOD: It didn't upset me. I knew that I was different, I knew I wasn't a cowboy. But if you portray a cowboy and people think you're a cowboy, that's fine. That's what every actor strives for. If you're playing a fireman and they believe you're a guy who's with the fire department, that's fantastic. People are always trying to typecast you. I guess I came in in kind of an oddball way too, going off to Italy like that to do those low-budget Westerns. When the movies came out, they were actually more revered—at least for that time—than American-made Westerns. But some people wondered, What the hell kind of crap is this? What are they doing to our Western movie? As for being a Western actor, years ago I was asked if I was afraid of being typed when I started *Rawhide*. I had been unemployed for a long time, I had been struggling as an actor, and I said, "Are you kidding? Just get me the job and I'll worry about getting untyped later." But in reality everyone is typed for something.

PLAYBOY: You're one of only a handful of people who have had extraordinary longevity as stars—for you, 40 years. What's the secret? Good looks?

EASTWOOD: Not at this age.

PLAYBOY: Is it the roles you choose?

EASTWOOD: When I first came on, maybe 30 years ago, I was a sort of an upstart out of television who was doing these Italian-made Westerns. But after the third one, after *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*, it was time to come back here. And instead of doing a picture more grand in scale, I did a smaller picture, *Hang 'Em High*, which was about capital punishment. Then I did medium-sized pictures throughout the Sixties. And several expensive films, such as *Where Eagles Dare* and *Paint Your Wagon*—with varying success. I started to branch out in the Seventies with *The Beguiled*, trying offbeat things. The next two, *Play Misty* and *Dirty Harry*, were commercial, and then in the Eighties I did *Bronco Billy* and *Honkytonk Man*. I was always reaching out for something different. And even *Every Which Way but Loose*, which is a comedy with an orangutan and the sort of stuff people don't necessarily take seriously in cinema, was a reach. I was moving away from gunplay and that kind of stuff, and I think those reaches throughout my career have gotten me some attention. They've kept me interested. I think it's easy for a person to fall into complacency and say, "I could have stayed in Italy and done 25 Westerns instead of three." I could have come back here and done a whole mess of cop dramas, but that would have been boring for the public and boring for me. If you're not going to look interested, there's no reason to expect the audience to be interested.

PLAYBOY: In terms of casting women, you rarely seemed to go after conventional beauties: Geraldine Page in *The Beguiled*, Jessica Walter in *Play Misty for Me*, Kay Lenz in *Breezy*, Bernadette Peters in *Pink Cadillac*.

EASTWOOD: If you get too conventional with glamour girls, all of a sudden it becomes a Hollywood picture rather than a picture that relates to anything realistic. There are beautiful girls who are not models or actresses, but they seem like Barbies. It can kill a movie if you glam things up.

PLAYBOY: You often make the commute from Carmel to Los Angeles by piloting your own helicopter. When did you start flying?

EASTWOOD: I was introduced to helicopters in 1968 or 1969. I was on the set of *Paint Your Wagon*, in Baker, Oregon, and the pilot used to pick me up in the front yard of the home I was renting and we'd fly a half hour to work. He gave me a chance to fly a little. I liked it. Finally about eight years ago I got a license and bought a helicopter at the Paris Air Show.

PLAYBOY: What makes flying a helicopter special?

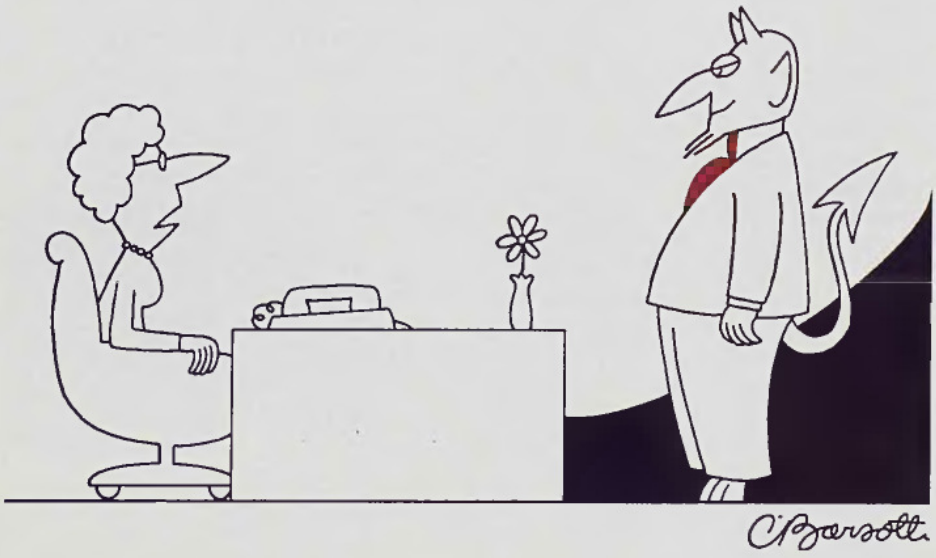
EASTWOOD: There's great freedom to it. It's sort of the last seat-of-your-pants flying. You can actually go places and land places and not be obliged to have an airport. It's nice to be able to land at a friend's house. And when you're flying you're out on your own, there are no phones, you just kind of relax and think. You're just a number in the sky. It's nice up there.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about music. We heard you playing piano the other day and you play very well.

EASTWOOD: I used to listen to a lot of rhythm and blues on the radio. When I was growing up in northern California there was a big classic-jazz revival in the Bay Area. I would lie about my age and go to Hambone Kelly's. I'd stand in the back and listen to Lu Watters and Turk Murphy play New Orleans jazz. I used to think I was really a black guy in a white body.

PLAYBOY: Who were your favorites?

EASTWOOD: I grew up listening to Ella Fitzgerald and Nat King Cole. Big favorites. I still listen. I was raised on Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Clifford Brown, Fats



"You're right, he's not expecting you, but let me just say I have been."

Navarro, all that crowd, and Thelonious Monk, Erroll Garner.

PLAYBOY: *Bird* was an unexpected film for you.

EASTWOOD: It was unexpected because it was out of the genre. People think, If he's not going to be in the picture, he should make a film about something he understands or has done before. But I like music, I love music. Doing a story about a musician was very logical for me. And it came as a shock only to someone who didn't know I was interested. But those are all swings at bat. You don't always get the home run. Sometimes a game can be put together with base hits. That's what happened with *Bird*.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to make a movie about Charlie Parker?

EASTWOOD: I had seen him when I was a kid. I liked him very much. I thought he was one of the most confident players I'd ever seen. It was a whole new era of music—this is when New York bop was coming out. I saw him in Oakland, California. He was on tour with Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins and Hank Jones. It was an interesting era for me. At that time I was 16 years old in the Forties and it just kind of knocked me out. And I didn't know about Charlie Parker. I just knew his name. But he came out and started playing. In those days, musicians didn't wear fancy outfits like today. Everybody just wore a suit and tie, everybody. They just played. And you listened. The excitement came out of what they played. Parker got up there and started playing, and I said, "I don't know what this is, but I want to find out about it." He opened up a whole new world. I'd never seen an artist that confident about what he was doing, so completely in control. He was brilliant and innovative. Yet there was great emotion and sensitivity. I bought a lot of his records over the years. When that script became available, I decided it was a story I would like to tell.

PLAYBOY: You've written the main themes for *Bridges of Madison County* and other films. Lennie Niehaus, the composer who scores a lot of your pictures, said you actually think like a jazz musician while directing films, preferring improvisation over constant rehearsal and placing an emphasis on ensemble work over individuality.

EASTWOOD: Jazz has always represented a sort of freedom of expression for me. But a musician has an advantage over an actor. He holds the saxophone or trumpet and channels into it. We just have to stand there and deliver whatever there is. Being behind the camera is certainly a safer feeling than acting in front of it.

PLAYBOY: You still tend to play heroes. Could you play a salesman or a dry cleaner or an average guy?

EASTWOOD: I doubt it. Let's say I wanted to play a remake of Dr. Kildare or someone like that. Old Dr. Kildare, middle-aged doctor, whatever. Eventually, when the last reel comes up, no matter how nice the story is, many people in the audience will expect old Dr. Kildare to shoot somebody. Fortunately, a lot of reviewers have called attention to the fact that I fought my way out of a certain genre, and that's been nice. But still there's a group out there saying: "Eastwood as Dr. Kildare? Let's pass on this one and catch the next one." I entered some projects, such as *White Hunter, Black Heart,* knowing they would probably not be hard-core commercial films. But I had to make them anyway.

PLAYBOY: Any parts you wish you'd had?

EASTWOOD: There are some you turn down because you don't feel instinctively right about the material, or maybe you think you aren't the right guy. One interested me a while back. *The Killing Fields*. You remember the one, where the guy is a New York journalist who goes into Cambodia. I liked the script a lot and thought it would make a good movie. But I thought, If you cast Clint Eastwood in a film called *The Killing Fields*, you know damn well that that's going to send a message to a lot of people who want to see Clint Eastwood gun down 30 people every reel. And they're going to be terribly disappointed. You're going to get that crowd and that crowd only.

PLAYBOY: In the Dirty Harry films you mete out justice to murderers. You take the law in your own hands, mirroring the discontent in a country that was portrayed as being run by bleeding hearts. Pauline Kael said it was fascist.

EASTWOOD: People can call things what they want. In those days everybody wanted to put a label on things. The picture was ahead of its time. This is a guy who's having bureaucratic obstacles thrown up within the police force, judicial system, city politics and all that. Everybody understood that frustration. If there was irresponsibility in *Dirty Harry,* there's irresponsibility in Robin Hood, Tom Mix and the Old Testament. There's violence in them all.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you think that picture struck a nerve?

EASTWOOD: It showed compassion for the victim, which wasn't stylish at the time.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when you first read "Go ahead, make my day"?

EASTWOOD: I thought, Yeah, this is definitely the key line of the movie.

PLAYBOY: Other stars, including Mel Gibson and Jack Nicholson, have come to you for advice before directing a film. What did you tell them?

EASTWOOD: Get more sleep than your actors.

PLAYBOY: You were once asked if you ever woke up in the morning, looked in the mirror and said, "Can this possibly be me?" Your reply was, "It's like waking up with a hooker—how the hell did I get here?"

EASTWOOD: Actually, it's like waking up with an ugly hooker.

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Charge It

(continued from page 89)

vehicles, the manufacturers stalled. It took stringent new laws, first passed in California and then in several New England states, to create incentive. Automobile manufacturers were told that to sell cars in California in the year 2003, they would have to guarantee that ten percent would be zero-emissions vehicles. That got the companies' attention, and soon they were developing concepts and jointly working on improved battery technology.

By introducing the first electric ZEVs on the market, General Motors is taking a bold step, for there's no infrastructure to support this type of vehicle and no guarantee that the public will either buy or lease electric cars. Despite the relatively high lease cost that limits its customer base to elite buyers, GM has its reasons for leasing the vehicles: It allows the company to control how they're used, to react quickly to any problems that might develop and to warranty all EV1 parts, including the batteries. Whether or not leased cars will be available for purchase after the lease expires has yet to be determined. Depending on sales, GM hopes that electric utility companies will introduce on-the-road quick-stop stations that would allow electric-car drivers to recharge their batteries fully in 15 minutes or less.

Not surprisingly, other companies are rushing to get on the electric bandwagon. Ford and Chrysler are testing natural gas and electric versions of some of their current models. Toyota sells an electrically powered RAV4 minisport utility in Japan, which the company is bringing to America next fall, and Honda plans to lease 300 two-door, four-seater electric cars in Sacramento and southern California.

But Americans like driving long distances, and, for that, electric cars aren't the answer. Chrysler, for example, has just unveiled a show car powered by a compact fuel cell that converts gasoline to hydrogen, which then powers an electric motor. This propulsion package fits into a normal-size car and promises approximately 80 miles per gallon and a range of about 500 miles. Toyota and Mercedes-Benz are also experimenting with fuel-cell technology. And Chrysler, Ford and GM are jointly studying various hybrid solutions (such as a vehicle that has an electric motor for city use and a diesel engine for the highway).

As we turn the corner into the next century, one thing is certain. The cars of tomorrow will be vastly different from anything on the road today—except, perhaps, the EV1.

DON KING

(continued from page 124)

was, in fact, a crude novice. He was slow, and he had no defense, no chin, no versatility—he had no skill. His record had been fattened with a pathetic string of stiffs, misfits, retirees, bouncers, guys in drug programs, Hell's Angels, guys blind in one eye and 12 opponents who had lost all their previous fights.

And even this padded record is worse than it sounds. McNeeley twice beat J.B. Williamson, who had a 26–13 record the first time, and 26–14 the second time. So Williamson, who was close to 40 years old, accounted for more than one eighth of all the wins by McNeeley's feeble foes.

Here are some of the lowlights that built McNeeley into a "white hope" with a 36–1 record:

McNeeley turned pro in August 1991 by knocking out Van Dorsey, who was 0–2. In June 1992 he knocked out Jim Harrison, whose record was 6-28-4; he knocked him out again in September. That month he knocked out Dorsey again. By then the hapless Dorsey was 0–5 and had been knocked out four times.

In June 1992 McNeeley knocked out John Jackson, who was 0–4 at the time. In March 1993, he had a rematch with Jackson. In the interim Jackson had lost six more times without a win.

In September 1993 McNeeley won a decision over Juan Quintana, who had lost 28 times and won only six fights.

In February 1994 McNeeley was stopped in eight rounds by Stanley Wright, who had an 8–5 record. But Wright, poor and black, remains an unknown. He was never considered by King for a televised fight, and certainly not one against Tyson.

When I contacted Wright by phone, he recalled: "McNeeley couldn't fight much. The main thing I remember about him is that he spit on me in the third and sixth rounds. It was the grossest thing I ever had done to me. Right in my face!"

By February 1995 McNeeley was rising like hot air in the monthly ratings. King put him in with Joe Barnes, which was not exactly a high-risk fight. Barnes had never won a bout in his entire professional career. He was 0–6, fighting a "contender."

McNeeley knocked out Barnes in the first round.

In April 1995 King matched McNeeley with the legendary Frankie Hines—who was a legend for losing. He had been knocked out 45 times during his years in the ring. His career record was 67 losses and 14 wins.

McNeeley flattened him in the first round, in a record six seconds.

So when the Tyson match was announced in May, McNeeley was rated among the top ten heavyweights in the

world by all three rating organizations—the World Boxing Council, the World Boxing Association and the International Boxing Federation.

•

The Tyson–McNeeley bout was an impressive triumph of hype, marketing and convenient matchmaking. McNeeley was actually about the 100th best heavyweight in the world, but here he was making millions of dollars for Don King while posing absolutely no threat to Mike Tyson.

The fight was, of course, a joke. McNeeley went down from the first punch and then was disqualified at 89 seconds because his manager jumped into the ring to save his life and put an end to the fiasco. Tyson landed a total of three punches, McNeeley none.

Gamblers who bet that the national anthem would last longer than the fight won a lot of money—Johnny Gill's version of *The Star-Spangled Banner* lasted a full minute longer than the so-called match.

The next morning, a headline on the back page of the *Boston Herald*—McNeeley's hometown paper—screamed the truth: WHAT A RIP-OFF. FANS PAY PRICE IN MCNEELEY SHAM.

A few days before the fight it was discovered, and reported, that McNeeley had to pay $100,000 of his reported $700,000 purse as a "finder's fee" to Al Braverman, King's director of boxing.

After the fight, defending himself against a nation of angry fans, King actually told the truth at a press conference. He no longer was selling McNeeley's "killer punch" or his "great Irish heart." He admitted:

"No one expected Peter McNeeley to win a fight with Mike Tyson. You couldn't sell it as the most credible fight in the world, because it wasn't supposed to be. It was a happening, an event. It was not meant to be a championship fight."

A year later, when he spoke at Harvard Law School, King offered another rationale when a student asked him about the farcical fight.

"Peter McNeeley was the best one-round fight Mike's ever had," King gushed.

McNeeley himself sank back to his natural level after his short ride on the Great American Hype Machine came to an end. Last year he was knocked out by Louis Monaco in five rounds in Denver. The fight was not on television and was not reported in most newspapers. It was Monaco's eighth fight.

To show just how bad McNeeley really is, Monaco lost his next fight to 43-year-old Trevor Berbick in Westbury, New York in September 1996.

Showtime announced that 1.4 million homes paid up to $60 to see the Tyson–McNeeley 89-second scam. The gross revenue was $63 million. It is estimated that King made a profit of about $15 million on the promotion.

With McNeeley, King had taken scrap and sold it as silver. He marketed the mismatch as a racial drama. He made a financial killing with a consumer fraud, once again picking fans' pockets and giving boxing a black eye.

•

If Peter McNeeley's rise and fall illustrate King's marketing genius, the career of heavyweight Frans Botha shows King's genius for manipulation—again at the expense of disappointed fans and the concept of a fair, clean, competitive sport.

Critics who underestimated King thought his monopoly over the heavyweight title was doomed when Tyson went to prison in 1992. But King, by then past 60, just worked harder to be a player until Tyson got out.

To do this he sought out and signed up some of the worst heavyweights around and promoted some forgettable and artless waltzes: Tony Tucker versus Oliver McCall, McCall versus Francisco Damiani, and Bruce Seldon versus Joe Hipp.

King signed Lionel Butler, who was an admitted drug addict. He signed Tucker, who had flunked a drug test. He signed McCall, who had been in drug rehab. And he signed white South African Botha, whom he billed as "the white buffalo." King's strategy was to monopolize mediocrity, to manipulate the ratings so that these journeymen became champions by the time Tyson was paroled.

Though he had nothing to work with, King made his strategy a success. Seldon became the WBA champion. McCall became the WBC champion, followed by Frank Bruno. And in 1995 King persuaded the IBF to strip George Foreman of its version of the heavyweight championship and declare it vacant.

The IBF's president, Robert Lee, had once been a severe critic of King, but they had reconciled and become collaborators. By 1995 King had signed Botha to a long-term exclusive contract. His idea was to make Botha the IBF champion, so that he would have three turkeys called "champions" as placeholders for Tyson.

It was a farsighted plan, and another reason why HBO's boxing boss, Lou DiBella, calls King—admiringly and to his face—"Blackiavelli."

With the IBF title declared vacant, boxing writers and managers were aghast in April 1995 when Botha was suddenly jumped over all other boxers and rated the number one heavyweight contender, ensuring that he would fight number two contender Axel Schulz for the IBF crown. Botha had never beaten another fighter in the top 30, normally a requirement to enter the top ten, much

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less be ranked number one, a rating with vast economic value.

King had somehow persuaded Lee to rate the minimally skilled Botha ahead of much more talented fighters, including people such as Riddick Bowe, Andrew Golota, Tim Witherspoon, Ray Mercer, Evander Holyfield, Lennox Lewis and Michael Moorer. None of these seven fighters had a promotional contract with King.

Patrick English, a lawyer for Main Events, a rival promotional company, then filed a lawsuit against the IBF on Moorer's behalf. The following month the IBF responded by dropping Moorer from the ratings, giving "pending litigation" as the excuse.

When reporters asked Lee why Moorer, a former IBF champion, had been rated below Botha, Lee had a simple answer. He said the reason was "Moorer's inactivity."

But Moorer had returned to activity soon after losing his title to Foreman. He had beaten Melvin Foster in May 1995, only six months after the Foreman loss. During the same period Botha had looked awful, barely winning an eight-round decision over an unknown boxer named Willie Jake.

Moorer's suit, filed in federal court in New Jersey, did not mince words. It claimed Robert Lee had "solicited bribes and/or extorted monies" to rig the heavyweight ratings for Botha and against Moorer.

Moorer's complaint alleged: "Acting unilaterally, Robert Lee jumped Botha over Michael Moorer in the rankings in conformance with the plan of Don King . . . . Lee was completely unaware that King had, in fact, disclosed his plan and his control over Lee."

The lawsuit was dropped when Lee agreed that Moorer would get a title fight against the winner of a December 1995 contest between Botha and Schulz.

While everyone was waiting for the decision to be announced after that match, Showtime's microphones picked up King, in the ring, telling Botha in plain English not to worry because "you won the fight."

A moment later the official verdict confirmed that Botha had indeed won, though most ringside reporters thought Schulz deserved the decision. Joe Gergen, sports columnist for *New York Newsday*, wrote:

"Botha has done little to date to prove he has anything but rudimentary boxing tools. His decision over Axel Schulz . . . raised serious questions about his ability. Many attribute his victory to the fact he is promoted by King, whose rule over the heavyweight division is complete."

Three weeks after the fight, Botha's urine test results came back from the lab—he had tested positive for steroids. IBF rules state quite unequivocally that any positive drug test requires the disqualification of the boxer who took a banned substance.

At first Lee claimed there were "mitigating circumstances" and that Botha would keep the IBF title despite the rules. But a federal judge in New Jersey disqualified Botha and opened up the fight between Schulz and Moorer for the revacated crown.

Moorer won that match in June 1996. But that same night, in Moorer's dressing room, Lee told Moorer's manager, John Davimos, that they had to give Botha the first chance at the title and that Botha was to get 50 percent of the money—which is highly unusual. Lee, who is supposed to be an independent regulator, not a matchmaker, also told Davimos that King would give Moorer a big-money match with Tyson if he beat Botha.

In November 1996 Moorer knocked out Botha, suggesting that the IBF's rating of Botha above Moorer was indeed misleading.

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In the autumn of 1995 Don King was on trial in New York for an insurance fraud of $350,000 against Lloyd's of London.

In the climax of the trial King took the stand in his own defense. Anyone who attended his 1985 trial for tax fraud knew what he was going to do. He was going to act dumb and blame it all on his subordinates.

That's how he won an acquittal in 1985. Connie Harper, his co-defendant, his faithful employee for many years, took the rap. He had even registered her as the manager of one of his fighters, Estaban de Jesus.

At the trial, King's loyal servant became the fall woman. She was convicted and sentenced to four months in prison while King swaggered out of the courthouse and roared, "America is a great country! Only in America!" King's lawyer, Vince Fuller, had convinced the jury that the employees in King's Manhattan office had handled all of the incriminating financial transactions without King's knowledge.

When King took the witness stand at his 1995 trial, the evidence against him seemed strong but circumstantial. His former accountant, Joe Maffia, swore the $350,000 claim was contrived and that King had told him to pad expenses to reach it.

Boxing champion Julio César Chavez had also testified against King, telling the jury that King had not kept his word, kept him on a string with loans and had even billed him for 55-cent and 81-cent phone calls.

But when cross-examined by prosecutor Paul Gardephe, King acted as if he had amnesia. During his first full day on the stand, King said "I don't recall" more than 20 times about events that

had taken place during the previous five years.

Even when his memory was refreshed by evidence, King kept saying he could not remember, that his deputies handled all the details, that he never read documents that had been sent to him and bore his initials and signature.

Yet King paid enough attention to detail to charge Chavez for a 55-cent phone call. He had demanded that Mark Jacobson return his umbrella two years after he borrowed it. But under oath he played an Alzheimer's casualty.

The key document in the complex financial case was a forged rider to a contract that made training expenses for a canceled Chavez fight nonrefundable.

The government established that this contract was faxed to and signed by King in Las Vegas on October 10, 1991. But when the government subpoenaed King's fax logs, 31 consecutive days were missing, including those for October 10.

King was in Vegas on that date. But he told the jury he couldn't remember anything, that his disloyal employees in New York must have done something fishy.

King was walking a tightrope, admitting a few embarrassing facts but sticking to his basic story that he was a busy man—traveling the world, babysitting Tyson, making deals—and too distracted to pay attention to every little detail. That's why he hires accountants.

"Is it your practice to insist on signing checks even if they were for only five cents?" prosecutor Gardephe asked King at one point.

"Yes," King replied.

"Yet you were content to let your bookkeeper make a decision to spend nearly $80,000?" Gardephe asked.

"Yes," King answered.

King also admitted that it was company policy that he sign every check and control every wire transfer, and that he owned 100 percent of the stock of Don King Productions.

King even conceded that he backdated one check to Chavez and postdated another, but he insisted it was unfair to draw any negative inference about his motives for such machinations.

But the government held no smoking gun, no videotape of King reading or signing the bogus contract, no witness who typed the contract.

After only five hours of deliberation, the jury sent the judge a note saying it was "irretrievably deadlocked" and the judge declared a mistrial. Afterward several jurors told me they were split six against six. King faces a retrial on these same fraud charges sometime this year.

•

On November 9, 1996 Don King's biggest source of revenue, Mike Tyson, was knocked out by Evander Holyfield in an event that surprised the boxing universe and shook up the cable TV and casino industries. Holyfield, the scripture-quoting gentleman, destroyed the trash-talking Tyson and silenced Tyson's thug-nation entourage.

But King's monopolistic power was not dented by this epic upset. In order to get the fight with Tyson, Holyfield had to sign a contract giving King options on his future fights if he won, and sign papers giving Tyson a rematch in case Tyson lost.

On the same boxing card, Michael Moorer retained the IBF version of the heavyweight title and also had to sign away some of his future fights to Don King.

Evander Holyfield privately despises King. King has called him a tool of whites. King tried to get Holyfield to betray his Italian promoters, the Duva family, but failed because Holyfield is a class human being.

Holyfield is now trapped in the tentacles of the King Octopus, just as Buster Douglas was trapped after he knocked out Tyson. Douglas also had to sign the same options to get the opportunity to fight Tyson.

Tyson lost to Holyfield because his years in the grasp of the octopus eroded both his skills and his character. King forced Tyson to fire his trainer, Kevin Rooney. And once that happened, Tyson

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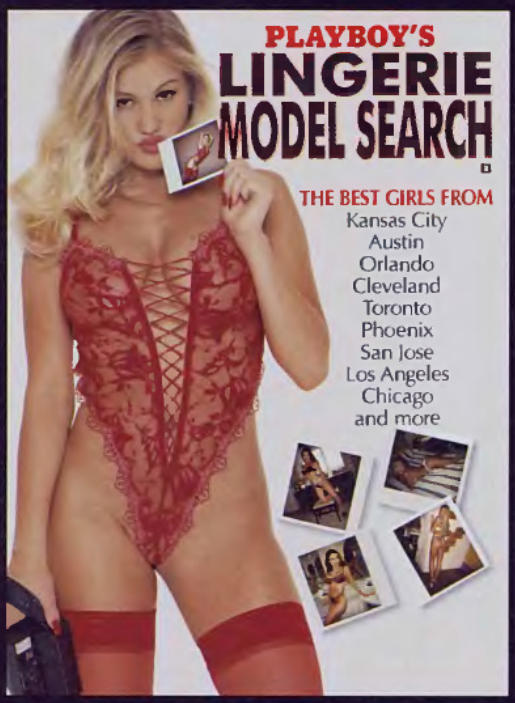
*Topics will include Playmate background, interests and entertainment. Playmate availability subject to change.

TOP MODELS



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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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drifted away from the style that made him seem invincible at 22. He stopped moving his head. He stopped jabbing. He stopped punching in combinations. He stopped training as hard.

And he had no one around him to tell him the truth. He became a captive in a cult of retainers who told him only what he wanted to hear.

Tyson lost to Holyfield, but Don King never loses because he always controls both fighters. He has done this ever since 1973, when he walked to the ring with Joe Frazier and left with George Foreman, the new champion.

•

Boxing's failings are systemic and historic. If Don King dropped dead tomorrow, the sport would still be a sewer for suckers.

King is a great symbol, the vulture on the ring post. But he did not invent the sport that resembles 18th century piracy. It is important to remember that gangsters managed Primo Carnera and Sonny Liston long before King entered the boxing scene.

Boxing is the only major sport without a national commissioner to set standards, the only sport without unions, pensions or health plans for its athletes. Boxing regulation is a joke. Boxing ratings are corrupt and have no credibility with knowledgeable fans.

King had nothing to do with the riot at Madison Square Garden last July after the Bowe–Golota match. He did not promote or referee the mismatch last year in Las Vegas in which Jimmy Garcia died.

King does not need to be demonized or scapegoated to be placed at his appropriate level in the chain of human exploitation.

King manipulates fighters out of their just earnings. He cheats fans by putting garbage fights on pay-per-view. He uses racism and the crudest emotions of wrestling to market his fights.

King has no personal loyalty to his fighters because his method is monopoly, and under a monopoly all boxers are fungible—including Dokes, his "son." As King suggested at Harvard, money is his god.

King uses long-term option contracts to impose servitude on boxers who are told they can't have their own lawyers and accountants. King's methods do not allow boxers to be free agents and sell their services to the highest bidder.

Don King has often called himself "the greatest promoter in human history." This is not an unreasonable statement in the sense that King has always been the real product he promotes.

The point of King's career may be the same one made by the film *The Usual Suspects*: Sometimes the bad guys are just smarter than the good guys.

PLAYMATE NEWS

OPERATION PLAYMATE

In November, at the Motown Café in New York City, more than a dozen Playmates celebrated Operation Playmate. The fund-raiser was held to support the Vietnam Veterans of America and the Veterans Leadership Program. Call it a 13-goddess salute.

Former New York mayor Ed Koch is flanked by Ploymates (left to right) Donna Edmondson, Korin Taylor, Stacy Sonches, DeDe Lind ond Helena Antonaccio at our gala. That's Jo Collins, inset.

An enthusiastic crowd of vets and uptown executives saved their biggest cheers for, among others, Helena Antonaccio, Cindy Fuller-Martino, DeDe Lind, Danelle Folta, Stacy Sanches, Bebe Buell and Jo Collins.

In 1966 Collins piloted the first Operation Playmate in Vietnam. Her visit to combat areas and field hospitals (later immortalized in the film *Apocalypse Now*) was initiated when troops of the 173rd Airborne Brigade ordered a lifetime subscription to PLAYBOY. At the time, a lifetime subscription included delivery by a Playmate. Collins recalled that the welcome she received "touched my heart and everyone else's on the trip." Captain Jack Price of the 173rd told her that while many Nam vets came home with heavy baggage, for his guys "the baggage was lighter." Paul Bucha, head of the Congressional Medal of Honor Society, applauded PLAYBOY for leading the way on social issues. Former mayor Ed Koch called for greater action on Gulf war syndrome.

It was a rousing beginning to nationwide goodwill appearances by Operation Playmate, a program of support for servicemen that General H. Norman Schwarzkopf praised during Desert Storm as "a major morale boost." The Playmates will visit various veterans' hospitals. If you would like to experience the power of Operation Playmate firsthand, log on to **www.playboy.com/announcements/play/index.html.** Soon you'll also be able to visit the Photo Library at **cyber.playboy.com/members/library.**

JUNE COCHRAN:
"When I posed I was petrified. To relax me, Pompeo Posar told me to think of myself as a shoe while he took my picture."

PLAYMATE BOOK UPDATE

At the press party for *The Playmate Book* in November, 16 Playmates spanning five decades reunited with Hef for a book signing at the Playboy Mansion and at a Super Crown in Santa Monica. Stacy Sanches, Jo Collins, DeDe Lind, Candy Loving and a surprise visit by 1956 Playmate Betty Blue helped make it a truly special event. Crowds of people—many of whom bought six books at a time—lined up around the block for autographs. "This book is much more personal to me than *The Playboy Book*," Hef said. The first edition—125,000 copies—has sold out. General Publishing Group went into a second edition in December.

Bill Maher poses with Playmates (top, left to right) Julie Cialini, Tina Bockrath, Anna-Marie Goddard and Stacy Sanches. Hef ond Kimberley autograph *The Ploymate Book*.

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS: FIRST PLAYMATES

First woman called a Playmate:
Margie Harrison (January 1954)
First triple-page centerfold:
Marian Stafford (March 1956)
First to sign her centerfold:
Jill De Vries (October 1975)
First Canadian Playmate:
Pamela Anne Gordon (March 1962)
First Asian Playmate:
China Lee (August 1964)
First black Playmate:
Jennifer Jackson (March 1965)
First published Data Sheet:
Sondra Theodore (July 1977)
First Playmate younger than PLAYBOY:
Monica Tidwell (November 1973)
First Phi Beta Kappa Playmate:
Alice Denham (July 1956)

Jill De Vries

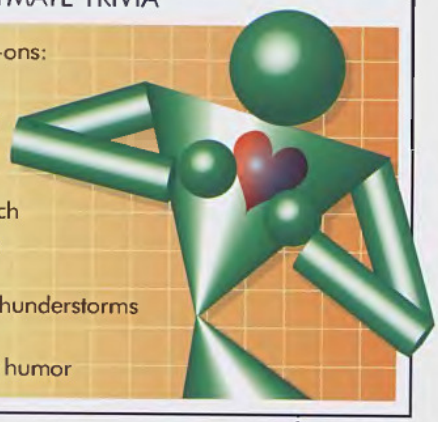
PLAYMATE NEWS

FAN MAIL

"Here's my idea of a perfect day: My morning mail contained a personal letter from a Playmate. The December issue arrived, *The Playmate Book* just came in at the local bookstore and the *Cheerleaders* video is on sale down the block. This may be old news for some of you, but those of us who live in Edmonton, Canada—an hour's flight from the Arctic Circle—know that good things are worth the wait. Then life improved even more. I visited southern California, where I had the good fortune of attending the taping of *Wings* on which Jenny McCarthy guest-starred. Her comic timing was right on. However, several takes were required for the breadstick scene. Something you may not see in the blooper reels is Jenny putting one of the breadsticks up her nostril before the last take. She seems to know a lot about having fun."—David Reeves, REEVESD@enr.gov.ab.ca

CAROL ZUBER-MALLISON

PLAYMATE TRIVIA



Top Ten Turn-ons:

1. Music
2. Animals
3. Eating
4. Clothes
5. The beach
6. Dancing
7. Speed
8. Rain or thunderstorms
9. Flowers
10. Sense of humor

"When I was just a kid, one of the things I was taught was that the president outranks one's mother when making a formal introduction. So the proper form would be 'Mr. President, I would like you to meet my mother.' But how do you introduce a Playmate to your mom? Do you say, 'Miss Myers, this is my mom,' or do you say, 'Mom, this is Cynthia Myers?'"—William Arvola, arvola@sol.acs.unt.edu

Playmate Cynthia Myers responded to this weighty question thusly: "William, I think most will agree that moms outrank everyone except the president."

PEGGY MCINTAGGART:
"I like going to signing events. I get together with the girls. It's like a reunion. PLAYBOY is the only magazine I've done, because it's classy. It's given me good exposure."

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"I really admire the Playmates from the Sixties. They were pioneers. PLAYBOY made a big difference in my life. My one great desire was to be photographed and published in a national magazine. I wanted to be a model and I was. I worked for PLAYBOY, did lingerie catalogs and a cover. I'd still like to be in a James Bond movie."

—BONNIE MARINO, Miss June 1990

"My association with PLAYBOY has really been fun. From the day I went to the Mansion for the first time to the day my issue came out, I had a blast. I'd do it again in a second. I have a daughter now, and people ask me how I would feel if she wanted to appear in the magazine. It wouldn't bother me a bit. My friends at PLAYBOY are very grounded. They are nice girls. I'll always be proud of that time in my life."

—CARRIE YAZEL, Miss May 1991

— Gail Stanton 1954–1996 —

Gail Stanton, Miss June 1978, was only 42 when she died last November of kidney failure and abdominal complications. Contributing Photographer David Chan remembers Gail. "I was looking for candidates for a pictorial called *The Girls of the New South* when I met Gail. I shot some photographs of her to take back to Chicago. The editors liked her. She was both beautiful and very professional." Stanton was from Memphis and, naturally, was a fan of Elvis. In fact, she went out with him. Gail said, "Elvis made Memphis proud." So did she. We'll miss her.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LEROY NEIMAN

DATE WITH AN ANGEL: July 1996 Playmate **Angel Boris** has finished a few independent movies, including *Hot Times at the Oasis* and *Suicide Blonde*. Between her PLAYBOY promotions and her movie work, Angel has dyed her hair from blonde to red and back four times. . . . **Priscilla Taylor,** Pauly Shore's main squeeze, made a guest appearance on CBS's *The Nanny*. . . . **Vicki McCarty Iovine** is writing a follow-up to *The Girlfriends' Guide to Pregnancy*. It's another chatty primer. . . . The latest feature spin-off from the HBO horror-comedy series *Tales From the Crypt, Bordello of Blood,* stars **Erika Eleniak**. . . . **Carol Vitale** has a cable access show in New York, California and Florida, with more states slated for later in 1997. . . . **Judy Tyler** has her own festival and party production company, Sweet & Spicy Entertainment, that specializes in African and reggae music. . . . Call Candy Lop Calendars (800-404-1397) for a copy of the 1997 Texas Swimsuit Calendar starring Miss March 1997, **Jennifer Miriam**. . . . **Karin Taylor,** who made a memorable splash here in June 1996, made her *Baywatch* debut last month in an episode about a homeless shelter for children. . . . We hear that **Bebe Buell** may publish her autobiography. PLAYBOY's most famous rock babe knows where all the bodies are buried. . . . **Cyndi Wood** has an album out called *Sacrifice* (e-mail: atuworld@deltanet.com). . . . **Heidi Mark** became engaged to Motley Crue's Vince Neil. What's with the women of PLAYBOY and that band, anyway? Watch for Heidi in a recurring role on *Married With Children*.

Jennifer Miriam

 (continued from page 123)

Baseball is the greatest fun. When a basketball game is over, it's zip-zip, 12 guys out the door.

filled a book of crosswords. And I listened to some funny arguments. The guys on my minor-league team, most were 21 or younger, and they'd go on about TV shows. Not about whether the show was good. They'd argue about what time it was on. "It's on at seven!" "No, 7:30!" I was thinking, Man, this makes me feel old.

12.

PLAYBOY: What else about joining the Birmingham Barons was tough on the world's greatest athlete?

JORDAN: Hitting. It's hard. And then I'd see some of those kids staying out till three or four in the morning, drinking beer like water, and the next day they'd go four for five.

13.

PLAYBOY: Did you chew tobacco?

JORDAN: Not this time. I tried it back in high school baseball—peer pressure—and got a little sick. So in the minor leagues I stuck to sunflower seeds. I'd spit them all over the dugout, practicing my accuracy. We played basketball that way, spitting seeds at a Gatorade cup. I got better at it, but not to a professional level.

I still think baseball is the greatest fun, the best camaraderie you can have. When a basketball game is over, it's zip-zip, 12 guys out the door in different directions. The camaraderie in baseball, at least in the minors, was unbelievable—ten or 12 players hanging out together every night. I still keep in touch with some of those guys.

14.

PLAYBOY: Every minor-league ballplayer knows how to rewire a motel TV to steal premium cable. Did you?

JORDAN: No, I can afford to pay. But nobody else was ordering movies; they were saving their money. That's why my room was the team theater. All the guys came in to watch the movie with me.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's your dream foursome for golf?

JORDAN: Can I say five? Tiger Woods, Arnold Palmer, Davis Love III, Ben Hogan and me. We play skins, and nobody wins a skin unless he knocks a hole in one.

Here's a real group: me, Larry Bird and Bill Murray. We've played a few times. Talk about talk—Bill is a player, a commentator and a damn coach all at once. It's just like *Caddyshack*. He'll be teeing off and giving the play-by-play on what club he's using, what kind of shot he wants to play. He does it while you're playing, too.

16.

PLAYBOY: Can you be psyched out on the course?

JORDAN: Sometimes. There's a lot of reverse psychology on a golf course. My short game is probably the best part of my game, but I'll hit the tee ball anywhere. So mostly the attacks come when I'm teeing off. A guy will drop a tidbit: "Michael, there's water on the right. Make sure you go left." It's that simple—golf is such a mental game that you can't block it out. I'll be trying to focus on a good swing, but if you have to think about focusing, your concentration's not there, is it? Golf does that to you. Think about the negative and you're in trouble. You're in the water.

17.

PLAYBOY: Why do white guys look so bad with shaved heads?

JORDAN: [*Laughing*] I guess it has to do with tanning. They've never tanned that part of their damn bodies, so the head stands out a little.

18.

PLAYBOY: When you were 15, you got cut from your high school basketball team. What do you remember about that moment?

JORDAN: Looking at the list on the bulletin board. I looked through it four or five times. My name wasn't there. I went immediately to question the coach. I thought he was wrong. But it didn't help. Years later, I thought about that when I saw my name in the newspaper. It was when the Bulls won the first championship. Everyone said an NBA scoring champion couldn't win the NBA title, but I'd just done it. There it was in the paper. So I proved everyone wrong. That's one of my strong points.

19.

PLAYBOY: Fifteen years ago this spring, as a freshman at North Carolina, you won the NCAA tourney with a last-second jumper from the corner. Did you know it was going in?

JORDAN: It felt good, but I was fading away, the defense was coming. I never saw it go in. I knew from the crowd, hearing the crowd noise. That was the beginning of Michael Jordan.

20.

PLAYBOY: Was Shaquille O'Neal joking when he told us that you really can fly?

JORDAN: People can fly. Some fly higher than others, that's all.

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CUFF STUFF

Turns out it's true: What goes around comes around. Cuff links were popular in the Twenties, the Fifties and the Sixties, according to Gene Klompus, president of the National Cuff Link Society, but they were consigned to the bottom drawer in the casual Seventies. Now cuff links are back. Shirtmakers are offering the largest variety of French-cuff styles ever, and fashion designers such as Ralph Lauren are including shirts with French cuffs in their spring wardrobes. When picking a pair of links, you can play it safe with enamel art deco or silver-and-crystal looks, or express yourself by sporting various types that represent your interests, such as sterling silver or gold cigars or corkscrews. The latter ones are available with wine bottle studs.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Clockwise from top: Sterling silver and vermeil cigar butt cuff links from Robert Vance ($95). An art deco double-faced style circa 1920 from James II Galleries ($400). Sterling silver and enamel cuff links in the shape of a golf bag, designed by Susan Maimon of Apropo, from Frank Stella ($130). Rabbit-and-cartridge cuff links in sterling silver and enamel from Holland & Holland ($355). Elliptical-shaped crystal and sterling silver cuff links from the L-S Collection (about $170). Gold-plate and enamel SURF THE NET cuff links from Frank Stella ($130). Going black tie? Try sterling silver corkscrew links with wine bottle studs by the Caroline Collection ($225 for the set or $125 for just the links alone).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 162.

Naomi's Walk on the Wild Side

Now British model NAOMI CAMPBELL has branched out. She is part owner of the Fashion Café, appeared in *Girl 6* and is working on a CD. Here's to sheer.

© MARTIN SCHOELLER LTD.

The Tush Push

JAMIE WILSON isn't line-dancing here, just practicing for her *Hot Body* video and a modeling stint. Tails, she wins.

© DOUGLAS STEIGLEITER

What's New, Pussycats?

Next time you're in Los Angeles, check the local listings for the informal weekly "girlie" revue at the Viper Room. A cast of up-and-coming stars—THE PUSSYCAT DOLLS and MTV's *Singled Out* co-host CARMEN ELECTRA (center)—salutes vaudeville.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

© NIELS VAN IPEREN/RETNA LTD.

All Clear

EVERCLEAR's major label debut caused a buzz. While you wait for *Pure White Evil*, the follow-up to *Sparkle and Fade*, check them out on the soundtrack to *Romeo and Juliet*. Nothing is murky about Everclear.

Erika Is Topped Off

ERIKA OLSON was Miss March in *Revenge of the Calendar Girls*. How appropriate. You may have glimpsed her on *Baywatch*, *Silk Stalkings* and *Renegade*. Get a better look here.

© TIM JAHNS

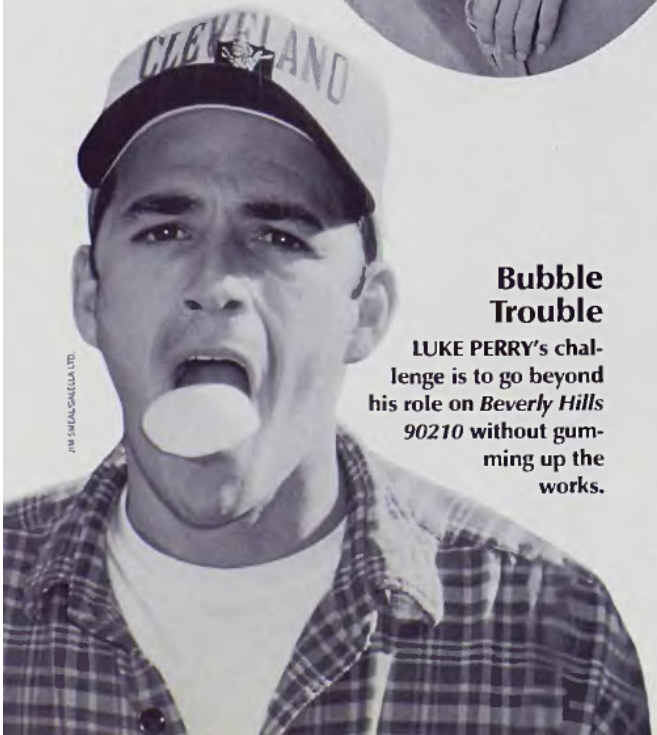
How to Stuff a Wet Bikini

CARMELA PANICO is a calendar model who appeared in the premiere issue of *Sportsplay* magazine, in a swimsuit pictorial. Less is definitely more.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Bubble Trouble

LUKE PERRY's challenge is to go beyond his role on *Beverly Hills 90210* without gumming up the works.



JIM SHEA/CAMELLA LTD.

WAR IS VIDEO

"The definitive video history of the most destructive century humankind has ever experienced" is how Time Life describes *Century of Warfare*, its latest videocassette series. More than a quarter of a million hours of authentic battlefield footage—not seen until now; much of it was deemed top secret—was used to create three five-tape sets that cover World War One, World War Two and modern warfare. Each set costs about $80. Call 800-TIMEVID.

JOHN SCHNEIDER

SHARPER IMAGE

"A razor blade isn't dulled by shaving," says former aerospace engineer John Hastie. "The blade merely becomes bent and distorted." So Hastie invented the Razor Mate. It's a magnetic device, no larger than a TV remote control, on which you lay your razor nightly. The next morning, the blade is straight again and continues to deliver great shaves up to ten times longer than with normal use. You have to try it to believe it. Price: $23.50 from 800-803-4370.

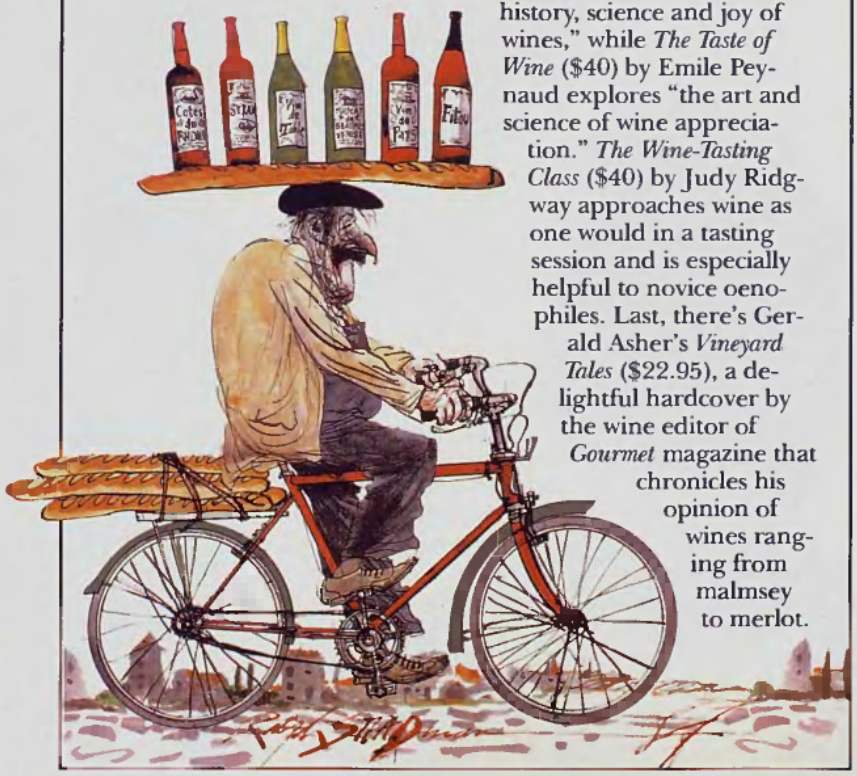
DAN YACCARINO

THIS STORE SMOKES

All the stogie puffing that's going on has given rise to smoke signals of another sort—antique shops that specialize in vintage tobacco-related paraphernalia. The Past & Present Men's Club (pictured above), Booth 1, Cranberry House Mall, 12318 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, California 91604, is one of the best. Owner Susan Allan-Harshman stocks vintage Dunhill and Du Pont lighters, unusual cigar cutters, antique humidors and labels and much more. A list of goodies is $3. Call 818-314-1200 for more info.

THE WINE BOOK LIST

Wine books continue to pop up like champagne corks on New Year's Eve. Here's a roundup of some we like. *The Grapes of Ralph* ($35) by Ralph Steadman is filled with his madcap illustrations (as depicted here) and witty observations about vineyards and wine tastings. The second edition of *Wine Appreciation* ($60) by Richard P. Vine further details "the history, science and joy of wines," while *The Taste of Wine* ($40) by Emile Peynaud explores "the art and science of wine appreciation." *The Wine-Tasting Class* ($40) by Judy Ridgway approaches wine as one would in a tasting session and is especially helpful to novice oenophiles. Last, there's Gerald Asher's *Vineyard Tales* ($22.95), a delightful hardcover by the wine editor of *Gourmet* magazine that chronicles his opinion of wines ranging from malmsey to merlot.



FERRARIS FOREVER

In honor of Ferrari's 50th birthday, the *1997 Raupp Limited Edition Ferrari Calendar* showcases 12 legendary machines from the 625 F1 to the 330 P4 Spider pictured here. Single-seaters and sports racers are featured through November; December is devoted to the newest model, the 550 Maranello. Each 19″x27″ calendar (only 6000 are available) is numbered and costs $80. Call 800-421-2011.

SOFT GOODS DO HARD TIME

Hard Time T-shirts, sweatshirts, caps, boxer shorts and other items of apparel are silk-screened by San Quentin inmates earning minimum wage. Their salaries are divided equally among room and board, victim restitution, family support, personal expenses and a savings account. Caps and T-shirts are $15. Sweatshirts are $24. Shorts are $18. And if someone makes a mistake, the product is stamped with a big PAROLE DENIED and sold that way. Call Inkarcerated Industries at 510-426-8230 to order.

AND HERE'S THE REST OF THE STOLI

Last month's back cover of PLAYBOY announced that Stolichnaya was introducing Stoli Razberi (raspberry) vodka to the American market. It's one of six 70-proof flavored vodkas the Russian company is bringing here. Stoli Vanil (vanilla), Strasberi (strawberry), Persik (peach), Zinamon (cinnamon) and Kafya (coffee) are going national after being introduced in limited markets late last year. Each has a distinctive flavor, whether served straight up, on the rocks or in a mixed drink. Price: about $17 for a 750-ml bottle at upscale liquor stores.

FOUR SLICES OF CHEESECAKE

We're not the only ones who think pin-ups are one of the greatest art forms in American history. Collectors Press, Inc. just released *Vignettes*, a series of pocket-size books that showcases illustrations by four of the best pin-up artists of the century. *Alberto Vargas: The Esquire Years*, *Rolf Armstrong: The Dream Girls*, *Billy DeVorss: The Classic Pin-Ups* and *Gil Elvgren: The Wartime Pin-Ups* cost $9.95; $35 for the set. Call 888-680-3030 for more info.

MONTANA FISH STORY

"A newspaper serving Ennis, McAllister, the Madison Valley, Montana, Planet Earth, the Known Universe & Other Places" is how Ron W. Marr (and "Assistant Publisher & Top Dog, Buffett the Wolfhound") describes *The Fan Mountain Almanac & Trout Wrapper*, which he publishes weekly (except during the winter) out of P.O. Box 128, McAllister, Montana 59740. Marr's views on politics and Western life are witty, as are the columns *Commando Housewife* and *The Bamboo Flyrod*. Price: $30 annually, "and no, we don't have any damn e-mail!"

NEXT MONTH

PAL JOEY

WILD TWENTIES

HERE'S HOWARD

SAY AHH

JOEY HEATHERTON—THE RAT PACK'S TOP DOLL AND SINGER-DANCER EXTRAORDINAIRE STAGES HER HOTTEST ACT JUST FOR PLAYBOY

SPECIAL SPRING PREVIEW—WE HAVE IT ALL, FROM FETISH BALLS AND CYBERCAFÉS TO THE COOLEST DUDS AND LATEST GADGETS. DID WE MENTION SIX AWESOME ALES AND THE HOT NEW COLLEGE DRINK, HARD CIDER? PARTY HARDY

JAMES BOND BLASTS INTO HONG KONG. BUT CAN HE SURVIVE THE SINISTER SECRET TRIADS AND THE COLONY'S FIENDISH INCENSE MASTER? THE LATEST 007 THRILLER BY **RAYMOND BENSON**

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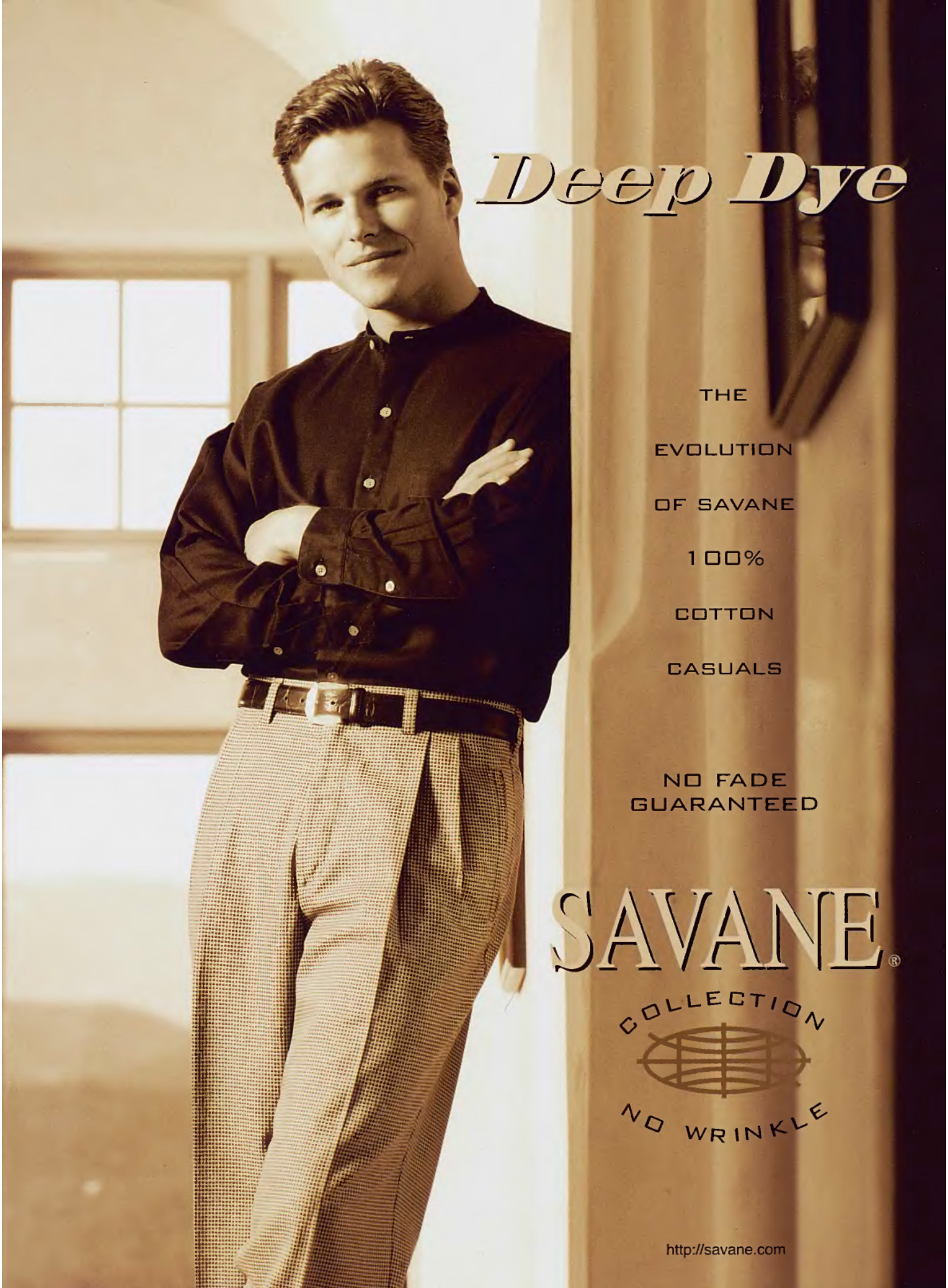
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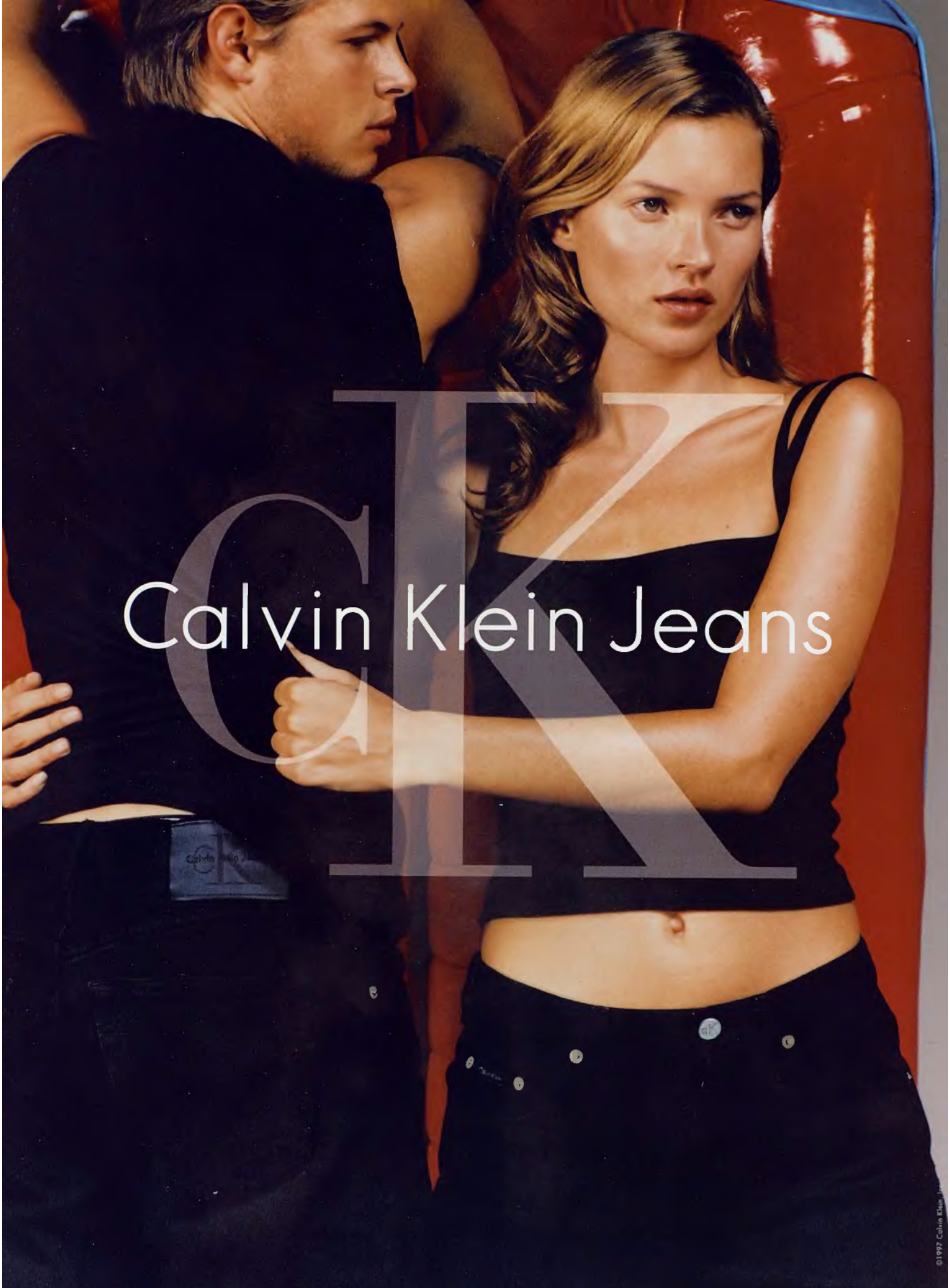
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